

SPY

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TO THE DECADE
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SIDEBURNS AND
DISCO SEX-MACHINE
TONY ORLANDO

seventies-
something



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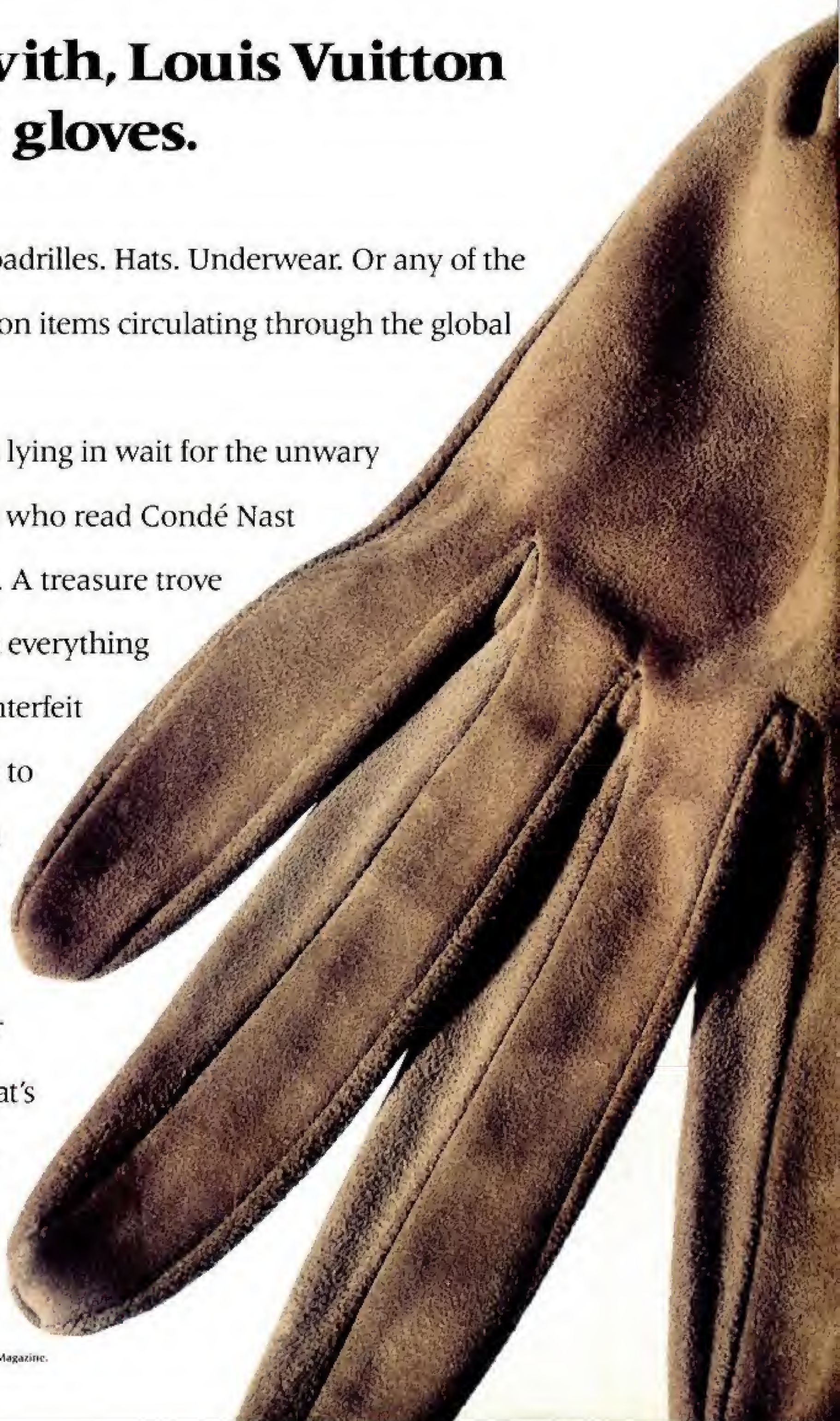
To begin with, Louis Vuitton doesn't make gloves.

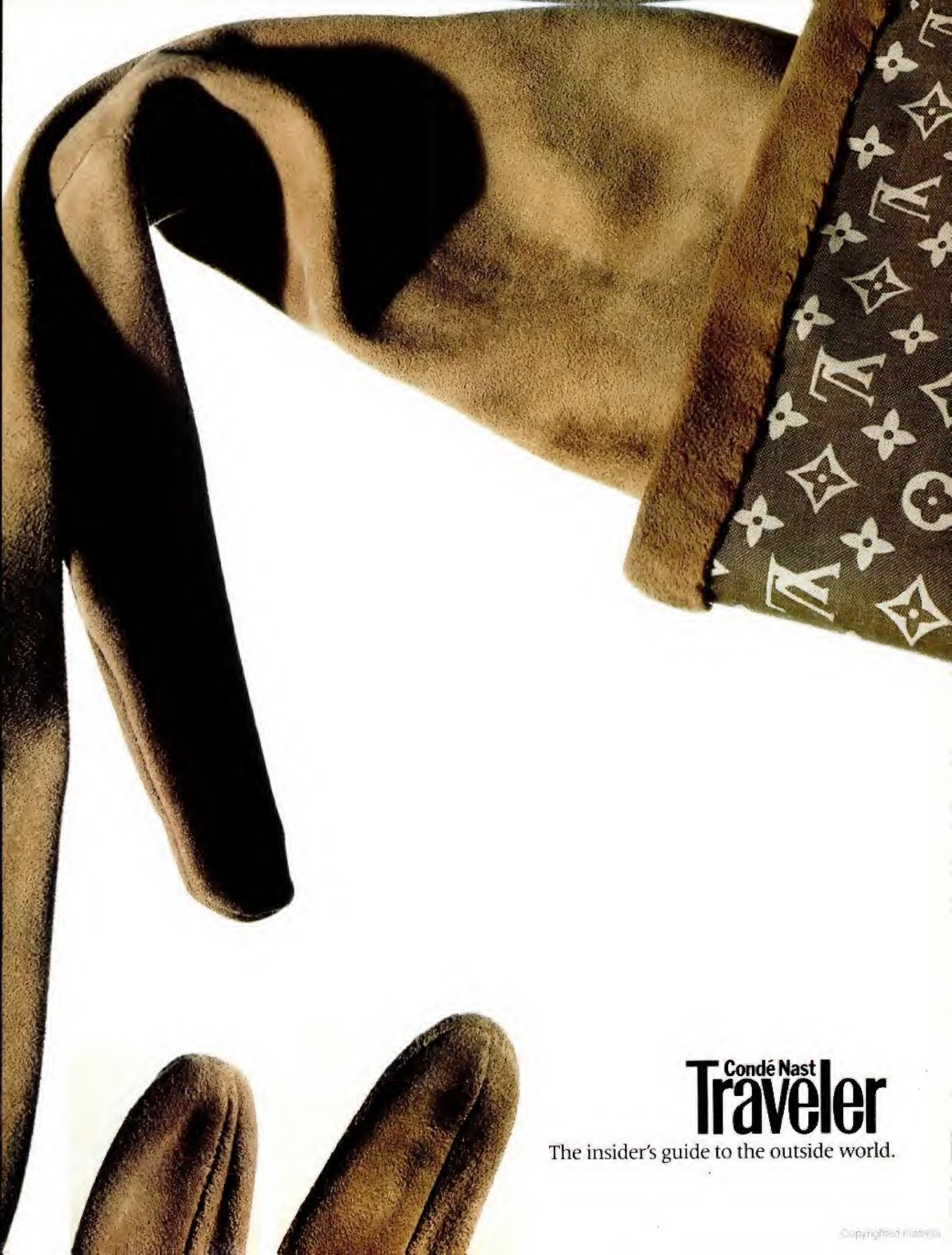
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If you believe there's another travel magazine out there that's superior, perhaps you'd also be interested in a pair of Louis Vuitton gloves.





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Traveler

The insider's guide to the outside world.



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► 'Tis the season of good cheer, time to load Frank Capra into the VCR and watch George Bailey discover what the world would have been like without him. JAMIE MALANOWSKI considers the lives of 13 people who had close brushes with death, and reckons how recent history would have been different without them. Illustrated by C. F. PAYNE .. 126



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THE COVER
Teri Garr photographed by Neil Selkirk.
Turtleneck: Crazy Horse.
Vest: Begedor Italia.
Bell-bottoms: The Villager.
Shoes: Allan & Suzi.
Props: Bossa Nova and House Party.
Shag carpet: ABC Carpet Co.
Hair and makeup: Susan Houser for Liz Baruch Inc.
Set stylist: Kay Schuckhart.
Stylist: Barbara Tfrank.

SPY (ISSN 0890-1759) is published monthly, except January, by Spy Publishing Partners, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Submissions: SASE to same address. For advertising sales, call 212-925-5509. © 1988 by Spy Publishing Partners, L.P. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. Subscription rate in the U.S., its possessions and Canada: U.S. \$20 a year. Postmaster: Please send address changes to SPY, P.O. Box 359139, Palm Coast, FL 32035-9139. Subscriptions: 1-800-423-1780.

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A CHRISTMAS MIRACLE: BUSH DIDN'T WIN AFTER ALL! REALLY. *Honest. We swear.* Sure, the vice president got an alarming number of electoral votes. Sure, he's all smiles as he prepares to vacate the vice-presidential residence. Sure, Michael Dukakis looks joyless and spent. It

doesn't quite make sense to us, either, but it's true, *really* it is, *honest*, we *swear*: the next president will not be Ronald Reagan's nasty, right-wing wussy vice president, but rather—*hurrah!*—

merely a self-satisfied, Top-Sider-wearing, Ivy League-educated New Englander with a grating voice. And *Dan Quayle!* We couldn't be happier about the election. We're not lying and we're not crazy. But are we being, perhaps, less than frank? Or arrogant? Have we fully examined last month's electoral events through others' eyes? "My arrogance did not allow me to fully examine the events through another's eyes," fraudulent-tax-shelter promoter John Peter Galanis told a judge contritely—really, honest, he swears—just

before the judge sentenced him to 27 years in prison. "I thought of myself as a kind man, imparting good values, not a rack-

eteer." Speaking of kind men and good values and racketeers, the Senate has passed a bill, 97 to 0 (among the absent: busy National Guard vet Dan Quayle), that would require pornographers to record

the names and ages of the actors and actresses who appear in their pornography. Wait just a darn minute here—wasn't it *George*

Bush himself who spent the last eight years working to free American business from bureaucratic red tape and cumbersome federal regulation? Already things are turning out just as Bush warned they would—it's the Carter years all over again. Speaking of obscene spectacles, when *The New York Times* revealed that a grand jury was about to announce what most people had long assumed — its conclusion



A

—press secretary on why Nancy Reagan broke her promise to stop "borrowing" designer clothes

her mind



"It's a woman's prerogative to change

DBS Xpress

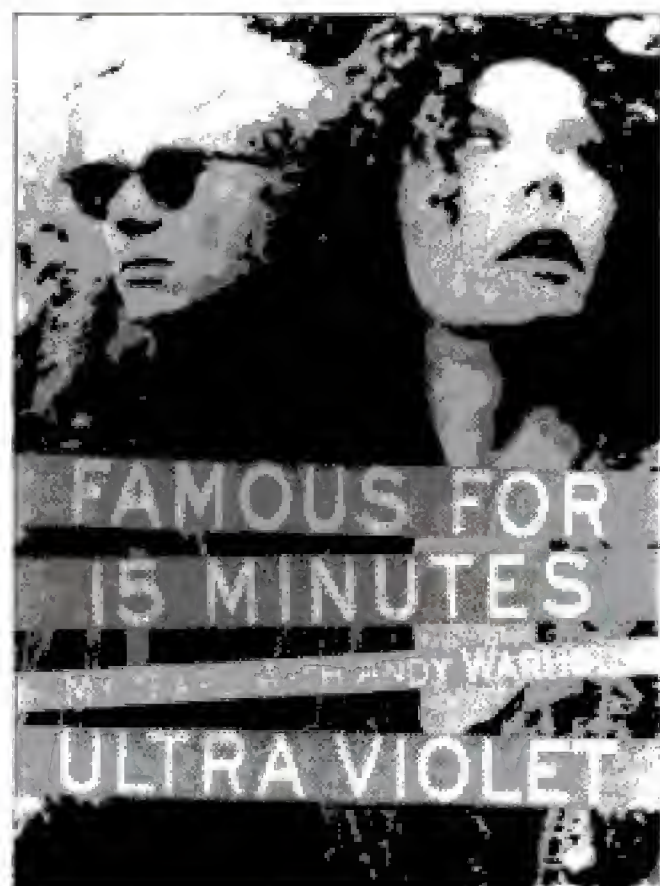


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that Tawana Brawley wrote racial epithets and smeared dog feces on her own body (*bey—kids today: who can figure them?*)—Al Sharpton dismissed the reports as “a bunch of reckless speculations that was beneath a porno magazine to print.” At the same press conference, Tawana showed that she had no problem at all conjugating verbs and coming right to the point. “I am,” she said, “not a liar”—*really, honest, she swears*—“and I am not crazy.” Sharpton ended the press conference in his customary public-spirited fashion, threatening for the several-hundredth time to lead protest demonstrations that would shut down New York City. (Remember that day when everyone seemed edgy and the streets were mobbed and the subways were a mess and it was almost impossible to get around? *Sharpton.*) A few days later, Brawley was looking a little . . . well, *promiscuous* in her willingness to serve as a pawn of the black lunatic fringe: she joined up with Louis Farrakhan and announced her intention to abandon the name Tawana Brawley for a new, Muslim appellation.

Speaking of scary, megalomaniacal clergymen with labor-intensive haircuts, Jim Bakker is not going to get his Heritage USA back. Most of the PTL ministry's assets (the TV studio, the amusement park, the shopping center—in short, all of PTL's religious artifacts) have been sold for \$115 million. Heritage USA was acquired—and we're sure the thousands of cosmopolitan PTL contributors will be especially amused to learn this—by an Orthodox Jew from Canada. “We would have preferred somebody,” said a Heritage USA shopkeeper, “that would have continued the atmosphere that we now have.” What he means, of course, is the distinctly *non-Canadian* atmosphere.

Speaking of doctrinaire know-nothings, we've just observed the fifteenth anniversary of the night in Boston we were rear-gassed simply for making closely reasoned arguments criticizing the overextension of vice-presidential power (We believe our exact words were “*Fuck Spiro Agnew! Fuck Spiro Agnew!*”). And now, on the eve of the 25th anniversary of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement, campus idealism is boiling over again. At Goddard College, ten kids took over a building to enforce their demands that, among other things, homelessness be ended; college officials did not comply. And the U.S. Supreme Court will decide this term whether the State

University of New York is violating students' constitutional right to free speech. University officials—the pigs—have prohibited the sale of expensive cookware in dormitory rooms. We're not lying and we're not crazy. Wake up, Amerika: they take away your right to market really, really excellent Calphalon sauté pans, the next thing you know, there'll be, like, a special tax on cars with sunroofs.

Speaking of squandering money, the Christian Scientists, not content merely to lose \$16 million every year on the *Monitor*, their earnest, widely unread daily paper, have now launched *World Monitor*, an earnest, widely unread international-affairs monthly (an expected \$5 million loss this year) as well as *World Monitor*, an earnest, widely unwatched weeknight television program (its early Nielsen rating reached .08), on which they plan to spend \$20 million annually. In other words, \$41 million a year—dare we use the word *hemorrhage*?—for a media empire that reaches a few hundred thousand at most. They're not lying; crazy, maybe.

But as the holidays approach, why dwell on the next-presidency thing and illegal tax shelters and Sharpton and TV news produced by people who don't believe in medicine? What about *good* news? *Hey*—we're as fond of glad tidings as you are (really, honest, we swear), of joyous gatherings, of children's delighted squeals, of darling little stuffed animals. And of lawsuits over the right to manufacture darling little stuffed animals: the Gund company sued the makers of a “floppy plush dog toy” called Smile, claiming it was a copy of Muttsy, Gund's “floppy plush dog toy.” The judge rejected the injunction (*bey*—how heartening that a New York court, in the season of the Myerson and the Helmsley and the Drexel Burnham maneuverings, found time to decide a floppy-plush-dog-toy case), according to *Manhattan Lawyer*, because the “idea” expressed in Muttsy is too general to be infringed upon. As the judge said, “It is a common sight to see puppies act in this way.” Indeed, *Muttsy v. the Smile dog* contained an important lesson for the Myerson, Helmsley and Drexel Burnham defenses, since as everyone knows (we're not lying and we're not crazy) it is a common sight to see embittered former beauty queens and grasping real estate billionaires and wig-wearing junk-bond promoters—as well as puppies—act in these ways. **D**

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From the SPY mailroom: SPY has weathered its most intensive hate-mail campaign since the students of Henry Wise Wood High School of Calgary slipped off their gloves, spat on the ground and did Canada proud in this space last



May. The recent uprising was prompted by our June SPY Map ("America: The Dark Continent"), which pinpointed such areas

of interest as mass-murder sites, killer bees, clusters of Mormons, Graceland, the Good Sam Recreational Vehicle Club International Samboree and Ku Klux Klan outposts—in short, a fair cross section of the United States. It was the Winnebago lobby that took offense. In no time a call to arms was sounded in the *Good Sam's Hi-Way Herald's* Through Our Windshield column under the headline RVERS RIDICULED BY MANHATTAN-BASED MAGAZINES (the other magazine was *Us*, taken to task for a recent ad campaign). The readers of *Good Sam's Hi-Way Herald* dutifully put pen to paper and wrote SPY objecting to being lumped with the American Nazi Party, serial killers and the KKK; apparently they would be willing to overlook comparisons to Scientologists and the Giant Hot Dog. Some excerpts from their letters: "The millions of people owning and using RV's are the 'backbone' of this country. . . . They pay the taxes and they are the ones that keep America going"; "Your humor escapes those of us who are better informed"; "We are proud to be called YEEPIEs, Youthful Energetic Elderly People Involved in Everything"; "Maybe you should get off your butt and see and meet other parts of this beautiful country of ours." In all, we received dozens of letters from RVers in Tennessee, Indiana, Florida, Ohio, Connecticut, Arizona, New York, New Jersey, Kansas, California, Texas, Washington, Colorado, Alaska and New Mexico. What does this tell us? First, that we should have been a lot more generous in scattering Winnebago symbols around the map. Second, that we evidently need to state flat out that we weren't equating any one group with any other group; we were merely, in our way, celebrating our nation's diversity. SPY apologizes if it

has offended its considerable recreationally vehicular readership.

Meanwhile, on the olfactory front, it's clear that including, with subscribers' copies of our October issue, a publisher's letter promising that never again would an advertiser's scent strip appear in an issue of SPY (as it did in subscribers' copies of that issue) was a mistake: there was more reader backlash, usually manifested by the return of the letter with threats scrawled across it, than there likely would have been if we hadn't commented on it at all. Well, *maybe*. In any case, SPY scent strips are history. *Down*, readers.

Regarding scent-free advertising, we've drawn a considerable amount of mail on advertising promotional supplements appearing in SPY, particularly the one on rock 'n' roll (July/August). This poses a problem. We'd prefer not to respond to questions and comments concerning these advertisements—designed-to-look-like-real-stories-in-SPY. Some of us would prefer not even to think about them. Yet people have written expecting answers. So the following is a special, designed-to-look-like-a-real-paragraph-in-SPY advertising-supplement-concerned portion of this column:

To the anonymous reader who corrected the reference to the Apollo in Lou Reed's "Walk on the Wild Side" in an advertising supplement that had nothing to do with actual editorial material: you're right—glad it wasn't really in the magazine! To Daniel Richler of Toronto, David Rolland of Berkeley, Tom Warner of Baltimore, Erik S. McMahon of San Francisco and Joe MacIsaac of New York, who shared their thoughts on the list of dead rock 'n' rollers that appeared in an advertising supplement that had nothing to do with actual editorial material: you're right—glad it wasn't really in the magazine! To Carl Pfirman of Minneapolis, John Warwick of La Jolla and D. Hunter of Montclair, New Jersey, who wrote in concerning other aspects of an advertising supplement that had nothing to do with actual editorial material: you're right—glad it wasn't really in the magazine! End of mailroom supplement.

Michael Hirsch's offer of a job to SPY contributor David Owen (see November's The Very Next Day... column) ▶

DEAR EDITORS **T**he saga continues. I have yet another addition for your Japanese-sweatshirt-slogan collection ["Again Craziness! For We Are Flipping the Japanese a Second Hippopotamus," by Steven Meltzer, April].

The place: a crowded subway car in Tokyo
The subject: a young mother, towing two screaming toddlers and an anguished husband, proudly flaunts a sweatshirt with the words KING OF SHIT emblazoned across her chest.

Catherine E. Groves
Brooklyn, New York

DEAR EDITORS **H**ere's an addition to your Japanspeak library of quips and quotes.

Found on a banner for a frozen slushlike drink, which someone I know stole from an international foods expo:

CRUSH CHERRY ICE
YOU ARE CROWN OF THE HEAD
SUFFERED DIRECT HIT
YOU WILL ENJOY THE COOL
BREEZE

Sounds damn refreshing, doesn't it?

Paul E. Nelson
San Jose, California

DEAR EDITORS **S**weet-toothed Tokyoites doubtless resort to Queer-Aid Chocolate after

LETTERS TO SPY

chomping into Privates, a succulent milk-chocolate bar with the tag line: "Enjoy your privates alone, or share with others."

Caroline Hall Otis
Minneapolis, Minnesota

DEAR EDITORS **T**o imply that Boston should receive its SPY issues after London and California is stupid [Letters to SPY, September]. We Bostonians must put up with New Yorkers all the time. You people own Vermont, can't stay off Martha's Vineyard and send all your third-rate sitcom actors to Williamstown so they can be thespians for a month.

We even have to deal with those drunken Yankees fans who invade the city for every three-game series with the Sox. Stay the hell out of New England!

Ted McCarthy
Wellesley, Massachusetts

DEAR EDITORS **F**ortunately I have the positive self-esteem to view this fiasco [the whole de Menil saga] from a distance [see From the SPY Mailroom, June, and Letters, October]. I realize that the joke is not on me, it's on you. For starters, my class at Harvard is '91 not '92. Also, you may not realize that I am surrounded by loyal friends who clearly understand that this story [the whole de Menil saga] reflects only the bias of the hungry media. You transformed my honest, youthfully enthusiastic desire to join the staff of what I had considered to be a publication respectably detached from the wacky game show America has become in the eighties into some sort of play for power worthy of Donald Trump.

I see through the apparent lack of sarcasm in your recent issue. I realize that everything is easy in your safe niche within the establishment, but you should try to think of the people whose feelings you take it upon yourselves to hurt in every issue.

But I have come to realize that I am not ashamed of what I did. My generation was disillusioned with the glitzy *Less-Than-Zero* world of cocaine and publishing, and a whole new class of college graduates was trying to make it in a society that was too outwardly cool for its own good. At least I wasn't going off to Australia or burning copies of *GQ*. I have found solace among my family and friends, and I intend to pursue an academic career in the quiet sur-

roundings of Harvard Yard. I hope you have the gall to print this letter despite the lower advertising rates it might entail.

Jason de Menil
Cambridge, Massachusetts

DEAR EDITORS **I**ssue: "Life-Style Hell" [September]. You were far too kind.

Mike Doud
Hollywood, California

DEAR EDITORS **A**fter reading your wonderful Los Angeles issue [September], I assume no one would be surprised that Hollywood is the home of the world's only brassiere museum.

Michael Levine
Los Angeles, California

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was apparently not made in good faith. (Hirsch, who writes the *Investment Outlook* newsletter for Republic National Bank, was so impressed with Owen's Ten Years Ago in SPY prediction of a stock market crash that he urged Owen, in his newsletter, to call him to discuss joining RNB as a "long-range strategist.") A subsequent newsletter, which Hirsch has sent us, contains this: "A number of readers picked up on the joke in the August *Outlook*. SPY magazine has only been publishing for two years; their 'Ten Years Ago in SPY' column and our reproduction of it was a means of 'lightening up' the slow days of summer (and see who is paying attention)." Uh-huh. It was a joke.

Finally, from C. Parker of Friendswood, Texas: "I AM SEEKING INFORMATION REGARDING THE FORMAT/CONTENT OF YOUR MAGAZINE. THERE IS A MAGAZINE THAT CATERS TO THOSE SEEKING INFORMATION ON CELEBRITIES PRIVATE LIVES. IF THIS IS WHAT YOUR MAGAZINE IS ALL ABOUT PLEASE SEND SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION." We are seeking information on the proper way to describe our magazine's format/content to you, Mr./Ms. Parker. There is a way to describe our format/content to those seeking information. If we can find the way and it is the format/content you desire, we will send you subscription information. Over. 3

CORRECTIONS

Our June story on Coasters ("Those Who Can, Do. Those Who Did, Coast," by George Kalogerakis) contained two errors regarding the Paul McCartney-Peggy Lee joint Coastership: McCartney wrote a song ("Let's Love") for, not with, Lee; and it was released in 1974, not 1976. Our September Los Angeles issue contained a few errors: some names on the CAA list were misspelled—Ian McEwan, Heide Perlman, Ruth Praver Jhabvala; the Polo/Ralph Lauren shop mentioned in "Good Weather, Bad Teeth," by Richard Stengel, is in Beverly Hills, not West Hollywood; and in our story comparing the Sag Harbor softball game in the East and Brandon Tartikoff's game in the West, we said that the latter is played every three weeks (it is played weekly). 3

And, from the SPY mailroom floor: A magazine is only as good as the unsolicited manuscripts it attracts. The day we start to believe such a fatuous remark (which, we admit, we just made up) is the day we quietly put our affairs in order and step in front of



the Broadway local. Because it's worrisome to imagine that much of anything—good, bad, whatever—can be

gleaned from SPY's daily truckload of queries and manuscripts (there are more than 245 million Americans, most of whom appear to be freelance writers armed with SPY's address and approximate spellings of the editors' names). Piles of queries teetering on our desks, when poked, should (and do) disgorge bent paper clips and even an occasional return envelope—but seldom anything more profound. The samples below contain few telling clues about the times we live in and should not be perceived as representative of any Zeitgeist or Weltanschauung, or prevailing Welt-schmerz or schadenfreude; nor are they in German. Rather, they are simply what we spend our day reading—or, at least, what poorly paid interns are paid to spend their day reading. The quotations are real, but the names have been omitted so we can shatter prospective freelancers' hopes and dreams publicly without having to think twice about it.

A writer (we'll use that description throughout) from Flushing, New York, has sent us a series of gags. Here's one: "The only thing Peter Ueberroth has changed during his reign as baseball commissioner, is his underwear. And there is some doubt about that." Note how the use of the comma after "commissioner" flies in the face of accepted punctuation—but to marvelous comic effect! That slight pause, which the reader "hears" even though, presumably, he is not actually reading aloud, sets up the punch line beautifully. And the droll, seemingly offhand "some doubt" follow-up guarantees our laughter will continue long after we've composed, signed and posted the rejection slip.

We have, by the way, a long-standing policy of doing *whatever is necessary*—if that sounds menacing, it's meant to— 3

Anita Baker

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Krizia uomo. A touch of the maverick.



macy's

to keep SPY from being listed in such publications as *The Writer*, *Writer's Digest* and *Writer's Market*, thereby holding down our unsolicited-manuscript intake to a safe level. And yet, despite our efforts, we have received this curious letter from Madrid: "I . . . saw your ad looking for humorous manuscripts dealing with New York City. . . . I was interested in your ad because your announced payment of \$500 to \$1,000 is a fair price. . . ." Ad? Oh, *ad*. It must be a reference to SPY's recent multimillion-dollar media blitz (print, television, sky-writing) designed to coax humorous writers everywhere to send us their work.

Reading a magazine—say, SPY—is clearly not a prerequisite for writing for that magazine. "While I was doing some historical research I became interested in Dr. Benjamin Church and his mistress," begins a query from St. Petersburg, Florida. Not too promising, but let's read on. "He was a spy"—uh-oh—"tried and convicted during the American Revolution and she, unwittingly, helped him pass information to the British. . . . I have prepared a vignette on their activities. It runs 3,500 words. Would you like to see it?"

Experts agree: if SPY has made any kind of mark in the publishing world in two years, it is because of the poetry we have published. That's what you'd guess, given all the unsolicited verse crossing our desks. An Elizabethan from Clearwater, Florida, has sent us "A Travel Writer's Ode to a Cruiseline 'PR' Person," complete with the poem's four-digit "File Code" (crucial to keeping one's stanza output organized). The best couplet is "A single Emergency Drill doth not transform/Elderly passengers into seamen."

Many of the poems we receive are introduced by letters beginning, "I know you don't publish poetry, but . . ." We know the thinking: *My poem will change the way you feel about poetry—forever*. Well, maybe we should rethink our attitude. That last one was kind of nice. With a little practice even we could probably get the hang of it: "Writing this query/Sending it—leery!/Its fate/Know not I." That one's called "SASE Hell," and we're betting it would be perfect for *your* magazine. ☺



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DEAR EDITORS **W**hat can be said about SPY that hasn't been said already? Your lexicon, that's what. I read the magazine from cover to cover and occasionally run up against words and phrases I know not what they mean. In your Los Angeles issue [September] things went overboard. I counted 17 words that required looking up in the dictionary.

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Well, sahibs (p. 83), how about it?

Taso Lagos

Los Angeles, California

Seventeen words, you say. We're sorry—it has always been official SPY policy to limit the number of words Taso Lagos will need to look up in the dictionary to eleven per issue. We really haven't any appetite to bamboozle such an irrefragably valued votary with gongoristic sentences or sesquipedalian words—that would be inexpiable.

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True, it is a cultural desert out here, but we get the opportunity to wave at the White as she drives past us in the rain.

Thanks for coming to the rescue.

Bob Davidson

La Jolla, California

DEAR EDITORS

A jewelry and I read the New York-Equivalent Map of Los Angeles [September].

Don Simpson

Los Angeles



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True, it is a cultural desert out here, but we get the opportunity to wave at Vanna White as she drives past us in the night.

Thanks for coming west.

Bob Davidson

La Jolla, California

DEAR EDITORS **A**h, come on guys, Sharpton wears gold jewelry and I don't. ["The New York-Equivalent Map of Los Angeles," September].

Don Simpson

Los Angeles, California



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DEAR EDITORS **H**aving never been offered "head" by Sue Mengers ["A Boor Named Sue," by Celia Brady, September] makes me feel lucky that I have had any success at all in my career. It certainly gives me an inferiority complex.

As I employ Ileen Maisel, thank you for spelling her name right; and to keep you posted, she has just lost 22 pounds.

Bernie Brillstein

Los Angeles, California

DEAR EDITORS **G**narly L.A. issue [September], dudes. It was better than doing lunch.

I *rilly* enjoyed your New York-equivalent map of Los Angeles. When I lived in L.A. I worked for the *Herald Examiner*. Now I'm with *New York Newsday*. No wonder I don't feel any different.

Tom Coffey

Queens, New York

DEAR EDITORS **B**y what possible distortion of reason could Mark Goodson be included on a list of "has-beens" ["Mason's: Everything You Hate About L.A. in a Nutshell," by Deborah Michel, September]? How could an individual be so labeled who produces five programs totaling three and a half hours of airtime, seen *every weekday*?

In a medium where two or three years is considered a good run, Mark Goodson has had a show (usually multiple shows) on the air since 1948! Currently, Mark Goodson Productions has a pilot about to be shot and several shows in development.

Some "has-been"!

George Choderker

Director, Mark Goodson Productions

Hollywood, California

DEAR EDITORS **C**ome on, SPY, shape up. Audrey Hepburn is Belgian, not British! ("Good Weather and Bad Teeth," by Richard Stengel, September).

Ann Lewis

Palm Beach, Florida

Hepburn, who attended school in Britain, was born in Belgium of a British father and a Dutch mother. SPY regrets the confusion, which we blame on Europe—a continent of tiny, similar countries.

Panasonic clears the cable jungle.

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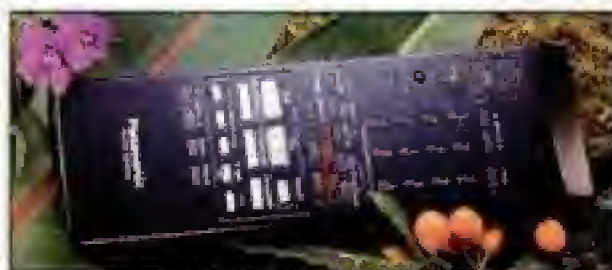
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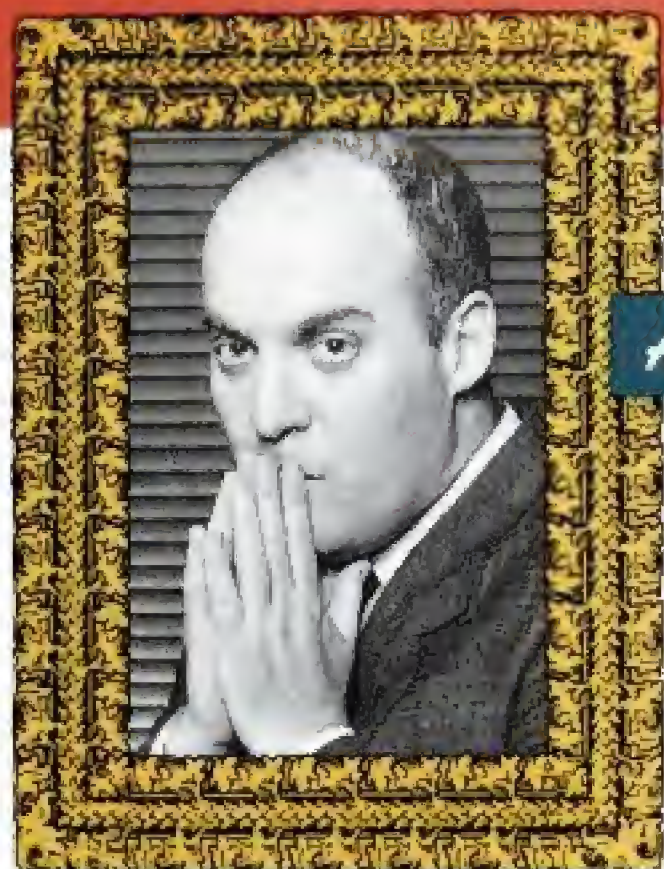
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A Letter From Howie

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Well, another holiday season is upon us, and for some of you that may mean miles of mallways before you sleep. I hope not. Because in this season of cheer, there is even more reason to rejoice. Right on these pages you'll find the perfect gift for under \$20—in some cases substantially under. It's called a Compact Digital Disc.

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Howie

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B. Lint Removal Machine Spells Doom For Fuzz, You Too

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D. Shiny Little Discs Save Space, Wear And Tear On Ears

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DEAR EDITORS **Y**es, Harrison Ford has a star in the Hollywood sidewalk [The Fine Print, by Jamie Malanowski and Deborah Michel, September], but it is not the Harrison Ford from *Star Wars* fame. The man whose star it is was a silent-film actor who died in 1957 at the age of 63.

A small point, true, but no effort is too small to ensure truth and accuracy in times like these.

Lauren Kriz
Chicago, Illinois

Well, here's a perfect opportunity to get a grass-roots movement going, make our voices heard and get our Harrison Ford the recognition he deserves. Meeting Wednesday?

DEAR EDITORS **I** read with great delight the article on the Sag Harbor/Los Angeles softball teams ["If I Touch My Cap, It Means Bunt," by Jennifer Conlin, September]. I particularly enjoyed seeing the various players listed.

I'm a proud member of the Los Angeles team, too. Additionally, I'm Scott "Commissioner for Life, Graying Boy Wonder" Kaufer's boss at Warner Bros. I'm also Peter Greenberg's employer at Warner Bros. Steve Wollenberg, the TV cameraman, works on one of my shows, *Head of the Class*. When you spoke of ambience, the nicknames Raoul and Raggy were coined by me!

I'm not sorry that I was left off the list, but my mother was.

Lawrence A. Lyttle
Burbank, California

DEAR EDITORS **T**o suggest that the 818 area code in southern California is the New York equivalent of the 718 area code is an outrage ["The New York-Equivalent Map of Los Angeles," September]. 718 is urban, ghettos and slums, while 818 is suburban sprawl, "strip malls," and also mountains and deserts. From one who has lived in the 212, 718, 516, 213 and 714 area codes, I can attest that 818 is more equivalent to the 914 or, while admittedly a long shot, the 201 area code.

James Fuhrman
Los Angeles, California

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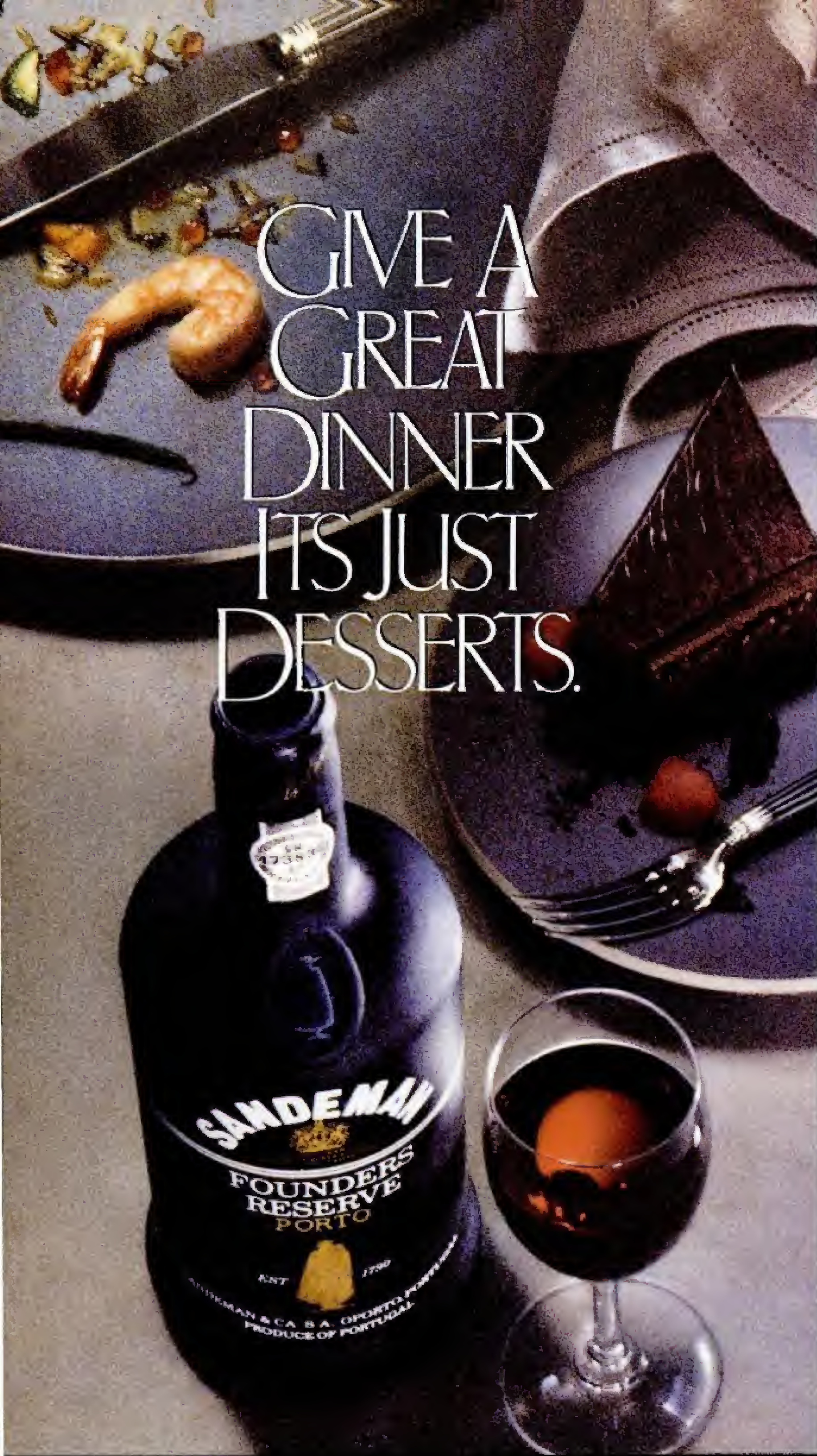
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DEAR EDITORS I wasn't going to address this issue; after all . . . who really cares??? Well, I guess I do . . . because I felt compelled to observe that regarding *The Al Jolson House* ["Surreal Estate," by Laura Myers, September], Jolson was never "impoverished." His star dimmed for a while, but his finances never did. Biographers report that the house reminded him of his heartbreak over his divorce from Ruby Keeler; thus his sale to Don Ameche. Also, the Barbara Rush who recently owned the house was not the actress but a wealthy Texas businesswoman. Jolson died in 1950 (not "four years later" in 1952), and he did not die "there" in the house but at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco.

Jade McCall
Hollywood, California

DEAR EDITORS I was horrified to see someone I know personally in your September issue. Either I'm cooler than I thought or your magazine has really hit the skids. Unfortunately, I fear it to be the latter. Also, I was thinking, you should have a SPY Sweepstakes. The winner could receive tickets for two to New York, a red Ford Tempo and two nights at the Helmsley Palace. I'd love to meet the queen before she's under guard instead of standing guard. Since it was my idea, I should get to win. Okay?

Steve Poynter
Seattle, Washington
Sure, great idea.

DEAR EDITORS I was nearly moved to tears by the illustration preceding the article "Ron and Nancy 1989" [by P. J. Corkery, September]. As the owner of a springer spaniel (the dog depicted in front of the illustrious Mr. Meese), I would like to point out a grave error. The Reagans own a King Charles Cavalier spaniel. This is a disgusting, yippy lapdog breed of no use to anyone except Reaganite Republicans. Springer spaniels, on the other hand, tend to be more yuppie than yippy. My dog, Marcus, demands an apology but adds that he could be placated by your sending him a SPY T-shirt.

Doug Winter
Lincoln, New Hampshire
Marcus, we're sorry, but no shirt. This is not a pet boutique.

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DEAR EDITORS I very much enjoyed "Buddy-o-Matic" by Bruce Feirstein [September] but thought that when listing Willem Dafoe's villain roles in lesser-known buddy films (footnote 163) he neglected to name a film that fits the format just about perfectly, *To Live and Die in L.A.* But aside from that, the article was almost ruined by a slew of typographical errors between footnotes 199 and 208, where the explanations don't correspond to the listed sites of climaxes.

I feel a magazine as meticulous as yours should not have let this happen, and you really should be more careful in the future.

David Scilken

New York, New York

Sorry about the misnumbering. It was, of course, done intentionally to settle a private wager—viz., whether anyone really reads footnotes.

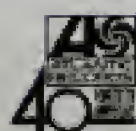
DEAR EDITORS Once I worked the rewrite bank of *Newsday* (back when there was only one official *Newsday*), and the person sitting next to me on those long newspaper nights when the reports of shootings and fires and mayhem washed up like hospital waste was Lewis Grossberger ["Monkey Business," by Ignatz Ratswizkiwzki, September]. Media Person. Same person. And every night, as we fought off society's raw sewage, we would see how many stories we could kill. Just another ten-car accident! Didn't we do that already? Check the clips!

No one worked harder at killing a story than Grossberger. The editors thought he was lazy, too. They didn't get it either. But he wasn't lazy. He was a man with overly sensitive skin. The pain was unbearable. He already knew what there was to know and had a horror of vulgar details. And why not? You don't have to go to prison to know it's bad.

You prefer Sam Donaldson, the Ethel Merman of journalism, singing idiotic questions into the chopper blades? You are more comfortable with blank, bleak blabs that repeat the same dumb dogma? This is not to say that elegant observation isn't valuable or interesting. But it's a comfort to know that there are more tender sensibilities that shrink from too much gore and intrusion. Lazy! You guys are getting predictable.

Ken Gross

Brooklyn, New York



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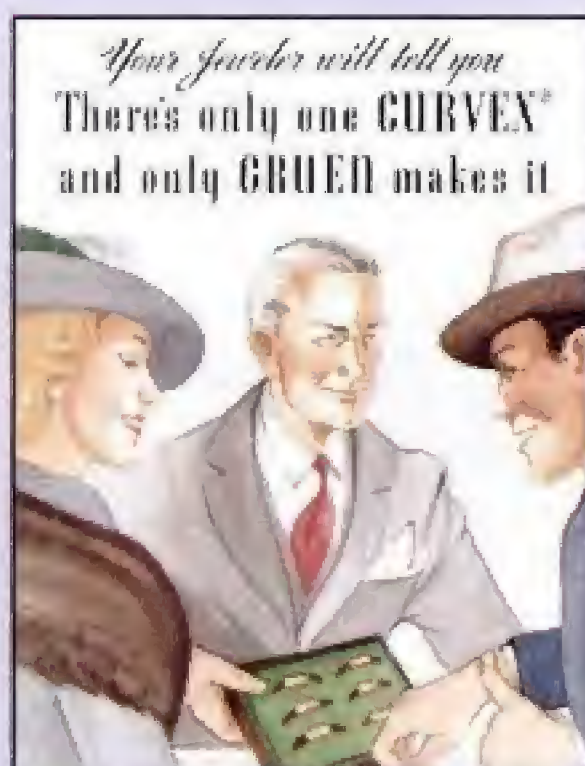


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DEAR EDITORS **D**oes the savage attack on SPY in Lewis Grossberger's [7 Days's Media Person] September 7 column seem a bit tacked-on? Could it be that Mr. Grossberger added his four paragraphs of vitriol *after* reading the September SPY's "Monkey Business" article [Review of Reviewers]—the one that called him "irrepressibly tiresome"? Considering that the same issue (in fact, the same page) of 7 Days reviews several other September magazine issues, the conclusion doesn't seem unwarranted. To give Mr. Grossberger his due, at least he reads SPY carefully.

Mark Gimein

Jackson Heights, New York

DEAR EDITORS **A**ndy Warhol was really a screen goddess, as his anagram proves: ANDY HARLOW

Diana Vreeland put an end to salmon pink, but her anagram gives us hope: DIANA LAVENDER

The chambermaid may still stand guard at a New York hotel, but Leona Helmsley's anagram tells another, far more portentous, far more poignant story: LONELY MEALS, EH?

And what to make of Yves Saint Laurent, the latest anagram fashion statement from Paris: A VENT RUINS A STYLE

And here are four anagrams on the name of your resident short-fingered vulgarian, Donald Trump: TAN DUMP LORD TOLD RAN DUMP DOLT RAN DUMP DUMP DARN LOT.

Nicholas Morris

Boston, Massachusetts

DEAR EDITORS **I** was disturbed by something I heard while watching *Late Night With David Letterman*. Connie "Gimme da Hard News" Chung mentioned that she was married to Maury "Welfare Mom Axes Eight Kids, Self in Satanic Ritual" Povitch. This was like finding out there's no Santa Claus. Since Connie and Maury are married, coitus between them is a probability. I feel sorry for any future offspring; having a father who starred in all-male adult movies would be less of a stigma than a father who hosted *A Current Affair*.

Mark Miller

St. Louis, Missouri

DEAR EDITORS **I**t undoubtedly gratified lovers of the familiar to read how faithfully this bicoastal monthly observed the conventions of writing about this city. Instead of ritually mistaking Hollywood for Los Angeles, however, SPY should have realized that this material has been covered elsewhere.

The author of "Easy Street" [Ellis Weiner, September] was onto something but still got it wrong. Only someone who had foolishly abandoned vital sensory and intellectual equipment at the state line could so obediently perpetuate bad Chamber of Commerce mythology by repeating the "in L.A. there are no seasons" chestnut. The tin-eared Ellis Weiner also missed the accent rather badly; nobody here says "gid" instead of "good." It is pleasing to think how intensely Weiner must suffer in New York City, where even educated natives grunt a brick-tongued, boomerang-voweled, Stallonian yo-patois.

Before attempting to be either clever or intelligent about Los Angeles matters, the SPY staff—or at least its editors—should have studied Robert Plunket's *My Search for Warren Harding*, probably the best novel set in contemporary Los Angeles and certainly the funniest. Its superb farce would have been a welcome corrective for Ellis Weiner. Plunket named his nerdy, fussy, snobbish protagonist Elliot Weiner: a case of art preceding journalism?

E. W. Sigg

West Los Angeles, California

DEAR EDITORS **I** felt compelled to send you a copy of a gossip column in the morning's edition of the *Baltimore Sun* (in which Liz Smith quoted Donald Trump as saying, "I predict they [SPY] won't even be around in a year") and to plead with you, if necessary, to tell me it couldn't be further from the truth! I would hate to think that a man of Donald Trump's stature (I happen to think he's an okay guy, but then again I live in Maryland, not New York) would be reduced to a case of sour grapes.

Patricia C. Katz

Baltimore, Maryland

See page 42.

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number. ☎

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Sips



◀ This fashion totem pole showed up at the latest Dom Ruinart Rosé Champagne bash sporting the latest in bicycle messenger chic.



▲ Posing with her favorite bust at the Dom Ruinart party, model Carolyn Liu flashes...a smile.



► And away they go: two guests party off into the moonlight.

◀ Where do television evangelists go for a little fun? Downtown to a Dom Ruinart party where decadence is de rigueur. They tried to blend in, but their matching make-up jobs gave them away.



& Spills

Photography by George Carroll Whipple III.



▲ In a moment of operatic passion, coloratura soprano Constance Hauman sends a glass of Dom Ruinart diving down her décolletage.



▲ Mezzo-soprano Gloria Parker simultaneously brings a tenor and a baritone to their knees as they beg for more Dom Ruinart in Italian. (No, they're not saying, "Yo, fill up my glass, will you?"')

► After a riveting performance by "Opera at the Academy," the company's Director Eric Fraad celebrates with New York Academy of Art board member and noted pigeon trainer Andre Balazs.



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Photo: Michael Tighe



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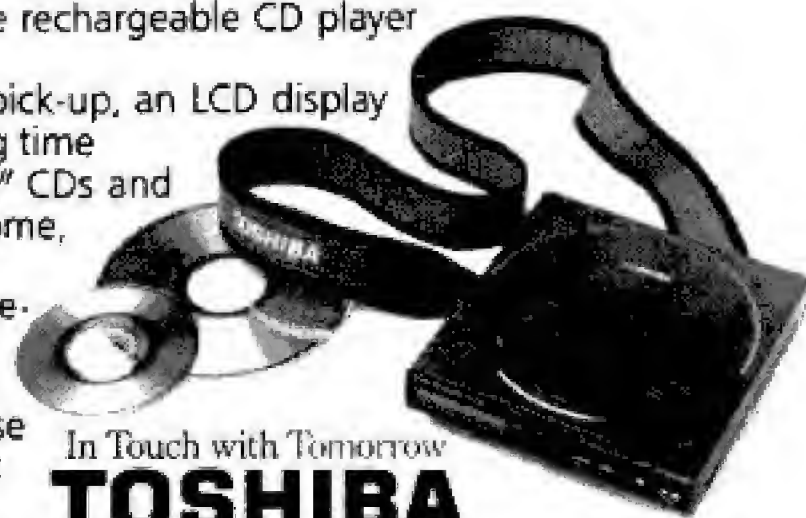
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THIS DECEMBER IN

Interview[®]

Mike Nichols photographed by Sheila Metzner.



**MIKE
NICHOLS**

THE DIRECT APPROACH

December includes: Meryl Streep, Special U.S.S.R. Section, Yasir Arafat, Federico Fellini, Carrie Fisher.

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THE USUAL SUSPECTS



C. VON BÜLOW



M. PERETZ



D. TRUMP

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

A GUIDE TO THE FILMS OF THE PLAYBOY PLAYMATES December is a time for reveling in the joys of holiday tradition—trimming the tree, baking cookies, singing carols, dropping faithless friends from the gift list and, perhaps most exciting of all, checking out the year-ending, year-beginning issues of Playboy. Other annual issues—the June issue, which celebrates the coronation of the Playmate of the Year; the September naked coed issue—have their adherents, most of whom must wait until their parents leave the house before plunging in wholeheartedly. But the perennial favorite is December, with its annual review of the year's Sex Stars and its annual look back at the Playmates of the previous year. Playboy is extremely proud of its Playmates' film careers, routinely touting each new movie appearance with an announcement, an appropriate photograph of the performer and a reminder that Marilyn Monroe posed in Playboy and went on to become a movie star. In honor of the Playboy holiday tradition, and as proof of the assertion that posing for Playboy (which claims to be the most tasteful of skin magazines) does indeed offer a terrific boost to a young woman's career, we offer this review of *The Films of the Playboy Playmates*.

The Films of Heidi Sorenson, Miss July 1981: ▶

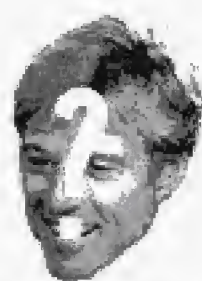
IN THE YEARS REMAINING TO HIM before he begins an eternity in hell, loving multimillionaire husband **CLAUS VON BÜLOW** is living a splendid life in exile (a stipulation of the settlement his daughter Cosima received from the custodians of his comatose wife, Sunny)—lunches at his London clubs, fab dinner parties and, one evening recently, an uproarious couple of hours in the stalls of a West End theater. It was not *Lettice and Lovage* or *The Sneeze* or a revival of *Noises Off!* that made the jumbo-size insulin buff nearly bust a gut; rather it was *The Changeling*, a Jacobean tragedy involving noblepersons, marital conflict and, of course, many hilarious murders of various mates and lovers. Von Bülow, still wearing his wedding ring, laughed appreciatively throughout the play.

WHEN SELF-REGARDING AESTHETE and restaurateur **MICHAEL CHOW** decides to sell an art deco chest designed by **EMILE RUHLMANN**, that's evidently news. And it's good news if your name is **STEVEN GREENBERG** and you're the Ruhlmann-collecting bankroller of *Fame*, the weird new celebrity-worship magazine. Then you can assign a story on the Chow sale and make room for it in your magazine, thereby making owners of underpublicized Ruhlmann furniture—such as, well, *yourself*, for instance—feel pretty darn good, investmentwise. Speaking of private art catalogs going public, how about that *New Republic* piece on **REMBRANDT VAN RIJN**? We certainly don't question that a review of an arcane art history text deserved to be the cover story of a political journal during the middle of a presidential campaign. No. Rather, our curiosity focused on the particular Rembrandt work on the cover: the painting, *St. James*, was modestly credited to an anonymous "private collection" by its owner, **MARTIN PERETZ**, who also happens to be the owner of *The New Republic*. By volunteering a work from his own collection (and thus, it is possible to imagine, enhancing its value), Peretz probably saved the magazine *literally dozens of dollars* in reproduction-rights payments.

CIVIC-MINDED NEW YORKERS have devised all manner of tributes to demonstrate just how strongly they feel toward **DONALD "STINKY" TRUMP** because of all the things he has done for the city. Volunteer Trump mouthpiece **LIZ SMITH**, for example, rewards the highly leveraged vice king with shamelessly gushing weekly mentions of him in her error-ridden syndicated gossip column. And the city's readers have gratified the would-be president by keeping his book, *Trump: The Art of the Deal*, on the best-seller list for so many months (or is it his pals at *The New York Times* who see to that?). But perhaps the most heartfelt message to Trump is the one sent by the city's raw-boned ironworkers, who come into regular contact with the vulgarian builder. According to one ironworker close to SPY, whenever he and his fellow ironworkers repairing sections of the Manhattan or Williamsburg bridges see the ultraswanky, gold-encrusted *Trump Princess* cruising by below, they salute Trump, his yacht and his superswanky guests with the very singular, very personal gesture of a synchronized golden shower.

YOU CAN SAY WHAT YOU WANT about young people today, but they're so darn *innovative* when it comes to making money: a junior executive at Simon & Schuster, for instance, hit upon the nifty scheme of stealing the final paychecks of departing employees. Although the fellow's superiors believed he had been swiping the checks for a long time (*hey, Margaritas for everybody—on me!*), they had no hard proof linking him to the thefts. When the alleged embezzler received a better job offer and announced a few months ago that he was leaving, S&S was eager to keep him—remember, this is still **DICK SNYDER**'s gentlemanly, easygoing company—just long enough to entrap, humiliate and fire him. A considerable salary increase was offered; the guy turned down the other job, stayed on at S&S, kept stealing paychecks and was indeed caught and sacked in the fall. His last paycheck, it must be assumed, was mailed to him promptly.

THE MEN WHO WOULD BE REDFORD



Dissembler

Bruce Boxleitner
Chris Cord

Occupation

TV actor
Beverly Hills venture capitalist
Pouty actor
New York *Daily News* publisher
Senatorial candidate
Indy 500 winner
Part-time actor, would-be screenwriter
Presidential contender
U.S. Olympic volleyball team captain
New York City Ballet director-dancer
Wheat futures trader
Marshall Field's stores chief executive
String-puller, unthinkable vice president

Claim

"Robert Redford look-alike" — Associated Press
"Robert Redford look-alike" — *Los Angeles Times*
"Robert Redford look-alike" — *Los Angeles Times*
"Robert Redford look-alike" — *Marketing & Media Decisions*
"Robert Redford look-alike" — *The Washington Post*
"Robert Redford look-alike" — *Los Angeles Times*
"Robert Redford look-alike" — *Los Angeles Times*
"Robert Redford good looks" — *Fortune*
"Robert Redford good looks" — *The Christian Science Monitor*
"Robert Redford looks" — *Los Angeles Times*
"Robert Redford good looks" — *Fortune*
"The Robert Redford of retail" — *Vanity Fair*
"Robert Redford looks" — *Financial Times*

— Eddie Stern

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Heidi was introduced to Playboy readers in a pictorial headlined GREAT DANE. It featured a photo of Heidi with her breasts and pubic hair exposed and her face covered, captioned with the quote, "I feel that a woman can best express her sensuality by being subtle." Heidi has appeared in many films, including Fright Night, in which she plays Hooker, a prostitute-vampire victim. She is on the screen 14 seconds (eight seconds on her smiling face, six on her bottom), and has two lines — "Is this 99 Oak?" and "Thanks." Heidi also appears in Spies Like Us, in which she plays Chevy Chase's supervisor and sex partner. She has two lines in the movie and is on the screen for eight seconds, undressed to her bra. In Roxanne, Heidi plays Fred Willard's girlfriend, a meatier role that involves three scenes and 37 seconds of wordless screen-time. For this she receives 27th billing out of 29 characters. Heidi also has a nonspeaking, uncredited part in Into the Night, in which she wears a bikini on-screen for three seconds.

The Films of Ava Fabian, Miss August 1986:

Ms. Fabian, whose ambition is "Achieving Physical, Intellectual and Artistic Excellence," appears in Dragnet, in which she portrays one of the companions of Hefner-esque sleaze-king Jerry Caesar (Dabney Coleman). She appears in two scenes for a total screen time of 68 seconds. She wears a bikini and licks her lips lasciviously in the first, and appears in a low-cut evening gown in the second. She has two lines: "I don't know. Wasn't she . . . ?" and "Yeah!" Playboy says that Ms. Fabian also appears in Beverly Hills Cop II, but there is no credit for her, nor is she discernible. However, one of the film's scenes occurs at a party given by Playboy (Hugh Hefner and Carrie Leigh appear) in which a number of young women are shown cavorting on the lawn, and if Playboy says one of them is Ava, that's good enough for us.

The Films of Devin De Vasquez, Miss June 1985: ➤

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC ENEMIES



First Lady Nancy Reagan begins preparations for leaving the White House.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN



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Bette Midler 3
Russian Tea Room . . . 3
SPY 3
Lauren Bacall 2
Fran Lebowitz's "sexy high heels" 1

CHRONICLE OF OUR DEATH FORETOLD

A SPY Public Service Countdown

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Ms. De Vasquez, whose turn-ons include shopping and honesty, appears in *Can't Buy Me Love*, a morality tale about a teenage nerd who pays a cheerleader \$1,000 to be his girlfriend. Devin plays a trumpy cheerleader ("She's given more rides than Greyhound"). She has four scenes: undulating in a slinky dress at a dance; leering at the hero; having her dress unzipped by the hero preparatory to his having sex with her on a toilet seat; and, in her speaking scene, asking a football player, "So what's the real reason why they call you Big John?" Ms. De Vasquez also appears in *House II: The Second Story*, a nonspeaking role in which she shows surprising range by playing a sacrificial virgin.

The Films of Kimberly Evenson, Miss September 1984:

Kimberly, who has said that her ambition is "to be the biggest star on the silver screen," made her debut in *Porky's Revenge*, playing Inge, a Swedish exchange student. She is on-screen nearly a minute and a half, appearing in six scenes, two of which require her to appear topless. She has one line: in agreeing to flash her breasts at graduation, she says, "It's an American custom, and I love America, yab, yab, yab." Ms. Evenson moved on to bigger things. She plays the lead in *Kandyland*, a film about a young woman whose coming-of-age involves her decision to become a stripper. There are many moving scenes: the first time she dances before a crowd; the moment she first removes her bra onstage; and, in a scene reminiscent of *A Doll's House*, the moment when she breaks up with her boyfriend, who has forced her to choose between him and her new life. Of course, she later grows disenchanted with her career choice and marries him.

Regrettably, time did not allow us to review the films of Rebecca Ferratti, Miss June 1986. For the record, these films include *Silent Assassin*, *Gor*, *Outlaw Gor* and a forthcoming movie for which the title has yet to be chosen. It will be either

"... I ran into my pal Donald Trump at the lovely private dinner dance Anne Bass gave in her Fifth Ave. apartment... Anyway, Donald said that SPY magazine... is in trouble financially and will not



be around much longer. I chided the handsome mogul, of whom I am very fond... that he should not indulge in wishful thinking. He said, 'No, you'll find this is true if you just investigate. I predict they won't even be around in a year.'

—Liz Smith in the Daily News, September 29, 1988

SCENES FROM THE BIBLE BELT



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Monthly Anagram Analysis

CHRISTMAS
TRIMS CASH

GERALDO RIVERA
OR A REVEILED RAG

ROBIN GIVENS
BIG ENVIRONS

DONALD TRUMP
DUMP OLD RANT

DONALD TRUMP,
DONALD TRUMP
DON'T TRAMP MUD UP,
LANDLORD

DREXEL BURNHAM
HER MAX BLUNDER

MICHAEL MILKEN
MENACE—KILL HIM

—Andy Aaron

WHAT'S IN A NAME? II

Anagram Fun for Our Dumber Readers

HENRY KISSINGER
HENRY KISSING 'ER

JANE FONDA
A FOND JANE

NOBORU
TAKESHITA
NOBORU TAKE A S—

RED BUTTONS
RED'S BUTTON

GOD
DOG

MICKY MOUSE
MOUSEY MICK (E)



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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Cheerleader Camp or Bloody Pom Pom.

CRIMINAL SENTENCE REVIEW

As the theme song from *Baretta* went, "Don't do the crime if you can't do the time." It was referring, of course, to the stiff price society exacts from those who violate its laws. However, given that we are living in the age of judicial discretion, suspended sentences, community service and so many other approaches to collecting society's debts, it's very difficult for a criminal to make an informed choice about what kind of crime to "do" that is based in some measure on the amount of time he would have to "do." As a service to readers contemplating the commission of a crime, and to others interested in comparative justice, here are some recently sentenced criminals and the terms they received, in order of declining severity:

Crook/Crime Sentence

Carlos Lehder Rivas: Reputed head of Colombian cartel convicted of smuggling cocaine. Life plus 135 years

Thomas W. Manning: Avowed revolutionary shot and killed New Jersey state trooper who'd stopped him for a traffic violation. Life

Robert Webster: Queens teenager twice tried to firebomb the home of Arjune, who testified against drug dealers and outside whose home Officer Edward Byrne was murdered. Two consecutive terms of 25 years to life

John Peter Galanis: 27 years Tax shelter promoter convicted of fraud and other white-collar mischief *

*Claude Johnson, an accomplice in one of the bombings, received 25 years to life.

DECEMBER DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

- 1 Archery deer season resumes in Michigan.
- 2 Muzzle-loading deer season resumes, northern Michigan.
- 4 First night of Chanukah.
- 7 Twenty-fifth anniversary of the Singing Nun's "Dominique" hitting the top of the charts. Possibility of hip radio stations broadcasting 24 hours of all-Nun programming, including some never-before-heard rare tracks and interviews.
- 7 Forty-seventh anniversary of Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor; George Bush of Washington, D.C., takes his grandchildren trick-or-treating.
- 8 Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Alternate-

side-of-the-street parking suspended.

10-11 "Depth Contact: Intensive Journal Workshop" at the New York Open Center, 83 Spring Street. Learn "exercises for drawing messages from your inner symbolic experiences, conscious and nonconscious." Any prerequisites? Yep: "any Life Context workshop."

11 Last chance to see 95 "strikingly beautiful and scientifically accurate" fish illustrations at the American Museum of Natural History (an exhibit called "Drawn from the Sea: Art in the Service of Ichthyology").

13 Canada-goose season ends, Muskegon Wastewater Goose Management Area, Michigan.

15 Exam season begins at New York

University. First up, at 8:00 a.m.: the students of Professor Schwarzkopf's Elementary German class.

19 No major tree lightings, tree trimmings, wreath hangings, crafts fairs,



Messiah sing-ins, tuba concerts, South Street Seaport candle choirs, crèche unveilings, holiday plant sales, enforced caroling, Santa photo-ops, matinee performances of *The Nutcracker* or organized eggnog binges scheduled in New York City today. *Subject to change.*

20 Irreverent New

York monthly moves from left-hand to right-hand column as newspapers' and magazines' annual "In and Out" lists begin appearing.

22 Robin and Maurice Gibb born, 1949.

25 Christmas Day.

26 In Canada and England, Boxing Day.

31 Spearing of ciscoes, whitefish, carp and suckers ends at certain lakes in Michigan. Is it too much to ask that residents of Manhattan follow this commendable example?

31 New Year's Eve. The sun sets at 4:21 p.m. Why not just turn in? ☺

BLURB-O-MAT

Capsule Movie Reviews by Eric Kaplan™,
the Movie Publicist's Friend



WHO'S HARRY CRUMB?, starring John Candy, Annie Potts (Tri-Star)

Eric Kaplan says, "Candy weighs in with a bellyful of laughs! Pound for pound our funniest fatty!"

TORCH SONG TRILOGY, starring Harvey Fierstein, Anne Bancroft, Matthew Broderick (New Line)

Eric Kaplan says, "Daring! Caring! And, oh, that Harvey!"

THE ACCIDENTAL TOURIST, starring William Hurt, Kathleen Turner (Warner Bros.)

Eric Kaplan says, "Oscar ahoy!"

WORKING GIRL, starring Melanie Griffith, Harrison Ford (Twentieth Century Fox)

Eric Kaplan says, "If Griffith doesn't win the Oscar, I'll eat my bow tie!"

HER ALIBI, starring Tom Selleck, Paulina Porizkova (Warner Bros.)

Eric Kaplan says, "Whooowheee! A 10.5 on the Scorch-o-Meter!" ☺

Giorgio Armani

style
goes beyond time.

bloomingdale's



parfums
GIORGIO ARMANI

Naked City

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Addam Swapp: 15 years
Radical polygamist blew up a Mormon chapel in Utah and engaged in a shoot-out in which a corrections officer was killed

Stanley Friedman: 12 years
Convicted of federal racketeering charges for being, with Donald Manes, a prime figure in the PVB corruption scandals

Jon Lester: Ring-leader of the mob that killed Michael Griffith in Howard Beach

Scott Kern: Member of Howard Beach mob

Jason Ladone: Member of Howard Beach mob who showed remorse

Robert Chambers: 5-15 years
Killer of Jennifer Levin convicted of manslaughter

Steven Roth: 5-15 years
Directed the slaying of Marla Hanson

Vincent Loezza: 2½-7 years
Long Island drag

'For participating in the same shoot-out, Swapp's brother and brother-in-law received ten years and his mother-in-law, five.
'Three other teenagers were convicted of the misdemeanor of rioting and were sentenced to serve weekends in jail for four months plus 200 hours' community service. Robert Riley, one of the prime assailants of Michael Griffith pleaded guilty to second-degree assault and turned state's evidence against his cohorts. He received six months in jail, 400 hours of community service and five years' probation.
'Sentence was imposed for an assault on the injured maid of honor. Loezza received three lesser terms of one and a third to four years, to be served concurrently, for the killings.

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HG

Anna Wintour

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J. Kevin Madden
Publisher



FOOTNOTES

1. Mirabella was fired after 37 years at Vogue and 17 as editor, to make way for HG editor Anna Wintour, Condé Nast's rising star. Mirabella learned about her dismissal from a friend, who had heard the news on TV.

2. At her request, Gross was given a comparable editorship at sister Condé Nast publication HG.

3. Hobson resigned after Mirabella's firing and is now a creative director at Revlon.

4. Schoening was kicked upstairs and received the vague title of corporate art-director-at-large.

5. Ansel, a frequently reassigned Condé Nast perennial, was moved to HG.

6. Oberstein resigned.

7. Madden resigned and was then reassigned to Condé Nast's Self.

8. In a promotion apparently unrelated to Wintour's hiring, Kampmann was moved over to Self as fashion director.

9. Sinclair was made creative director at HG.

10. Parrish left shortly before Wintour was hired.

11. Becker was told late on a Friday not to come in the following Monday.

12. O'Connell, assistant to shoe editor Kay Hayes for 20 years, was fired.

13. Friedman quit.

14. Hermann left shortly before Wintour was hired.

15. At her request, Breslow was reassigned to Self as beauty director.

16. Sweet quit.

17. Bolotin's maternity leave ended with a job at 7 Days.

18. Mason quit shortly before Wintour was hired.

19. Humes quit shortly before Wintour was hired.

20. Drucker, previously with Self, was fired.

21. Plumb was told that she and her department had been eliminated.

22. Bartolucci quit.

23. Amy Gross brought Williams to HG.

24. Buckley was demoted.

25. Hall quit and was then reassigned to Self.

26. Zielinski was fired, having been given a raise earlier in the week.

27. Paukulis was demoted, then fired.

28. Long a Vogue fixture, Gersh was demoted, then fired.

29. A longtime Condé Nast employee, Davis was kicked upstairs and made managing editor of the General Division.

— Marcy Coughlin



Our BONUS Anna-tated Edition of HG's September Masthead

FOOTNOTES

1. Wintour moved to Vogue.

2. Talley moved to Vogue.

3. Doppelt moved to Vogue.

4. Flood moved to Vogue.

5. Boodro moved to Vogue.

6. Schechter moved to Vogue.

7. Martinez moved to Vogue.

8. Alexander moved to Vogue.

9. Silberman moved to Vogue.

10. Ungless moved to Vogue.

11. Duke moved to Vogue.

12. Truman moved to Vogue.

13. Lejeune moved to Vogue. D



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Aiwa. What a difference!



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

racers slammed into a
bridal limousine,
killing the bride,
groom and best man

Phillip Amato: 2-6 years'
Queens homeowner
convicted of setting
fire to a house in his
neighborhood that
was to shelter foster-
care infants

**Richard Pike,
Jeffrey Gilbert,
Loren MacCory:** 1½-4½
years
Former cops used stun
gun to torture suspect

Joseph Porto: 16
months-
4 years,
pending
appeal
Long Island teen
killed his girlfriend,
supposedly during
rough sex

**John Lavery and
Neils Hoyvald:** A year
and a day,
\$100,000
fine each
Beech-Nut execs sold
over \$3.5 million
worth of bogus fruit
juice

Makram Habib: 8 months
in jail, 3
years' pro-
bation
and a
\$5,000
fine
Former city health
inspector pleaded
guilty to extorting
payoffs from
restaurants

Joe Pepitone: 6 months
Former Yankee
arrested for
possession of cocaine
and a handgun

John Zaccaro Jr.: 4 months,
300 hours
of public
service,
\$1,500
fine
Peddled dope

*For the same crime, Amato's wife
received one to three years and a
neighbor, one and a half to four and a
half.

"Three other inspectors were sen-
tenced at the same time as Habib.
One received a sentence of a month
in jail, a month in a halfway house,
three years' probation and a \$3,000
fine; another got the same sentence
but was not obligated to pay a fine;
and a third received two months in
jail and two months' probation.
*Served three months under house ar-
rest in posh apartment.

THIS IS NOT A PUFF PIECE

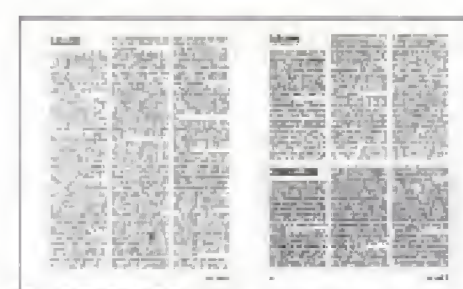
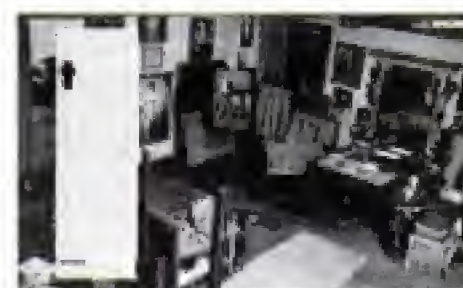
Our Second Condé Nast Story in As Many Pages



SPECKS ON THE MAP

here, in case you missed them — and as a special SPY public service — are the 42 pages from recent Condé Nast magazines devoted to lavishing no-doubt-completely-justified praise on Condé Nast editorial director Alexander Liberman's book, *The Artist in His Studio*, which, after being out of print for 28 years, has just been republished by Random House, another arm of Condé Nast owner S. I. Newhouse's sprawling media empire and not *technically* a part of Condé Nast.

Magnifying glass not included. D



1. Whitman, MA
2. Starkweather, ND
3. Corona, CA
4. Williams, AZ
5. Manson, ND
6. MacDonald, PA
7. Borden, SC
8. Gilmore City, IA
9. Abbott, TX
10. Chapman, KS
11. Chambers, NY
12. Booth, TX
- 13.-14. Harvey and Oswald, ND
15. Ruby, WA
16. Hinckley, UT
17. Ray City, GA
18. Bremer, IA
19. Jonestown, MS

Honorable Mention
Waldheim, Sask.

—Ron Hange

THE SPY LIST

Bowling-pin clock

Ceramic ballerina-
leg lamps

Elvis Presley beer
mugs

Heart-shaped
Sylvester Stallone
decoupage plaque

Life-size plastic
monkey

New Yorkers

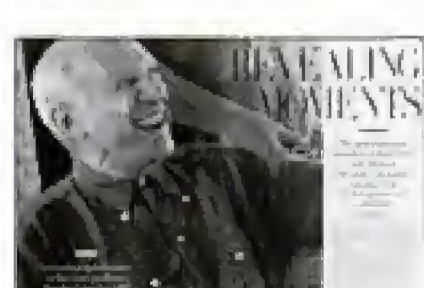
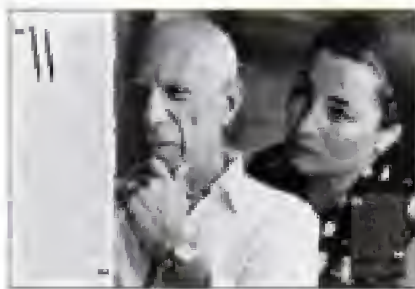
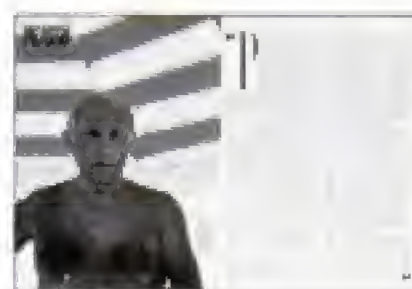
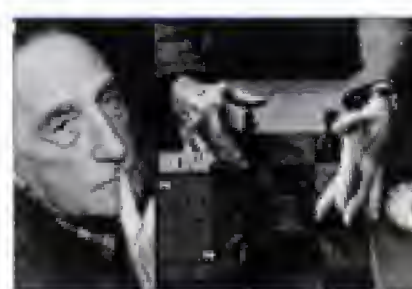
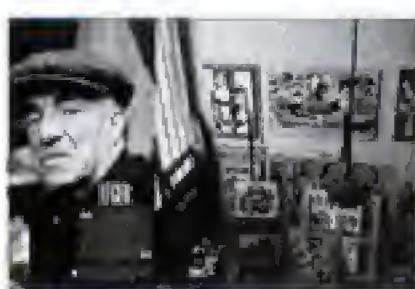
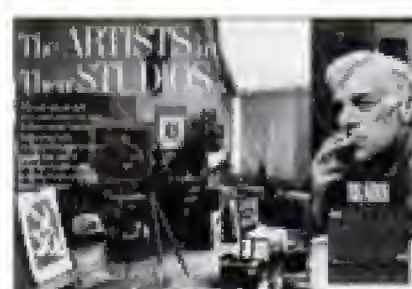
Pace University SEX
AND THE SINGLE JEW
lecture poster

Toaster clock

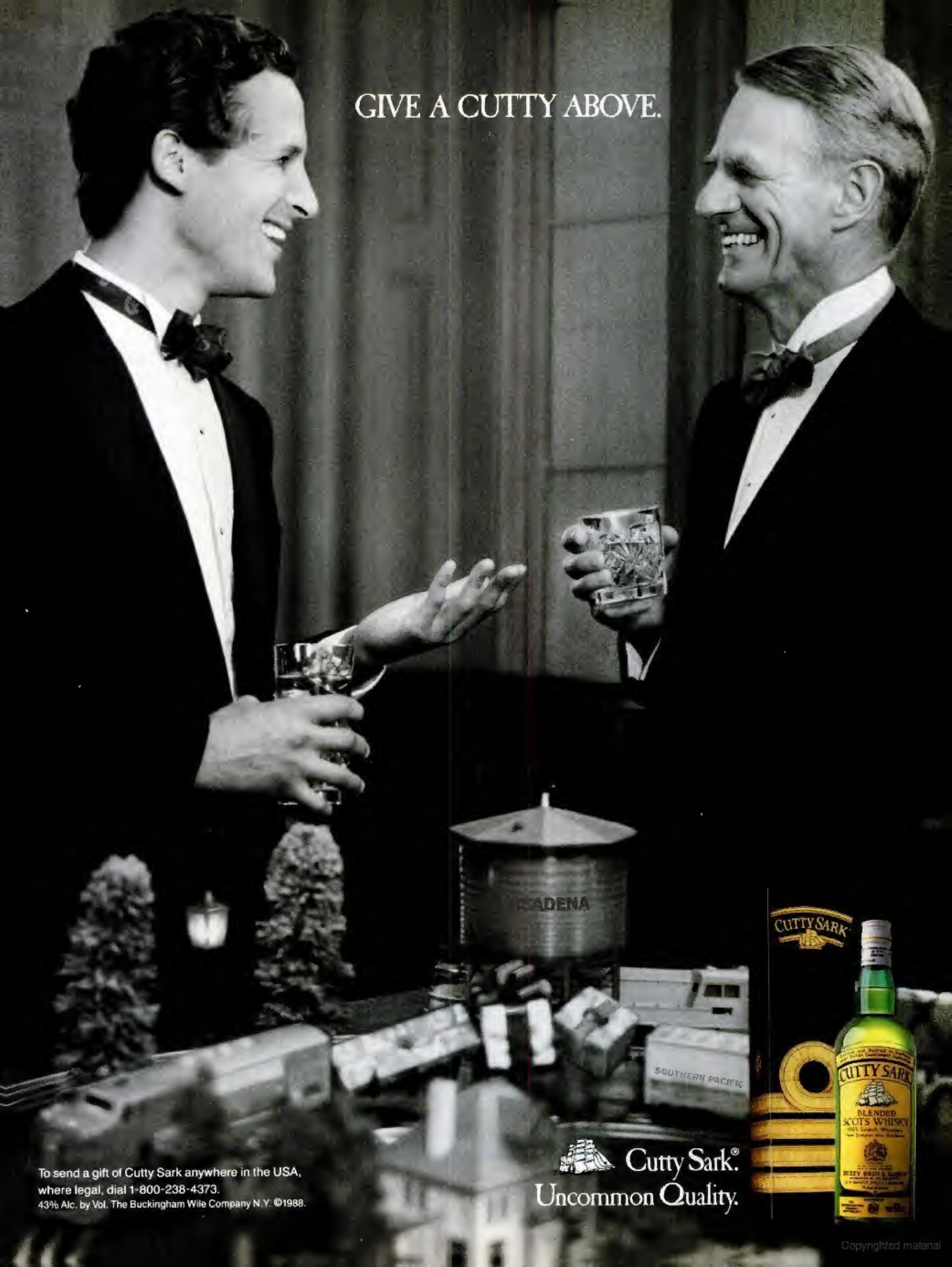
Royal typewriter

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BAHAMAS pillow


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tomatoes



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SEPARATED AT BIRTH?

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Lyn Nofziger: 90 days,
Reagan crony con-
victed of federal-eth-
ics-law violations \$30,000
fine

Clayton Patterson: 90 days^a
Refused to surrender
his videotape of the
police riot in
Tompkins Square
Park to a grand jury

Ranjit S. Ghura: 20 days,
Ex-manager of Hol-
land Hotel held in
contempt for failing
to live up to an
agreement to install
security cameras and
hire guards at
welfare hotel that
earned owners \$3
million to \$4 million
a year in profits \$1,000
fine

**Rev. Al Sharpton
and Pete Seeger:** 15 days^a
Obstructed traffic
during Justice for
Tawana Brawley
rally in Albany

**Edward Louis
Young:** 600 hours
Stole pistols
belonging to televi-
sion's Lone Ranger
(Clayton Moore) in
Houston cleaning
police sta-
bles

Dino Ciccorelli: Pro
hockey player beat an
opponent in the head
twice with his stick
and then punched
him in the mouth
during a game in
Toronto A day in
jail,
\$1,000
fine^b

Marty Markowitz: 75 hours^c
Brooklyn state sena-
tor found to have de-
posited campaign
contributions into his
personal checking ac-
count community
service,
\$7,500
fine

Gary Ferst: Former
Massachusetts teach-
er gave eight boys
drugs and alcohol
and made sexual
overtures toward one
3 months^c
probation,
fined
\$1,000
and or-
dered nev-
er to teach
again^c

^aServed a week.

^bBoth served one day pending appeal.

^cOnly served two hours.



Al Sharpton . . .



and Mama Cass Elliot?



David Brenner . . .



and Buck Owens?



Richard Gere . . .



and Fidel Castro?

THE YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY, PART II

In October SPY outlined the dangers faced by New York's off-duty police and corrections officers. Nothing, it seems, is as dangerous as being an on-duty cop—except being an off-duty cop. In the three months following our last survey period, two off-duty corrections officers and two off-duty policemen were shot, one off-duty police officer was charged with assault and two additional off-duty cops were in a traffic accident. Of the four New York City police officers who died violently during our most recent survey period, three—75 percent—died in the line of off-duty.

In early September, a despondent 31-year-old retired officer shot himself in the head after a late-night drinking-and-target-shooting spree. The bullet he used to kill himself was allegedly provided by his drinking partner, an off-duty cop. Two weeks later two rookie cops, both in their early twenties, were killed when their car smashed into a tree on the Wantagh State Parkway on Long Island.

In late August, an apparently drunk off-duty officer was shot in the chest during a shoot-out with on-duty cops in Queens after being thrown out of a bar.

—Eddie Stern





KNOWING IS ALL.



KNOWING

THE FRAGRANCE FROM

ESTÉE
LAUDER

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

Naked City

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Kimberly Ryan: 5 years' probation, community service, undis-closed rep- arations glass
Self-described rock 'n' roll singer slashed the face of model Fontaine with stem of broken champagne glass

Dr. Lawrence Barton: \$15,000 fine, to be paid to Dr. Wolf
Dentist discriminated against AIDS patients by directing dentist John Wolf, who sublet space from him, to limit treatment of AIDS patients

Adrienne Brown: Fined \$330
James Brown's wife convicted of possession of PCP

Bess Myerson: \$100 fine, \$48.50 in court costs
Convicted of Shoplifting

Gary Stollman: 3 years' probation
Forced consumer reporter David Horowitz, at the point of a (toy) gun, to read on television a statement about space aliens and the CIA

David Sanders: Fined \$500, ordered to undergo psychiatric treatment
Peoria man telephoned women and requested their panties, succeeded at least 50 times

22 employees of New York collections agency: Have a record but no time, no suspended sentences, no probation—nothing!
Convicted of the felony —after copping a plea—of skimming thousands, perhaps millions, of dollars from city parking meters

"The Northern Dispensary, in Greenwich Village, was found guilty of discriminating against AIDS patients, was ordered to pay a fine of \$47,000 to two men who had been refused treatment and to post a notice that it does not discriminate against AIDS patients.

"A 23rd employee — the first to cop a plea — received five years' probation. Several other cases are pending.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF *THE NEW YORKER*

SPY periodically publishes *Letters to the Editor of The New Yorker* because *The New Yorker* doesn't. Still. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.

DEAR MR. SHAWN,

I haven't enjoyed a blessed thing in your book since that magnificent five-parter in 1984-5 on corn, potatoes, wheat, rice and soybeans. What's up?

William Giese
Chevy Chase, Maryland

"Mr. Shawn"? He probably took all the agricultural five-parters with him when he left.

DEAR BOB:

I'm confused. From a review of *The World According to Me!* in your December 21, 1987, issue: "Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles,

Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audience—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious."

From a Profile of Mason in your September 19, 1988, issue, describing the same show: "He is rarely tasteless or cruel; he is a gentle comedian. . . ."

Which reminds me: when was the last time one of your Profiles said anything seriously critical about its subject?

Seth Roberts
Berkeley, California

Well, is the material in the grand comic tradition, or is it just old? Depends on who you are. In this instance the review was written by Brendan Gill, the profile by Whitney Balliett. Also, you don't actually need to go back very far at all to find something "seriously critical": in Berton Roueché's October 21, 1985, Profile of Portland, Oregon, he writes, "Traffic in Portland is neither heavy nor notably light." Take that, Portland! ☹

WHAT IF YOUR MOTHER WENT TO LOS ANGELES FOR TV-PILOT SEASON?

WEEK 1 Mom seizes opportunity during callback with Jason Bateman to remind him not to forget Justine's birthday.

WEEK 2 Mom admonishes casting director to repeat cue without mouth full.

WEEK 3 Mom sends her head shot to Edward Woodward's people in attempt to get on *The Equalizer*.



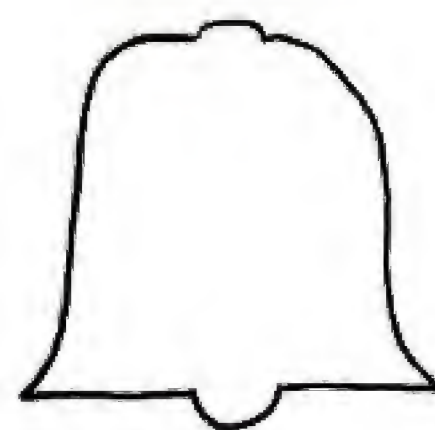
WEEK 4 Mom embarrasses you by asking Nipsey Russell if he is related to Bertrand.

WEEK 5 Mom gets a guest-star spot on an action-adventure show but is unable to remember the name of the program.

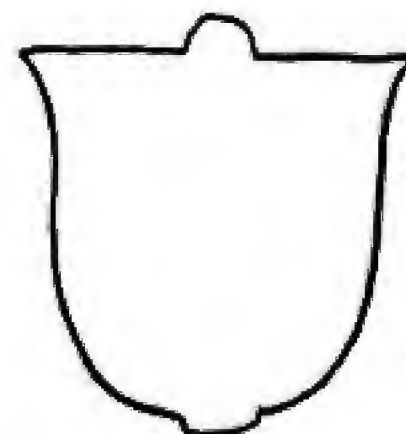
WEEK 6 Negotiations grind to a halt when Mom's agent discovers that Mom has been listening in on the upstairs extension.

WEEK 7 Mom is forced to work evening shift at nearby Taco Bell.
— Henry Alford

KNOW YOUR CHRISTMAS COOKIES



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O'Donnell

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SAFILO

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MANFREDI

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GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THE WHOLE CHINESE-GENERAL-SPICY-TAKE-OUT-CHICKEN THING

A SPY Service Piece for the Way We Live Now

Naked City

To New Yorkers, General Tso (of spicy-chicken fame) is at least as familiar as Deng Xiaoping (of post-Mao reform fame). And yet, who has taken the time when ordering General Tso's Chicken to pause and wonder *who was General Tso*, really? And who, for that matter, were the men who became the namesakes for General Ching's Chicken, General Chen's Chicken and General Tseng's Chicken?

Amazingly, most of the generals had nothing to do with chicken; in fact, SPY has learned that most of them never even existed. We spoke to John Ma, official Chinese librarian at the New York Public Library, who insisted that regardless of what an English entry on a menu may say, the Chinese characters invariably refer to either General Tso or General Tseng, "the two most famous generals in the history of the Hunan province." (The rest, like VCR instructions, are the products of overmatched translators.) Not content with just lending their names to food, these two generals pursued many other nonmartial interests. Tseng Kuo-fan (1811-1872) established a publishing house and employed his officers as proofreaders. Tso Tsung-t'ang (1812-1885) promoted the planting of mulberry trees.

But did Generals Tso and Tseng eat historic quantities of chicken, let alone develop their own recipes? Librarian Ma scoffed at this notion. "Oh no! Ha ha ha!"

he laughed, adding rather donnishly that he hadn't seen anything about General Tso's or General Tseng's chicken in his history books. However, he said, "There's a well-known painter named Ta-Chien, and I vaguely recall once eating something known as Ta-Chien Chicken."

We phoned Pig Heaven, the stylish Chinese restaurant on Second Avenue, in order to get a hands-on opinion vis-à-vis the whole general-chicken equation. "You almost asked the right person," said the manager, Peter Wong. "When I used to work in Chinatown, I knew an old cook named Mr. Lao, and I believe that he used to work with General Tso." While Wong didn't know anything about General Tseng and his particular chicken, he said that General Tso's Chicken was indeed the invention of General Tso himself, who eagerly ate it on and off the battlefield. But Wong was unable to indicate precisely how or when the dish became formally known as General Tso's Chicken.

No doubt a definitive answer lay with Mr. Lao, the ancient cook. Wong said that he had moved on to the kitchen at David K's. "As far as I'm concerned," Wong continued tantalizingly, "Mr. Lao is the only one who makes the dish right because you have to use fresh chicken with all the bones and skin included. That's the main ingredient—*fresh chicken*."

Unfortunately, when we called David

K's hoping to speak to Mr. Lao, we were informed that his name was Lou and that he was dead. Owner David Keh's wife then proceeded to further cloud the picture: "Although Chef Lou was the first to cook General Tso's Chicken in this country, he wasn't old enough to work with the general," who, we had already learned, died in 1885. But, Mrs. Keh said, Chef Lou *had* worked for Ta-Chien, the painter.

Mrs. Keh regretted that she didn't know anything about General Tseng but asked, "Do you know the story of how they named General Tso's Chicken after General Tso?" No, we said, awaiting pay dirt. "General Tso just happened to like chicken," Mrs. Keh told us, "and that's the way it was cooked."

Only one avenue of inquiry remained: a conversation with Al Lewis, former Munster, proprietor of Grampa's Bella Gente restaurant, Learning Annex instructor and self-proclaimed greatest Occidental Chinese chef in America. Did General Tso really like General Tso's Chicken? "Yes, it was his favorite dish," said Lewis curtly. Did General Tso invent it? "No." Who did? "That name is in oblivion," he said with seeming finality. But after a little respectful prodding he added, inscrutably, "The best Chinese cook up until his demise was Danny Kaye [*not to be confused with David Keh*], and number two was Al Lewis."

—Bob Mack

TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

"There's no getting around it. The sixties really are over. Most of the students I met were eagerly looking forward to careers as lawyers and bankers. 'The best way to help other people is to make a lot of money and set a good example,' a Penn sophomore told me. (He also said that his top choice for commencement speaker was Gerald Ford.) I suppose we need a label for this horrifying new class of Young Ambitious Professionals. How about yuppies?"

—from "The Third Annual SPY College Jamboree,"
by David Owen, SPY, December 1978



BOOK NOOK

The New York Times, September 8, 1988: "DREXEL BURNHAM CHARGED BY S.E.C. IN INSIDER TRADES . . . The 184-page civil complaint, filed in Federal District Court in Manhattan, named Drexel and four of its employees, including Michael Milken, the head of the firm's high-yield junk-bond department."

Going to Work, by Lisa Birnbach. Villard Books (Publication date: September 9, 1988): "By the time this book is published, his [Mike Milken's] investigation will, in all probability, be a thing of the past."

—Rachel Urquhart



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IT'S HER JOB, IT'S WHAT SHE DOES FOR A LIVING

An Interlude of Torment in Peggy Siegal's PR Hell

Fifty-three minutes after my 4:00 p.m. appointment had been scheduled to begin, I still hadn't had a chance to speak with the world's most powerful and unpleasant press agent. Instead, I sat uncomfortably close to her as she conducted her nefarious business over the phone.

"I'm not going to pimp for Jay McInerney," Peggy Siegal cackled into the receiver. "Let him find his own date!" At the moment, Peggy's partner in bad-mouthing was movie producer Jerry Bruckheimer. "So listen," Peggy continued, "when I asked Jay to dinner with you, he asked, 'Who else is going to be there?' Can you beat that? *Who else is going to be there?* Listen, call me tonight, I can't talk here. I know. I know. I know. Listen, this is my *job*, this is what I do for a *living!*"

Peggy banged home the phone and regarded me suspiciously across a desk top bristling with family-size Rolodexes. The name of the former television editor at *US* magazine stared at me upside down.

"Peggy, Chuck Grodin's on the phone," announced one of Peggy's three young female assistants, all of whom work in the stuffy un-climate-controlled half-room that is the Peggy Siegal Company. The assistant wore the beleaguered look of a slave rower in *Spartacus*.

"Be with you in a second," Peggy Siegal barked at me, with no trace of irony. She picked up the phone, and her voice rang with mock chumminess: "Chuck! Hi! Are you in Connecticut?" She then nodded vigorously as she listened to some complaint of Grodin's. "Chuck, Chuck, *Chuck*," she tittle-tattled into the phone. "This is my *job*, this is what I do for a *living!*"

Ostensibly, Peggy Siegal had summoned me to her Brill Building command post because I had been assigned to interview Patty Hearst for a respectable women's magazine. Paul Schrader's film about Patty's kidnapping was just coming out, Patty was talking it up to the press and Peggy Siegal was scheduling all the interviews. "I don't think it's going to happen," Peggy had told me over the phone the previous week. "I told your editor that they should get Gloria Steinem to write it. I don't even know who *you* are!"

I had explained to her that Gloria Steinem didn't write for this magazine and earnestly pleaded my case for access. Peggy had sighed and put on a voice that said *I'm doing you a big favor, bub*. She had instructed me to send some articles I'd written and a résumé, and to come to her office to be personally checked out.

So here I was.

When I had first arrived at the Peggy Siegal Company, one of the put-upon adjutants had immediately sat me down in front of Peggy Siegal herself. She had greeted me by reaching past my head and grabbing a sheaf of Xeroxed newspaper clips from another assistant. She had scanned the first page. "You call *this* a good review?" she had yelled over my shoulder at the assistant. "You think I can show *this* to a *client*?" Her aide had shrugged. The phone had rung. Peggy Siegal had taken the call.

And there I had sat in the cramped, stuffy little office for—I checked my watch again—56 minutes.

"Chuck, Chuck, Chuck, *Chuck*. Listen to me, Chuck," Peggy said to Charles Grodin, rolling back her chair as well as her eyes. The Peggy Siegal Company was handling the publicity for Grodin's film *Midnight Run*, and apparently the actor was being testy about his interview schedule. "Look," Peggy said, "the limo will take you in from Connecticut, you'll go to the studio for the interview, then the limo will take you back."

Apparently, Grodin was also interested in the coverage his costar, Robert De Niro, was getting. "Chuck, Chuck, the picture in *People* is of *both* of you," Peggy reassured him. "I don't know, Bobby's talking a few places. *Playboy*, *Rolling Stone*. I know he never talks, but he's talking now. Who? He'd talk to the phone book!" Peggy listened for a little bit, then nodded. "Look, Chuck, the Sunday *Daily News Magazine* is interested. You don't read the Sunday *Daily News*? They've got a circulation of millions, real unwashed masses, you know?"



Peggy banged down her receiver a moment later, and she glared in my direction. "Okay, let's make this quick," she said, 61 minutes after our appointment had been scheduled to begin. Peggy grabbed my résumé and ran her thumb down the page. She stopped when she came to the name of a magazine where I had worked a few years ago: "Patty hates *Newsweek*, she *bates* them!" As she scanned the rest of my résumé, she continued to disparage everything I had ever done, up to and including my graduation from St. Louis Park Senior High School.

That task finished, Peggy began her summation. "Listen," she said, "Patty read all your stuff and hates it." *That's odd*, I thought. I'd just read in *USA Today* that Patty had been in France all week, plugging her film over there. The clips I had sent couldn't have gotten to Peggy's office before today.

"Anyway," Peggy continued, "Patty only likes to be interviewed by people she knows. Like X." She gave me the name of a journalist. "They're *very* close, *very* good personal friends. She'll talk to him." *That's odd*, I thought. I *knew* X. Sure he did a Patty Hearst story once upon a time, but I knew for a fact that they weren't very close, very good personal friends.

"So what can I say?" Peggy said. "We'll be in touch."

Above me, a ceiling fan turned slowly and futilely. Behind me, Peggy's assistants continued to labor earnestly in the fetid air. Inches from my face, Peggy was back on the phone. This seemed to mean that I was free to go.

I leapt from my chair and strode toward the office door, feeling like Ebenezer Scrooge after he awoke reborn from his tormented dreams. But as I got to the door, I faltered.

"This is my *job*," I heard Peggy Siegal intone into the phone another time, to someone new. "This is what I do for a *living!*"

—Neal Karlen

Aalborg Akvavit "The water of life."

> A DANISH SKÅL LESSON <

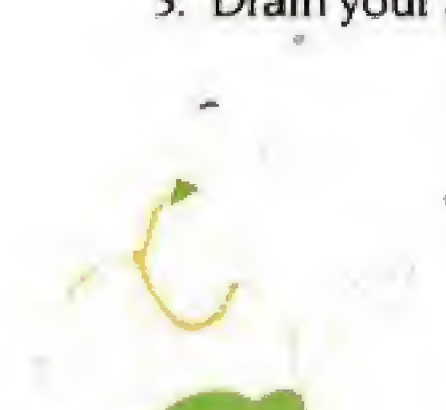
1. Lift your glass of ice-cold Aalborg Akvavit.



2. Catch the eye of your companion and say "SKÅL"



3. Drain your glass in one mouthful.



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5. Assume friendship.

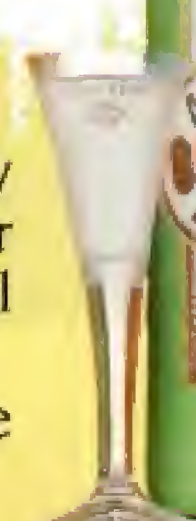


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FRED AND THE FAT MEN: THE RESILVERMANIZATION OF TV

When Fred Silverman was president and master programmer of NBC from 1978 to 1981, he oversaw the production of such fondly remembered landmark series as *Pink Lady*, *Supertrain*, *United States* and *Number 96*—shows that had only low ratings and terrible reviews in common. Now Silverman, middle-aged and until recently very pudgy, is an independent producer of television shows—television shows that have had higher ratings, better reviews, sleuthing protagonists and one other crucial ingredient in common.



Pink Lady, Supertrain, United States and Number 96



Matlock (NBC)
Producer: The Fred Silverman Company
Star: Andy Griffith
Particulars: middle-



Jake & the Fatman (CBS)
Producer: The Fred Silverman Company
Star: William Conrad
Particulars: middle-aged

(68) star who is "television's favorite fat man" (according to *The Complete Directory to Prime Time TV Stars*)



In the Heat of the Night (NBC)

Producer: The Fred Silverman Company
Star: Carroll O'Connor

Particulars: middle-aged (66) actor with a "pudgy countenance and blustery manner" (*The Complete Directory*)



The Father Dowling Mysteries (NBC, tentatively)

Producer: The Fred Silverman Company
Star: Tom Bosley

Particulars: middle-aged (61), "rotund, cherubic actor" (*The Complete Directory*)



The Perry Mason Movies (NBC)

Producer: The Fred Silverman Company
Star: Raymond Burr

Particulars: older (71), "dark, stocky" star (*The Complete Directory*) — Rachel Urquhart

Joel Siegel reviews "NEW ENGLAND"



"...SHATTERING..."



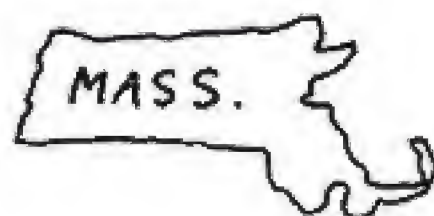
"...BOLD, STYLIZED..."



"...HAUNTING..."



"YOU'LL STAND UP AND CHEER!"



"...SAVAGELY FUNNY."



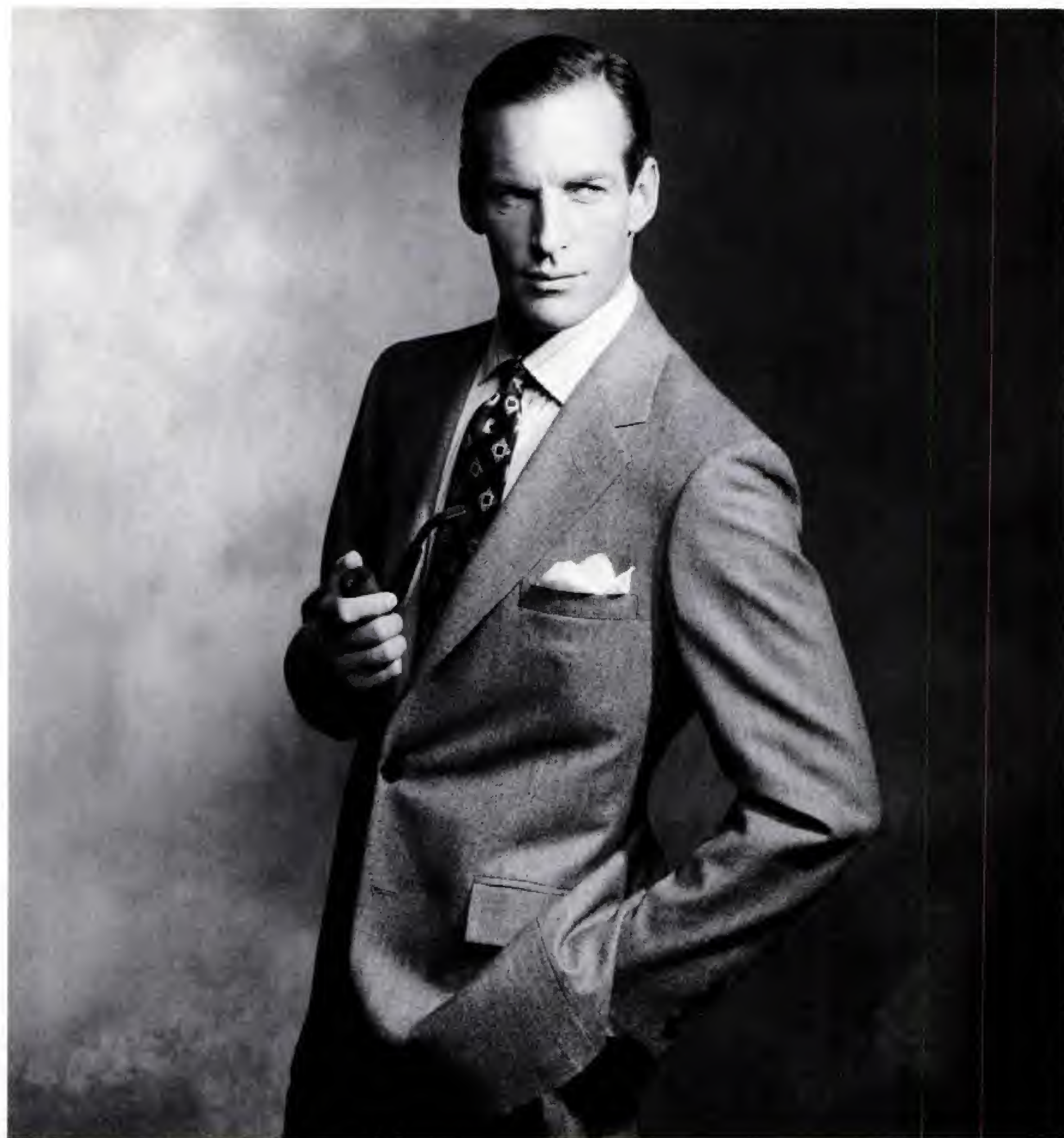
"...ONE OF THE YEAR'S MOST IMPORTANT STATES."

cam/ford

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

1. Where is the story set? Do you think having a setting adds to the story? Defend your answer.
2. Dinah repeatedly complains about the darkness at Seven Birches. Is it really darkness? What does she actually mean?
3. Who survives the fire and why? What happens to Wobbles? (Hint: *Grrrrr*.)
4. Of the three kinds of conflict—man vs. man, man vs. nature, and man vs. himself—which kinds are in evidence here? (Note: the Ape Maiden vs. killer ants counts as man vs. nature.)
5. When Squiffy decides to kick Lars, something unexpected follows. What? Kick someone larger than yourself and describe what follows. Be specific.
6. What famous character does Brannigan resemble? Consider his miraculous powers, his death at the Cross Club and his resurrection in Dr. Easter's clinic. Defend your answer.
7. Discuss the perfectly good reasons someone might have for shooting another person, especially in the unorthodox way Dinah does. Make a list of people whom you know are bucking for just such treatment. You may include people from newspaper headlines as well as family members and friends.
8. What is it with Dinah? Be specific.
9. If this story were a pie, what flavor would it be? If it were a pie that happened to be able to speak, what kind of story would that pie be likely to tell? If it were a pie that could talk but something were terribly wrong, maybe something psychosomatic, and it just didn't, or *wouldn't*, talk, what kind of thing might be done to that pie to encourage or even force it to talk? Think before answering.
10. Defend yourself. (Extra Credit Project)

—Mark O'Donnell



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Penn Jillette's Guide to the Domestic Arts in New York

I just bought an apartment in New York City. And since I own this place, I'm going to make it perfect. I had all my albums brought out from Los Angeles. I have a lot of albums—not even counting the banned Beatles "butcher" cover for *Yesterday and Today* that my old girlfriend stole from me—and now they are all in one place, my place. I even bought a washer-dryer combination and, darn it, I'm going to learn how to use it.



cause they don't have letters assigned, ones and zeros are the evil numbers on your telephone keypad. I lived in New York for three years with the phone number DAY-BILL. It means nothing, but you could remember it—mnemonics without art. What vanity license plates are for California BMW dipshits, golden, spellable telephone numbers are for guys like me.

I had to pick my forever phone number. That was easy. I wanted 382-5968. That's the number to have. That's the number that spells FUC-KYOU.

Can I call you?

FUC-KYOU.

Here's where the phone company gets you. It can cost \$20 to check three numbers to see if one of them is available. Fuck that. FUC-KYOU—I would just dial it. The excitement was unbelievable. Did somebody already have this number in New York? If so, who? I went to the Penn & Teller office in New York and had our assistant Cammie dial the number.

It rang only twice.

The cosmetics firm Adrien Arpel answered.

So I can't have FUC-KYOU. It's not the end of the world. What about FUC-

KMEE?—a little too cute, a little too Tasty-Freez-ish, but I felt I could live the rest of my life with it.

Cammie dialed it.

She got someone at American Express.

Okay, let's get philosophical: what about FUC-KGOD? WestPoint Pepperell, a clothing manufacturer.

FUC-K666? American Express.

FUC-KIBM? WestPoint Pepperell.

FUC-KFBI? WestPoint Pepperell.

FUC-KCIA? WestPoint Pepperell.

FUC-*Everything*.

I'll be okay. Eventually. There are other nice choices. There's DOG-FUCK. (Not something I would endorse, but the hyphen works better.) GOD-FUCK, which must mean something. Or I could have YOU-SUCK. But none of these will work—I live in a section of New York that won't let me have DOG- or GOD- or YOU- or anything good. I live in a section of the city that has 221 for its prefix—there's that 1 that I hate. So I convinced myself that AA1-FUCK would be okay. But it was taken. I'm sure I'll eventually come up with an available phone number I like.

If, however, I end up with AA1-LOVE, would someone out there please shoot me? ☹

THIRD WORLD CAPITALS THAT SOUND LIKE SEXUAL PRACTICES AND/OR GUM DISEASES

- (1) Ulan Bator (Mongolian People's Republic)
- (2) Ouagadougou (Burkina Faso)
- (3) Mogadisho (Somalia)
- (4) Tegucigalpa (Honduras)
- (5) P'yongyang (North Korea)
- (6) Funafuti (Tuvalu)
- (7) Djibouti (Djibouti)
- (8) Bangui (Central African Republic)
- (9) Banjul (Gambia)
- (10) Victoria on Mahé (the Seychelles)

—Peter Gambaccini

LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

"Warm, funny and thought-provoking."

—Mary Higgins Clark on Andrew M. Greeley's *Angel Fire*

"Holds your attention to the last page." —Greeley on Clark's *Weep No More, My Lady*

"In the company of Céline, Flannery O'Connor and Margaret Atwood."

—James Salter on Joy Williams's *Breaking & Entering*

"Brilliantly done."

—Williams on Salter's *Dusk and Other Stories*

"One of the greatest prose masters of our time."

—Robert Coover on Angela Carter's *Saints and Strangers*

"A master."

—Carter on Coover's *Gerald's Party*

—Howard Kaplan

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CAR AND DRIVER, HEAVYWEIGHT DIVISION

A Special Tyson vs. Spinks Simulated Superfight

Computer-generated superfights, in which a fifties champ like Rocky Marciano is pitted against a sixties champ like Muhammad Ali, have given devoted fight fans great pleasure. In the spirit of these hypothetical fisticuffs and in an attempt to determine the relative skills of Mike Tyson and Leon Spinks in the area of *real* road-

work, SPY chose to consult not the WBA (World Boxing Association) but the DMV (Department of Motor Vehicles).

The winner, of course, goes on to face the reigning champion of moving violations, Mitch "Blood" Green, whose license at last count has been suspended 54 times since 1980. On October 2, 1988, after he had

apparently crashed into a parked car and was rendered immobile by angel dust and alcohol, Green was found "babbling incoherently" in the front seat of his Lincoln Continental. As authorities took him away for psychiatric evaluation, the champ was still poised to take on all comers. "I want Tyson," he insisted. "Get me Tyson."

Date	Opponent	Outcome	Purse	Postbout Analysis
MIKE TYSON				
June 30, 1984	A motorist in Manhattan	After his five-month-old Cadillac Seville was rear-ended, Tyson traveled by limousine for the next couple of months	Sold unrepaired Seville	Childhood friend Jay Bright has said, "He drives by putting his foot on the gas and the brake at the same time"
May 8, 1988	Robin Givens (105 lbs.)	Tyson crashed into a parked car near the Holland Tunnel during an argument with his wife (she had reportedly found one of his condoms and punched him)	New Bentley costs \$183,000	Tyson to police: "I've had nothing but bad luck and accidents with this car"
July 27, 1988	Gas gauge	Ran out of gas; passersby pushed his gold Aston Martin off Fifth Avenue	\$20 to fill up	Tyson said, "No pictures!" and smashed an offending camera
September 4, 1988	A tree	Knocked out after crashing his wife's 12-cylinder BMW 750	Underwent \$800 brain scan	Tyson: "I always skid off wild. I always take off crazy"
October 7, 1988	Givens (rematch)	After Givens filed for divorce, Tyson had her \$100,000 Lamborghini seized	Cost of tow: \$65	Towing company: "Those people that we towed do a lot of business with us . . . I don't want to say anything that will jeopardize them"
LEON SPINKS				
February 1978	Des Moines police	Charged with driving without a license	Posted (and jumped) \$80 bail	Ken Norton, later: "I'm not the brightest man in the world, but he's being exploited and, being black, that's two strikes against him"
April 21, 1978	St. Louis police	Pulled over for driving without headlights on, arrested for possessing .22 gram — \$1.50's worth — of cocaine and marijuana	Posted \$3,700 bond	Spinks greeted arresting officers, "Come on, man, I'm Leon" and told reporters, "Yeah, it was a frame. What do you think?" A grand jury refused to indict him
June 21, 1978	Jacksonville, NC, police	Arrested for driving without a license, registration expired	Paid \$52 in fine plus court costs	Police said that Spinks did have a valid Michigan license — somewhere else
June 22, 1978	Jacksonville police	Charged with speeding	Paid \$38 in fine plus court costs	Lawyer Ed Bell: "Leon should never drive by himself in southern towns with a new Cadillac"
October 21, 1978	A fence	In Ohio, Spinks lost control of his two-day-old, \$13,000 Corvette and ripped out 50 feet of fencing. Spinks then left the scene and drove to a nearby motel parking lot in Elyria, Ohio	Spinks paid over \$500 to repair the fence	"I was in full control, but I hit the grass and slid into the fence," Spinks later testified. "I went on to the hotel because I knew the tracks would lead them to me anyway"
April 19, 1979	Ohio Highway Patrol	Spinks found guilty of driving while intoxicated	Fined \$350	Got a 30-day suspended sentence, one year's probation and was ordered not to drive in Ohio for six months

Spinks earned 34 DMV demerit points on his driver's license over a 14-month period. Tyson earned a mere seven points over three years. The winner on points is Spinks. "No question," argues our guest referee, George R. Hensel, cofounder of the Driving School Association of America, "the Spinks guy is definitely more dangerous. Driver education won't help these guys."

—John Brodie and Bob Mack



THE 100 BEST ISSUES OF *ROLLING STONE* OF THE LAST 20 YEARS

As compiled by SPY's staff of experts



1. **RS 129:** Yoko says there's 39 years of pain on her new double album
2. **RS 121:** Pat Caddell coauthors story on How McGovern Can Win
3. **RS 58:** Big Captain Beefheart issue
4. **RS 173:** On-the-spot report from the too-long-in-the-making Mountain reunion concert
5. **RS 134:** "Seals & Crofts: How two Baha'i faithful are coping"
6. **RS 46:** "Paul Is Not Dead"
7. **RS 136:** "Country Joe Performs for Sisters in Slammer"
8. **RS 429:** Why Piscopo Won't Be Back to SNL
9. **RS 452-3:** John Travolta stars in *Perfect* (the movie also features Jann Wenner—cast against type—playing a chubby, erratic editor)
10. **RS 130:** The Death of Max Yasgur
11. **RS 127:** "Slademan"
12. **RS 331:** "Sooooo Sexy: Jill Clayburgh and Michael Douglas Sparkle in *It's My Turn*"
13. **RS 312:** "Richard Gere: Stripped Down and Sexy"
14. **RS 450:** Last episode of the largely unread, 23-part serialization of the boring first draft of *The Bonfire of the Vanities*
15. **RS 454:** Update: the Eddie Van Halen-Valerie Bertinelli Marriage
16. **RS 435:** Especially good filler poem
17. **RS 288:** "Michael Douglas: Powerful Personal Statement"
18. **RS 379:** "Richard Gere Loosens Up"
19. **RS 239:** Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell: "White House Whiz Kids"
20. **RS 302:** "Jerry Brown: 'Yes, I'm Running'"
21. **RS 465:** "Michael Douglas: Jewel of the Aisle"
22. **RS 446:** "Richard Gere: Actor"
23. **RS 483:** "Don Johnson: Rock & Roll Star"
24. **RS 231:** "A Report on the Paraphernalia Industry"
25. **RS 321:** "John Travolta: The Pain and Passion of a Private Life"
26. **RS 517:** The *Rolling Stone* Interview: Michael Douglas
27. **RS 514:** Richard Gere on the Dalai Lama
28. **RS 139:** "As Tatum Turns Ten: Ryan's Daughter Is Ready for Her Body to Catch Up with Her Mind"
29. **RS 443:** Mick's Hot *She's the Boss* Video
30. **RS 87:** "Jethro Tull Might Do Something Weird"
31. **RS 422:** Michael Douglas's *Romancing the Stone*: "A Surprise Hit"
32. **RS 143:** Ginger Baker Reported Live and Well
33. **RS 40:** "Good Old Grateful Dead"
34. **RS 66:** "New Day for the Grateful Dead"
35. **RS 199:** "Afternoon of the Living Dead: Flashing Back with Garcia and Friends"
36. **RS 241:** "Grateful! Dead On Their Feet Again"
37. **RS 277:** "The Dead electrify the pyramids"
38. **RS 323:** "The Grateful Dead Celebrate!"
39. **RS 504-5:** "The New Dawn of the Grateful Dead"
40. **RS 44:** "Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young"
41. **RS 167:** "CSNY Come Back Singing"
42. **RS 221:** "Stills and Young: Off the Road"
43. **RS 240:** "The Actual Honest-to-God Reunion of Crosby, Stills & Nash"
44. **RS 461:** "How Drugs Destroyed David Crosby"
45. **RS 527:** "Neil Young Talks About His New Album and the CSNY Reunion"
46. **RS 125:** Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld on granola, plus James and Carly, "The Honeymooners"

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47. **RS 358:** "Carly: Life without James"
48. **RS 520:** "Carly Takes Husband No. 3"
49. **RS 47:** The *Rolling Stone* Interview: Bob Dylan
50. **RS 257:** Dylan: The *Rolling Stone* Interview
51. **RS 424:** Bob Dylan: The *Rolling Stone* Interview
52. **RS 278:** Dylan: The *Rolling Stone* Interview, Part II
53. **RS 251:** An Open Letter to John Lennon
54. **RS 24:** "John on macrobiotics: Yoko on her films"
55. **RS 22:** John and Yoko nude
56. **RS 36:** "John and Yoko in Bed Again"
57. **RS 74:** The *Rolling Stone* Interview: John Lennon
58. **RS 188:** "A Conversation with John Lennon"
59. **RS 353:** "Yoko: An Intimate Conversation"
60. **RS 51:** "Man Of The Year: A Private Talk With John"
61. **RS 380:** "Exclusive: The Private Years" of John and Yoko
62. **RS 449:** "Julian Lennon: Here Comes the Son"
63. **RS 141:** "How to Beat a Bust"
64. **RS 470:** "Exclusive: Meet Bruce Willis"
65. **RS 177:** "Suzi Quatro Flexes Her Leather"
66. **RS 375:** "Go-Go's Put Out"
67. **RS 425:** "The Go-Go's: Women on Top"
68. **RS 430:** The Bangles: "Please call them anything but 'the New Go-Go's'"
69. **RS 513:** West Coast Chefs: "Culinary equivalent of rock stars"
70. **RS 397:** "Health Clubs: The New Singles' Bars"
71. **RS 396:** "Bad Boy Sean Penn: The Next James Dean..."
72. **RS 242:** "Diane Keaton, The Next Hepburn"
73. **RS 475:** "The New Madonna"
74. **RS 23:** "The New Joan Baez"
75. **RS 313:** "George Bush: The Right Wing's New Look"
76. **RS 441:** Geena Davis: the Mary Tyler Moore of the Eighties?
77. **RS 29:** "A Report on Janis Joplin: The Judy Garland of Rock?"
78. **RS 128:** "Canned Heat: Bake-Off Between Fact & Fantasy"
79. **RS 256:** 1977 Readers Poll (Best New Artist: Foreigner)
80. **RS 164:** Cover Story: "The Carpenters: The Family That Plays Together"
81. **RS 232:** "Frampton: Rock Star of the Year"
82. **RS 122:** A great Boone's Farm Apple Wine ad
83. **RS 254:** The Tenth Anniversary Issue: Wenner writes, "And now I, too, am over thirty."
84. **RS 440:** Billy Idol's buttocks
85. **RS 124:** Lee Marvin interrupts interview: "Uh, listen, man, I gotta take a piss."
86. **RS 436:** "Ratt: lap dogs of the devil?"
87. **RS 132:** Marianne Faithfull: "I never want to do another interview, ever, ever, ever again—nothing, no more publicity whatsoever."
88. **RS 249:** The Bella Abzug cover
89. **RS 227:** Introducing *Outside* magazine
90. **RS 317:** "Fridays: ABC Takes On *Saturday Night Live*"
91. **RS 456:** "Prince Talks: The Silence Is Broken"
92. **RS 526:** Lisa Bonet nude
93. **RS 146:** Gilbert O'Sullivan in Concert, reviewed by Lenny Kaye
94. **RS 480:** "Sigue Sigue Sputnik Is Out of This World." Plus "Howard the Duck Prepares for Flight"
95. **RS 133:** First Springsteen piece: "It seems a little weird how these record company dudes operate. . . . But, as I say, I'll do anything. I mean, I have nothing else to do. I have nothing else to do at all."
96. **RS 392:** "Dale Bumpers, 1984 Dark Horse"
97. **RS 455:** "Live Aid: What It Meant"
98. **RS 432:** Frankie Goes to Hollywood, Apollonia, Box of Frogs
99. **RS 519:** "The Smothers Brothers Return"
100. **RS 152:** "Dropping in on Ringo"—*Jamie Malanowski and George Kalogerakis*

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THE MATHS



Figure 1

This bout of executive austerity was only partly due to expectations of a diminished profit for 1988. Greed also appears to be a major reason for such executive-compensation downsizing. The greatest newspaper in the land, the paper renowned for taking the long view vis-à-vis money-making, has caught the bottom-line bug of the go-go eighties. Double-digit annual growth is *simply not good enough* anymore. And in their patrician wisdom, the Sulzbergers have decided that colorization of the *Times* is one of the keys to making even more money. For as the *Times* ripens into a national newspaper, the Sulzbergers believe, color will help bring in the thousands of new, young readers they so desperately covet — *and the paper is willing to run as many life-style, health, food, personal fit-*

In just the last year or two, the following reporters have left the paper: Samuel Freedman, Nan Robertson, John Corry, William Geist, Leslie Bennetts, Michael Norman, Phil Gailey, Martin Gottlieb, Joseph Giovannini, Michael Gross, John

And that's not all. — J.J. Hunsecker

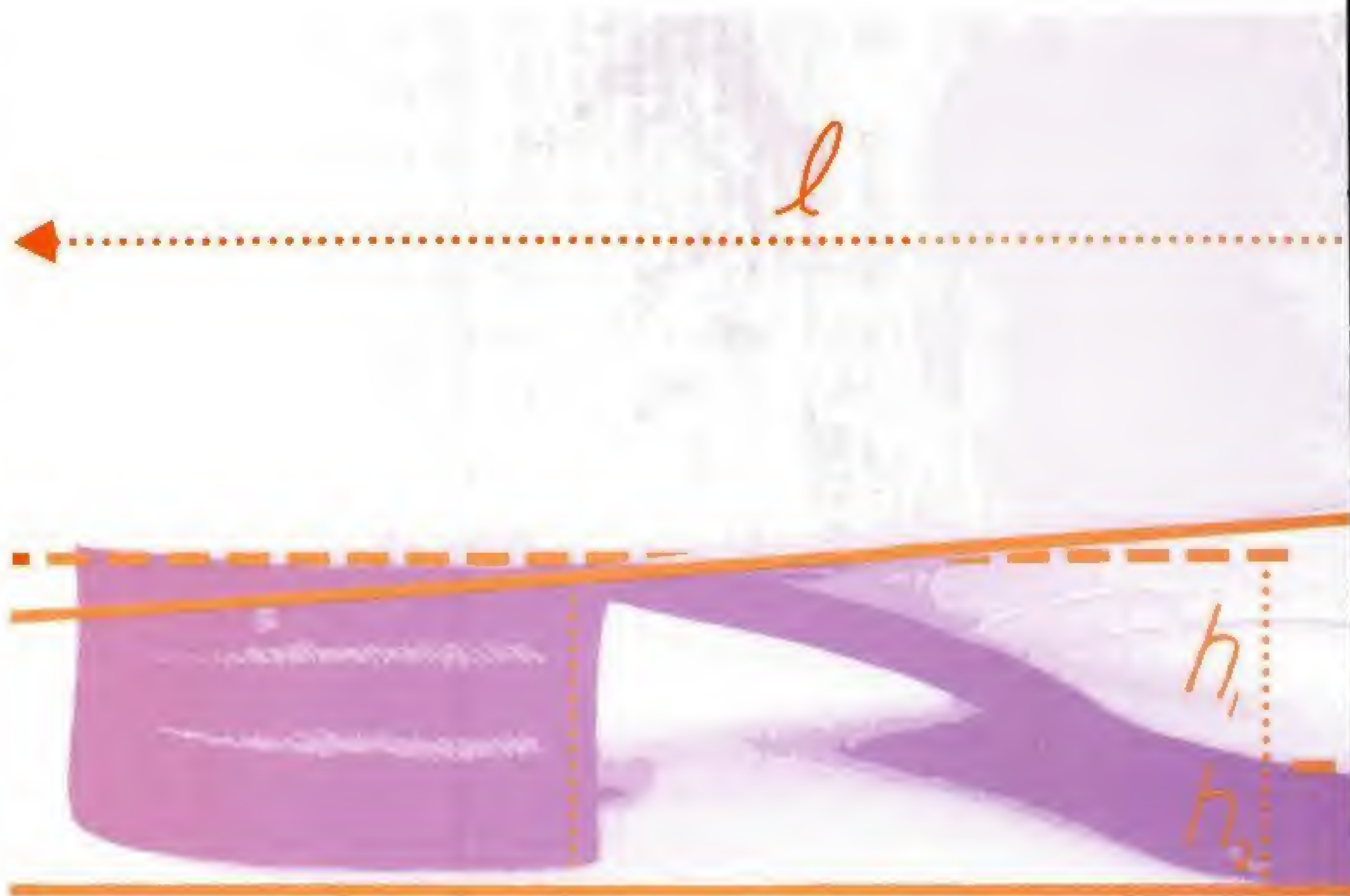


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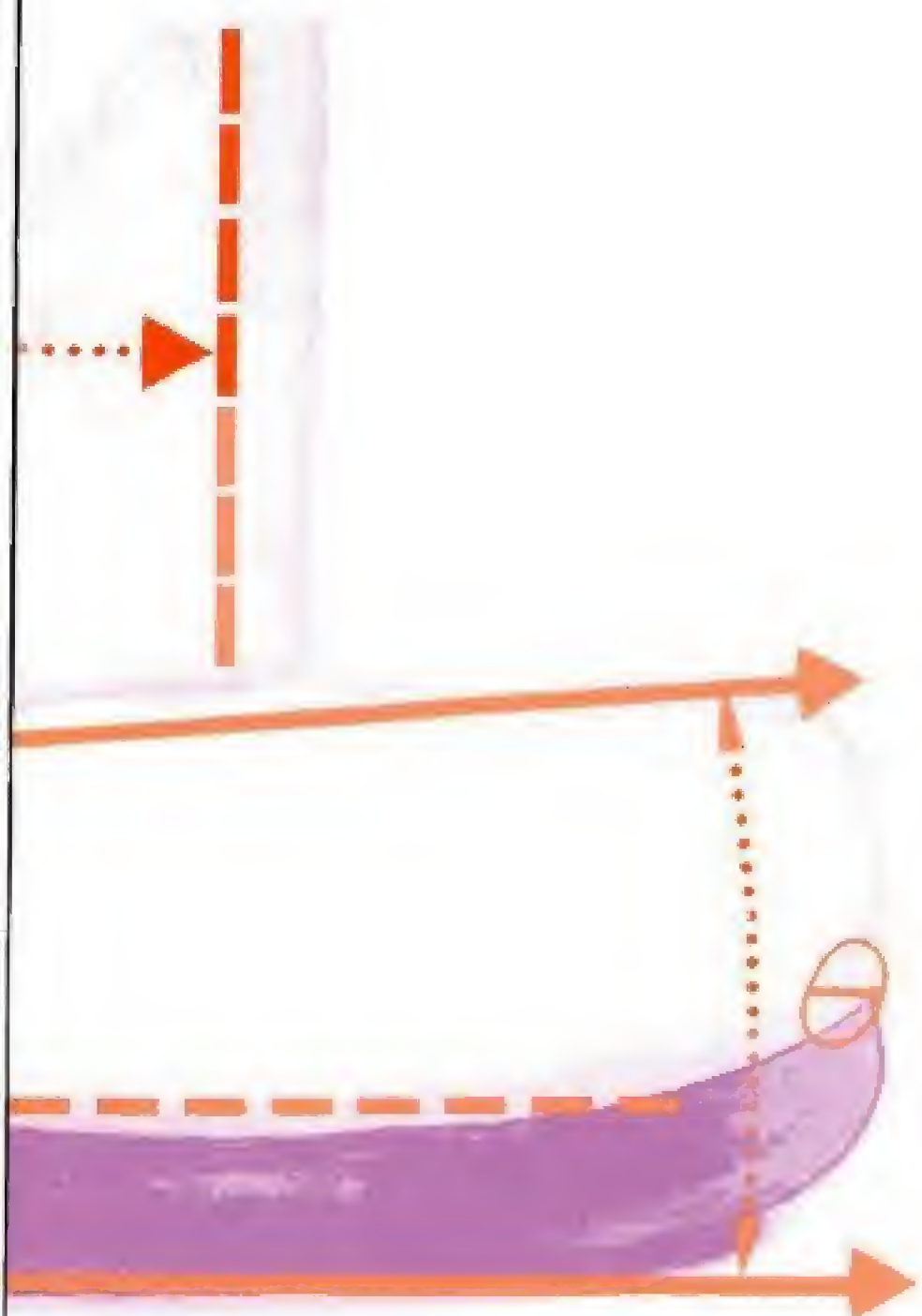
THEY WERE THE YEARS WHEN EVERYTHING TURNED "NATURAL" OR PSEUDO-EUROPEAN OR BOTH, THE SEMINAL YEARS FOR *LIFESTYLE*—PASTA! CB RADIO! JACUZZIS! GOURMET COFFEES! GOURMET DISCOS!—THE YEARS OF TOO MUCH SEX AND TOO MANY CRAFTS, OF POSTSIXTIES ENNUI AND PRE-EIGHTIES VULGARITY. THEY WERE ...



the 197

A DYNAMITE SPY BOOGIE-DOWN

CELEBRATION OF THE MOST EMBARRASSING



W
O
S

BY TONY HENDRA

Imagine a once-aspiring rock'n'roller turned aspiring televangelist, searching his attic for some elusive income-tax records, when he comes across a pair of calf-high purple alligator-skin boots with two-inch soles and five-inch heels.

A teardrop forms . . .

Imagine Brent Junior asking Brent Senior, "What's that, Dad?" as Senior cleans out the garage to prepare for the family's move to Seattle. Without answering, Brent Senior lifts the handset from the rotting, rusted transmitter. "Breaker one-niner," he whispers softly to no one, "what's your handle?"

A teardrop forms . . .

Imagine one of San Francisco's most respected public defenders visiting New York for the first time in a decade. He passes a bar on Christopher Street a block from the Hudson. Its storefront has been vandalized—even the FOR SALE sign is peeling. So many nights, bellied up to the bar, red bandanna in left back pocket . . .

A teardrop forms . . .

hey—just when *were* the seventies?

It can be difficult to reckon the exact start and finish dates for decades. The thirties, for instance, were 12 years long—starting with the crash in October 1929 and winding up with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in September 1941. The fifties were a 17-year-long decade that started with the debut of network television in 1946 and didn't end until November 22, 1963. Historians (and we) have not yet reached consensus about the seventies. According to various expert reckonings, the seventies—that is, the socio-politico-cultural seventies—lasted for at least 3 and as many as 14 years. But it is up to you, *the people*, to decide for sure. Choose from among the options below, and send your completed ballot by December 31 to "Hey—Just When Were the Seventies?" SPY. The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Everybody's a winner. Void where prohibited by law.

OFFICIAL SPY "Hey—Just When Were the Seventies?" BALLOT

I believe the seventies began . . .

- the day the guy was killed at the Altamont festival (December 1, 1969)
- on January 1, 1970
- with the Kent State killings (May 4, 1970)
- when *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* premiered (September 19, 1970)
- the day the first American craftsman produced an owl made out of two twigs and macramé synthetic yarn (circa winter 1972)
- the day the Paris peace accords established a truce in the Vietnam War (January 27, 1973)
- the day Richard Nixon resigned (August 9, 1974)

And I believe the seventies ended . . .

- with the release of Elvis Costello's first album in the U.S. (1977)
- when *Roller Boogie* failed at the box office (1979)
- on January 1, 1980
- the day Ronald Reagan was inaugurated and the hostages in Iran were released (January 20, 1981)
- the day the first AIDS-related story appeared in *The New York Times* (August 29, 1981)
- when they stopped manufacturing quaaludes (1983)

It's 1988—and the 1970s are back! All over the place, people are fingering five-inch-wide ties, listening to Led Zeppelin and wondering if Nixon was so bad after all. In its eternal, pathological quest for something new and for any kind of history—even seventies history—America is once again cannibalizing itself.

Propagandists for the post-go-go age have dismissed the 1970s as a kind of enervated purgatory between the collectivist hell of the 1960s and the entrepreneurial paradiso of the 1980s. Yet in the seventies, at least, things were still in their appointed place. Cher was a joke, as God intended, and Carl Bernstein was taken seriously. In the eighties, chaos reigns: Cher is taken seriously and Bernstein's the joke. In the seventies Bernstein and Bob Woodward interred a living president. In the eighties Woodward disinterred a dead comedian. In the seventies we may have been appalled that our commander in chief was experiencing hemorrhoids and issuing press releases about them, but have regular guided tours of Ronald Reagan's cancerous colon been preferable in the eighties? In the seventies we gave our dogs cheese and worried whether they were getting enough. In the eighties we gave our welfare families surplus cheese and worried that they were getting too much. The dueling decades at a glance:

The 1970s

Houseplants
Swine Influenza
Ron in White House invariably
press secretary
Star Wars, the entertaining,
vastly expensive movie
Wedgies

The 1980s

Defunct steel plants
Influenza swine
Ron in White House invariably
president
Star wars, the unworkable,
vastly expensive weapons system
Weejuns

The backpack *The Brat Pack*
James Morris *Jan Morris*
Rimbaud-derivative decadence *Rambo-derivative decadence*
Pet rocks *Pets' rights*

Things were simpler in the seventies. Bess Myerson was *good*. Cars were still American—great, cavernous chunks of predictably unreliable, rust-prone junk with all-American names like Camaro, Toronado, Javelin, Le Mans. Or, if you wanted to exercise freedom of choice, delicious small chunks of predictably unreliable junk. Pinto, Pacer, Gremlin—where are you now?

Life was more innocent: people still believed air-quality reports; the homeless were still called bums; you could have unbridled, untrammelled sex with anyone or anything, any number of them, anywhere, anytime. Kids today? *Bah!*—Don't know the meaning of the word *sex*.

It's 1972. Do you know where your good taste is?

In an era of chronic shortages, we wore everything long, high, huge and, above all, *wide* (see "A Walk on the Wide Side," page 85). And coiffures! Haircuts were, in a word, horrible. Hair was allowed to lengthen or expand at will, then was hacked with a razor into a kind of topiary of split ends—so *natural*-looking!—called a shag. Some white people developed versions of the Afro called the Isro. (Long hair, in fact, like several other forms of mass-market licentiousness associated with the countercultural 1960s—for instance, sex, drugs and bell-bottoms—was in fact more of a seventies phenomenon.) Even relatively more subdued hair was required, during the seventies, to be blow-dried. Why was it blow-dried? Because blow-drying makes hair *wider*. As for sideburns, they indulged all of the stylish seventies self-images: swinging, natural—and, of course, *wide*.

Where did it come from, this folly of our youth? What happened to our sense of style, to that indwelling governor that prevents us from embarrassing ourselves publicly? And what provided that singular *earnestness* with which we embarrassed ourselves?

Here the most fanatical eighties propagandists do us another disservice. By insisting that the sixties be expunged from our memory, they have made the seventies incomprehensible. For the seventies, from the opening bang of Kent State to the last well-intentioned whimper of the Carter administration, were *driven by the sixties* (see "Hey—Just When Were the 70s?" above). Whether you were trying to escape from them, extend them, negate them, exploit them or just wanted to get in on the sex and drugs before it was too late, the sixties hung over the decade like smoke from a burning flag.

It must be remembered that at the outset of the seventies, almost everyone, hippie or Joe, thought something *big* had just happened to America. The

seventies were a time of exploration, a time for sorting out, first, just what all these watershed changes meant and, second, whether there was any money in them.

If you don't have a problem, you're part of the problem

What this meant in practice was *problems*. The seventies were the Decade of Problems. Everyone had them, even Republicans. There were pathetic hangovers from the sixties that survived deep into the seventies (brown rice, quaaludes, the rock Mass, Abbie Hoffman), and grim portents of the eighties (Chablis, Pong, Milton and Rose Friedman, Jerry Rubin) that surfaced well before the decade's end. It is problems, moreover, that form the unique macramé-and-Qiana patchwork fabric of seventies nostalgia. On the one hand were those who had been responsible for whatever the sixties had been. These we call Recovering Radicals. Recovering Radicals thrived on problems. There were those who wanted to continue trashing the pig system but also wanted to stay in its spotlight when its attention wandered—Tom Hayden, Eldridge Cleaver, San Francisco—and there were those with real moral concerns about money and whether it was right to have any—Jann Wenner, Jann Wenner's brokers, Jann Wenner's driver. And, more generally, there were members of the largest cluster of American postgraduates ever, worried about groping their way back to middle-class normalcy without being caught at it by their peers or giving their parents an opportunity to say *We told you so*. There were, on the other hand, the far larger group who had watched the sixties happening and hated them, but now weren't so sure. Some among this group found themselves interested in some of the freedoms the hippies had appeared to promote: Talking Back, Being Natural, Going Up the Country and Wearing Loose Clothes. We call this group People of the Van.

People of the Van had even more pressing problems. Where did you get free love? How did you convey to other free-lovers that you were ready for it? Hair? Clothes? Drugs? Anyway, where did you buy loose clothes? Could you *drive* to up the country or did you have to thumb? When talking back, did you have to use swearwords?

Caught in between were America's designers and manufacturers, who may have had the most problems of all. It was precisely against them that the antiprodukt, antifashion sixties had rebelled. The counterculture had left no clues as to how it came by its clothes, accessories, haircuts, food, transportation, furnishings. Yet here were America's poor merchants, looking to commercialize the anticommercial, with nothing to go on but guesswork and some grainy stills from Woodstock.

It is not surprising, then, that the result was some of the most hideous merchandise ever to find its way

what decade is it, anyway?

SEVENTIES ICONS STILL BIG IN THE EIGHTIES

WOODY ALLEN	ALAN ALDA
ARTWORK ON CONDOM PACKAGES	BIRTH CONTROL PILLS
POPULAR NOVELS WITH EXPLICIT SEX SCENES	JACQUELINE SUSANN
TORONTO	CANADA
CEILING FANS	RATTAN PEACOCK CHAIRS
CHER	SONNY
CONCERT-TOUR JACKETS AS ACCEPTABLE EVENING WEAR	GROUPIES
ROBERT DE NIRO	AL PACINO
DOLBY STEREO	SENSURROUND
MICHAEL DOUGLAS'S HAIRCUT	RAZOR CUTS
JANE FONDA	LEFTISM
IRONIC FIFTIES NOSTALGIA	EARNEST FIFTIES NOSTALGIA
ELTON JOHN	JACKSON BROWNE
REFERRING TO DR. KING AS "MARTIN"	REFERRING TO BLACK PEOPLE AS AFRO-AMERICANS
HENRY KISSINGER	JIMMY CARTER
MICROWAVE OVENS	CROCK-POTS
THE METS	THE YANKEES
NEW YORK	INTERVIEW
JOSEPH PAPP	A CHORUS LINE
PEOPLE	VILLAGE PEOPLE
ROB REINER	CARROLL O'CONNOR
SELF-INDULGENCE	MALAISE
STEVE RUBELL	HALSTON
FEDERAL SAFETY REGULATIONS	ENFORCEMENT OF FEDERAL SAFETY REGULATIONS
SESAME STREET	PBS
CYBILL SHEPHERD	KAREN BLACK
SPECIAL PROSECUTORS	HAMILTON JORDAN
GLORIA STEINEM	MS.
TEAS MADE FROM THINGS OTHER THAN TEA	ENORMOUS EARTHENWARE MUGS
WOOD	WOOD-BURNING STOVES

EIGHTIES PHENOMENA WITH A CURIOUSLY SEVENTIES FEEL

anti-abortion terrorists	minivans
the animal-rights movement	NBC's Thursday night shows
BABY ON BOARD signs	Smart
crystals	Fame
diet Coke	Donald Trump
caffeine-free Coke	windshield sun protectors
Tommy Hilfiger	Yugos
Lifetime Cable Network	

GOING BACK INTO THE CLOSET AND COMING OUT LOOKING WEIRD: SIGNS OF THE SEVENTIES REVIVAL

bell-bottoms in <i>Vogue</i>	long hair on men
Angels '88	pantsuits for women
couturiers' use of unnatural fibers	platform shoes
couturiers' showing clothes with desert boots	purple
détente	American Indian design motifs
jumpsuits	the Oakland A's
	Santana's boxed, multirecord retrospective

the dumb decade:

A CATALOG OF SUPERSNAZZY SEVENTIES-SPEAK

We know about the nonchalant sex, we know about the wide, wide clothing, we know about the weenie presidents and about the invention of *life-style*. But language changed in the vicinity of the seventies, too: something about the decade produced a frenzy of alliteration and other cheap linguistic tricks. It was **Hugh Hefner's** heyday, when *superstars* supplanted *stars*—and if a phrase wasn't fortified with repetition, it was obliged to contain a parallelism, such as **Lynyrd Skynyrd** or "**Thrilla in Manila**," that was too clever by half.

Of course, there were precedents: **Mickey Mantle** and **The Village Voice** in the fifties, **Ken Kesey** and **Cassius Clay** in the sixties. (And, of course, in a country where a large plurality of young women in the eighties still wear their hair in a Farrah-derivative style, alliterative stars and superstars remain: **Jim Jarmusch**, **Hulk Hogan**, **Shadoc Stevens**, **Brian Bosworth**, **Ruth Roper**, **Ronald Reagan**.) Only in the CB-crazy seventies, however, was the need for a handle with an instantly identifiable, productlike sound—something like, say, **Linda Lovelace**—so supremely superimportant. Herewith a lexicon that chronicles the etymological enticements of the decade that is so close yet seems so far away.

A

AC/DC

ALAN ALDA

ALAN ARKIN

ARTHUR ASHE

B

BARBARA BACH

BURT BAHRACH

"BAD BLOOD" BY
NEIL SEDAKA
THE BAD NEWS BEARS
BARBARA BAIN
MARVIN "BAD NEWS"
BARNES
BLANBAU CHAIRS

into America's malls. And for the buyer, the simple act of purchase implied a whole other set of problems. Could a vegetarian wear leather? Was *wide* hair really sexy? If you bought a foreign car, wouldn't cops stop and search you all the time? Was wearing cosmetics playing the sexist game? What

worried: *Recovering Radicals* were learning to buy again.

The one exception to buying foreign was western wear, most obviously blue jeans (although when merchandisers got hold of jeans in the late seventies, "designers" all had foreign names: Jordache, Sergio Valente, Bonjour, JouJou, Sasson). Country cooking also enjoyed a vogue among Recovering Radicals, perhaps because it used the foods once so beloved of hippies and communes—split peas, greens, lentils. By mid-decade, Country Chic was epidemic, having gone beyond food and fashion into wholesale identification with those perceived as being the purest, most natural Americans, which in turn spawned the craze for woven lampshades, pine knickknacks, country music, CBs, work shirts, cowboy boots, truckers and, most terrifying of all, crafts.

Country Chic had a political component. It allowed Recovering Radicals to return home with a vengeance while still upsetting their parents. It probably also helped Jimmy Carter get elected. Carter—typically—got the whole thing slightly wrong and bragged about his natural, wholesome life as a *peanut* farmer.

People of the Van were more cautious. They trusted their established middlemen to gather the requisite exotica, and so Woodstock came to Kresge and K Mart. Foreign matter began to appear in previously pristine substances—bits of nut and dried fruit in cereals, vegetables in spaghetti. Pressed plastic fake-wood paneling and trim lost the debased imperial look of the sixties and began instead to approximate bamboo, raw wood and bark. Clothes grew brighter (much brighter), *wider* and in every sense looser. Pseudo-organic additives (pine-, fruit-, flower-scented) found their way into previously lab-pure chemicals. At one point in the mid-seventies, practically anything connected with home cleaning was required to contain lemon. In a major advance, People of the Van's favorite substance of all, food, began to turn up in otherwise inedible products, particularly toiletries. Some basic food groups we remember in the seventies bathroom:

Nuts: almond, hazelnut, macadamia
Grains: oats, wheat, wheat bran and germ, barley, grasses in general
Fruits: apples, papaya, berries, coconut, avocado
Proteins: eggs, milk, cream, yogurt, animal oils
Miscellaneous: beer, honey, yeast, malt

Among the foods not commonly included as ingredients in personal hygiene products, even during the seventies:

bacon leeks oysters navy beans

Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee, wind up a vegetable

For blacks—that is to say, Afro-Americans—the seventies were a time of change, upheaval, hope and unusually bad situation comedies. As Americans, blacks had many of the same problems as whites, a notable exception being

seventies style:

THE TOOLS OF OTHER PEOPLE'S TRADES

If the 1980s are about gathering possessions (art, country houses, expensive furniture, Ralph Lauren clothes) that allow you to imagine that your social origins are more glamorous than they really are, the 1970s were about gathering possessions that permitted you to imagine that your profession was more glamorous than it really was. There were, in this context, exactly seven glamorous seventies jobs, and so an object was stylish to the degree that it furthered the public impression (and the vague private delusion) that its owner was an architect-designer, a photographer, a foreign correspondent, a chef, a pilot, a painter/gallery-owner or a professional tennis player. Or all seven.

ARCHITECT-DESIGNER
Luxo lamp
Tizio lamp
drafting-table-like desk
mechanical pencil
book with blank pages
electric pencil-sharpener
any Charrette product
stool
graph paper

PROFESSIONAL TENNIS PLAYER
multiple tennis rackets
sweatband
Adidas
Gatorade
eyeglass strap

PILOT
jumpsuit
aviator glasses
cockpitlike dashboard
multiple zippers

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT
epaulets
bush jacket
microrecorder
Minox camera
ceiling fan

PAINTER/GALLERY-OWNER
track lighting
loft
painter's pants
any Sam Flax product

CHEF
wok
Cuisinart
restaurant-style stove
cleaver
aprons for men
aluminum mixing bowls
whisk

PHOTOGRAPHER
black matte-finish
35mm camera
clamp-on umbrella light
aluminum luggage
multiple-pocketed vest

boycotts were in force this week? Should things match, or was matching bourgeois? In the battle for the hearts and minds of seventies shoppers, problems won. Taste never stood a chance.

Learning to buy again

At the outset, Recovering Radicals were nervous about buying domestic. Their campus anti-Americanism was still warm, and, more important, *they had been abroad* and ached to prove it. Especially with furnishings, fabrics, food and fashion, *foreign was better* (see "The Missing Links," page 82). Thus most Recovering Radicals' dwellings were chockablock with Third World detritus acquired first from places like Pier 1 and Azuma, later from upmarket stores such as Bloomingdale's, all of it wildly out of place and impractical—kitchen utensils from Asia that worked only in woks, furniture intended for people half the weight of Americans, fabrics designed to attract husbands from populations with an inherent lack of peripheral vision. With food, foreign meant European, which meant—*bey, honey, let's have fettuccine!*—gourmet. At the time, domestic suppliers were miffed by this foreign bias, but in the long run they needn't have

THE BEE GEES
BELL-BOTTOMS
BARRE BENTON
BILL BEUTEL
BIG BIRD
BILLY BEER

"THE BITCH IS BACK" BY
ELTON JOHN

BILL BIXBY
AS BRUCE BANNER
(IN THE INCREDIBLE HULK)

B.J. AND THE BEAR
BLACK BEAUTIES
BILL BLASS

"BLUE BAYOU" BY
LINDA RONSTADT

THE BLUES BROTHERS
BILL BOGGS
BJORN BORG

COUNCIL ON WAGE
AND PRICE
STABILITY DIRECTOR
BARRY BOSWORTH

ZOWIE BOWIE

THE BOYS IN THE BAND

THE BRADY BUNCH

BEAU BRIDGES

"BUNGLE IN THE JUNGLE" BY
JETHRO TULL

“Those who don’t try
anything new are apt to
grow old quickly.”



Make a statement with E&J.

As we reevaluate certain fashion choices of our past (something we often do over Scotch of a winter's evening), the seventies prove the weakest link in the long chain of rationalizations we must construct. It's easy to come to terms with the skinny tie we wore to see *Mission of Burma* at Hurrah in 1980 (the same one, in fact, that we wore to the Kennedy inauguration in 1961): from today's perspective, it just isn't all that damning—there's no reason to burn the photos and donate the tie. Likewise, the high, stiff collar and petticoat we sported at the turn of the century, the scarlet riding jacket we paid too much for on Carnaby Street in 1964, our fifties ducktail, our forties bobby sox, our thirties pencil mustache, our twenties spats—all of them are excusable as brief, giddy, harmless fashion skirmishes. *Crazy kids*, we chuckle. *Can you believe we ever looked like that?*

It's appreciably harder to come to terms with the way we looked 15 years ago—and some of us, thankfully, spent that decade well out of the public eye. Celebrated people are not so fortunate. After all, it's one thing to wear a three-piece suit made entirely from petroleum-based fabrics with no tie, chest-wide lapels and a flapping collar spread to the shoulders when you're nobody and just buying oleo at the A&P; chances are the paparazzi weren't there. It's quite another to wear the same outfit to Studio 54 or to Carter Burden fundraisers or to Woody Allen premieres when you're famous; the photographers, as you can see, were *always* there. ☺

"i'm looking for a vest— something in an avocado ultrasuede?"

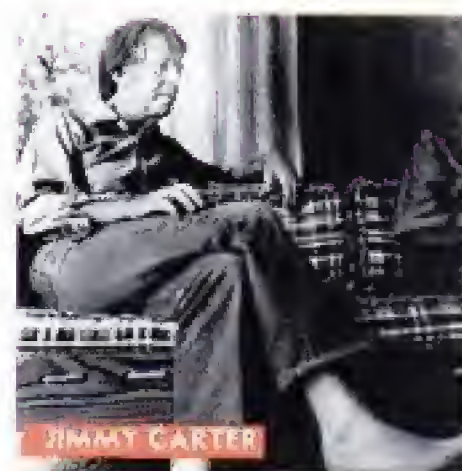
MORTIFYING GLIMPSES OF THE TASTE-FREE DECADE



LIZ TAYLOR



DIANE KEATON



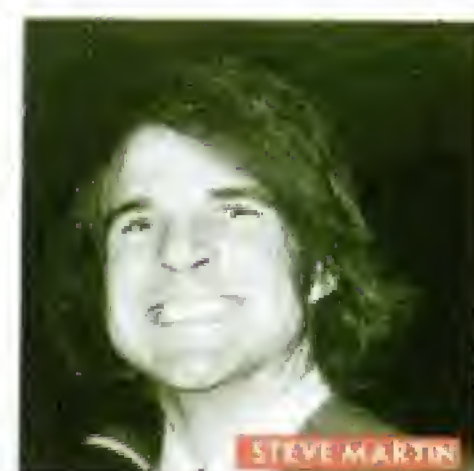
JIMMY CARTER



JOSEPH PAPP



DON JOHNSON



STEVE MARTIN



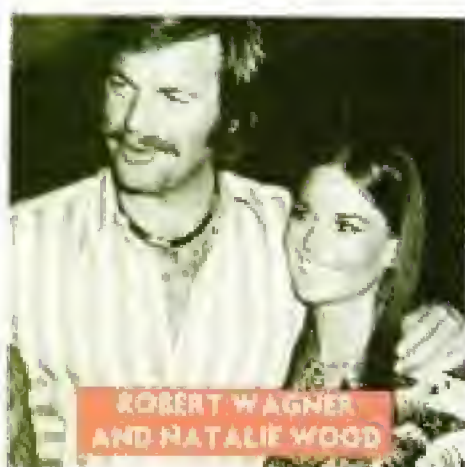
BYRANT GUMBEL



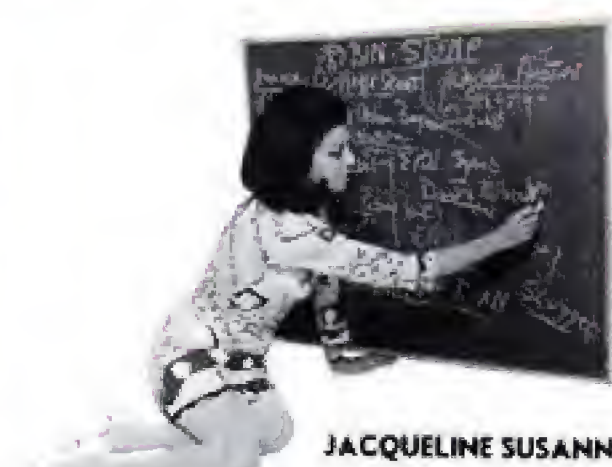
STEVE RUSSELL



RONALD AND
NANCY REAGAN



ROBERT WAGNER
AND NATALIE WOOD



JACQUELINE SUSANN



DONALD TRUMP



MARY TYLER MOORE



WARREN BEATTY AND
JULIE CHRISTIE



THOMAS HOVING



ESSE JACKSON



JOHNNY CARSON



CHER

BEHIND THE TIMES

PUBLISHERS WEEKLY hails it as "an uncanny, explosive portrait of an influential newsman and a sharp analysis of **THE TIMES**'s conservative drift." **ADVERTISING AGE** calls it "broadly and deeply researched, often a compelling read." Abe Rosenthal says it's "an opera of hostility." The book is **FIT TO PRINT**, Joseph C. Goulden's behind-the-scenes look at **THE NEW YORK TIMES** under the controversial stewardship of A. M. Rosenthal. Like Harrison Salisbury's **WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR** and Gay Talese's **THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER**, **FIT TO PRINT** is an unflinching inside account of a great institution wielding immense influence during a

period of high profitability and internal turmoil.

With absorbing, irresistible detail, Goulden traces Abe Rosenthal's remarkable rise from awkward copyboy to awkward but powerful executive editor of

THE TIMES. **FIT TO PRINT** is a masterful guide to the favor-currying and power-brokering that goes on in-

side the Paper of Record. Destined to be one of this year's most talked-

about books. Available at bookstores everywhere. **A Lyle Stuart Book**



C

KAREN CARPENTER
THE CASSANDRA CROSSING
 "CAT'S IN THE CRADLE" BY
 HARRY CHAPIN
 CHEVY CHASE
 CANDY CLARK
 QUENTIN CRISP
 CAP'N CRUNCH
 QUINN CUMMINGS

D

THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN
 DAVE DEBUSSCHERE
 DINO DE LAURENTIIS
 DOM DELUISE
 "DIAMOND DOGS" BY
 DAVID BOWIE
 "DISCO DUCK"
DOG DAY AFTERNOON
 DARYL DRAGON (HUSBAND
 OF TONI TENNILLE)

E

ERIK ESTRADA

F

LOLA FALANA
FAMILY FEUD
 FAMOUS AMOS
 FARRAH FAWCETT
 FREDDY FENDER
 FANNIE FLAGG
 FANNE FOXE
 FRANCISCO FRANCO
 FRENCHY FUQUA

G

THE GALLOPING GOURMET
 GLORIA GAYNOR
 GIANCARLO GIANNINI
 GARY GILMORE
 GARY GLITTER
THE GOODBYE GIRL
 (STARRING MARSHA MASON)
 GOOSE GOSSAGE

H

HAMBURGER HELPER
THE HAPPY HOOKER
 HELEN HAYES IN
THE SNOOP SISTERS
HEAVY HORSES BY
 JETHRO TULL
 HAL HOLBROOK
HOUSES OF THE HOLY BY
 LED ZEPPELIN
 HSING-HSING, THE PANDA
 THE HOWARD HUGHES HOAX
 E. HOWARD HUNT

J

GEORGE JEFFERSON
 JEREMIAH JOHNSON
 (STARRING ROBERT REDFORD
 AS A MOUNTAIN MAN)
 JOJOBA
 JIM JONES
 JORDACHE JEANS

K

KING CRIMSON

a problem some white people had at the time—the desire to become black. But blacks' central dilemma concerned the slippery particulars of being black in a white society: whether to be more black, or less black; whether to secede or succeed; whether to get a job by qualifications or quota; whether it was Frazier over Ali in the seventh, or Ali on points. Over all these problems hung a more intractable one—by the early seventies, many of the official and unofficial leaders of the black community had been officially or unofficially killed.

for Third World furniture made of twigs. We were all looking foolish *together*—black and white, rich and poor. Black men who drove Fords and ate hot dogs at Steelers games looked just as ludicrous in caftans and dashikis—*wide* clothes—as People of the Van did in their PTA versions of Sgt. Pepper. Similarly, the soul-food craze was an exact parallel of the Recovering Radicals' taste for country food—same chitterlings, same fatback, same coronaries. But while Recovering Radicals' fondness for down-home offal signaled that they were drifting back to the reassuring haven of

thirty-four days that sort of shook the seventies

THE FIRST COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE PAPACY OF JOHN PAUL I

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1978: Albino Cardinal Luciani, patriarch of Venice, is elected pope by assembled cardinals. He takes the name John Paul I. Cardinals celebrate by unbuttoning their capes; pope quips, "May God forgive you for what you have done in my regard." Pope then appears on balcony of St. Peter's and waves.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27: In speech to cardinals, pope promises to continue the policies of his predecessors. Pope then appears on the balcony of St. Peter's and waves.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 29: Pope's niece reveals that due to frail health he must watch his diet—at times he eats only nuts; Vatican announces that pope will formally inaugurate his pontificate with a Mass on the following Sunday; pope announces plans to do away with portable papal throne.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30: In speech on the Vatican bureaucracy, pope diplomatically vows to "treasure the suggestions that will come to us from our worthy co-workers."

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1: Pope meets with nearly a thousand journalists from all over the world, complains about press



coverage of godly matters.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2: Speculation grows as to whether pope will do away with papal triple tiara as well as portable throne; villagers from pope's hometown undertake a 12-hour bus ride to Rome for the inauguration and regale the press with anecdotes about young, hooky-playing pope.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3: While pope inaugurates his pontificate by celebrating an outdoor Mass in St. Peter's Square—complete with waving but minus triple tiara and portable throne—demonstrators protest the presence of the president of Argentina.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4: Pope meets with Vice President Walter Mondale of the United States. Mondale presents pope with a copy of the se-

lected works of Mark Twain and a letter from President Jimmy Carter. Carter writes that due to the unexpectedness of their ascendancies, he and pope undoubtedly have much in common; pope quips that this is the remark of a "100 percent American." TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5: A representative from the Russian Orthodox Church—the metropolitan of Lenin-grad—dies of a heart attack during an audience with pope, who is said to be dismayed.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7: The New York Times News Service reports that pope is an "avid" newspaper reader.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11: *Time* magazine labels pope "engagingly humble."

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21: Pope is given a small statue of an Eskimo by an American bishop.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28: While sitting in bed reading *Imitation of Christ*, a fifteenth-century tract, pope suffers a massive heart attack and dies. Pope's body discovered the following morning when he fails to appear at Mass. *Time* and *Newsweek* disagree over whether pope died with a smile or grimace on his face.

—BRUCE HANDY

There would be no more relying on Whitey. No more exploitation of black actors by white directors like Daniel Petrie and Stanley Kramer; now they would be exploited by black directors like Gordon Parks and Melvin Van Peebles. Thus the classics of black cinema in the seventies—the *Superflys*, the *Cleopatra Joneses*. No longer would blacks be ripped off by ofay car-dealers under the thumb of lily-white Detroit multinationals. Instead they demanded and won the right to be ripped off by black car-dealers under the thumb of lily-white Detroit multinationals.

The look and language of black pride is an essential component of seventies nostalgia. Nothing was more American than the black craze for all things African; it was, after all, almost indistinguishable from exotic white crazes like former hippies' taste

Ur-whiteness, blacks ate theirs as a gesture of defiance against it. Black toiletries even began to exhibit outlandish additives, the prime example being the miracle seed of the jojoba.

"Would you like a White Russian before the massage?"

There was perhaps more sex in the seventies than in all of previous American history. But the decadence of the early and mid-seventies was an innocent, wide-eyed, après-ski decadence touched with the dewy freshness of a rock idol just back from rehab.

It must be recalled that for heterosexual men and women in the seventies, safe sex simply meant sex that could not result in children, just as for gays it meant sex that would not result in arrest. And in every sense the seventies were sexually safe. A level

Photo: Ritchie Williamson.



ON HAND WAS THAT MARVELOUS NEW WHITE WINE.



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KING KONG
KUNTA KINTE
EVEL KNIEVEL
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON

L

LOUISE LASSER
LINDA LAVIN
LING-LING, THE OTHER
PANDA

LARRY LINVILLE
LAURENCE LUCKINBILL (AS
GLEN GARTH GREGORY IN
THE DELPHI BUREAU)

M

MOSES MALONE
MELISSA MANCHESTER
MARATHON MAN
MARY HARTMAN, MARY
HARTMAN
MAUREEN MCCORMICK
(MARCIA ON THE BRADY
BUNCH)

MALCOLM McDOWELL
"DANDY DON" MEREDITH

MINNIE MINOSO
MARTHA MITCHELL
MARY TYLER MOORE
MELBA MOORE
MERCURY MORRIS
MOVIE MOVIE
MR. MAJESTYK
MARTIN MULL

of sexual activity just this side of promiscuity (and beyond) was considered—of course—*natural*. The age of Enovid reached its zenith not in the dank holes of Haight-Ashbury or in muddy sloughs at Woodstock but in the bedrooms, bathrooms, rec rooms, motel rooms, dorm rooms, tailgates, lawns, rugs, patios and decks of mainstream America from New Year's Day 1970 until the election of Ronald Reagan in November 1980—at which moment, we know now, all sex stopped.

As with the decade's clothing, its very excesses are what give seventies sexuality that rosily ludicrous glow. As *wideness* was to clothes and household objects, openness was to sex. Often, in fact, sexual and garmental openness were the same thing. Consider hot pants, which appeared in spring 1970. Frederick's of Hollywood became a respected national institution. Crotchless panties were purchased by ordinary women as underwear.

GREAT MOMENTS IN THE GENDER HISTORY OF THE SEVENTIES

WOMEN	MEN
Intense pride at public effect of not wearing bra for first time	Intense pride that new bell-bottoms completely covered footwear
Watching Mary Tyler Moore stand up to boss and realizing system worked after all	Watching Sam Ervin during Watergate hearings and realizing system worked after all
Transferring account from Chemical to The First Women's Bank	Calculating interest on 90-day certificate of deposit and feeling no guilt

Overwhelming relief that first sexual initiative did not result in reenactment of final scenes from Looking for Mr. Goodbar

Overwhelming relief at first woman-initiated sexual contact

In the sexual realm, nothing breeds excess like excess. Hence what sexometric historians call *the seventies curve*—an exponential increase in decadence from an early, almost virginal form to the fully developed, truly appalling version of the immediate pre-Reagan years.

The women's movement was but one instance of this evolutionary drift. Its early years were marked by a naive confusion of excesses ranging from the impractical (e.g., correcting social inequities) to the insouciant (e.g., abandonment of the bra). Within a few years, however, feminist absolutism had narrowed to two areas—orgasm and money. While men didn't immediately acknowledge that orgasm was a woman's right (rather than a kind of Christmas bonus for outstanding performance during the year), sex and cash were languages they understood. Negotiation was possible. Hence the seventies curve in feminism: at the 1970 end a young woman fighting a male system that treats her socially and sexually as a maid; at the 1979 end a tough, independent manager of the same system, earning a salary that allows her to *hire* a maid.

For men, excess was relative. Recovering Radicals, who sought a reasonable facsimile of marriage

the day the seventies ended: thinking about *roller boogie*

A vintage film barrels toward its dramatic climax: "It's the skating thing, isn't it?" shouts Dad, knowing the answer to his own question. "It's that insane disco music!"

No need for carbon dating: the time is autumn 1979, and the movie is *Roller Boogie*, a thumping, exuberant document of the late seventies disco-skating craze. Youth culture had taken yet another unpredictable turn, and for one frenzied, passionate moment, from the Roxy on Manhattan's West 18th Street to the sidewalks of Venice Beach, California—and at hundreds of too highly sexed venues in between—America's young people took to polyurethane wheels and circled round and round and round, and *Roller Boogie* was poised to cash in. But despite the nubile extras, the innovative poor-boy-meets-rich-girl story and the songs of such Casablanca Records artists as Johnny Coolrock and Cheeks—despite the fervid contemporaneity of it all—audiences stayed away. United Artists, which distributed the independently produced film (UA thought it needed a "fun" picture to go along with its big, serious year-end movie, *Heaven's Gate*), took a small but painful drubbing. The seventies, it seemed, were over.

The film's producers, however, remember *Roller Boogie* fondly: the movie was made for only \$1.4 million and then sold to UA for \$3.5 million—a quick \$2.1 million profit.

"It's a terrific film," explains producer Irwin Yablans in 1988. "You got the music, the energy, the skating." Wisely, the filmmakers held on to lucrative foreign rights. Director Mark L. Lester (*Truck Stop Women*, *Bobbie Jo and the Outlaw*) reminisces: "Mexico, Latin America . . . *Roller Boogie* was huge down there. They loved the energy, they loved the kids, the music." And probably they loved the skating too. Mexican investors even approached Lester about making a sequel, *Acapulco Roller Boogie*.

But unlike such other initial-release flops as *The Wizard of Oz* and *It's a*



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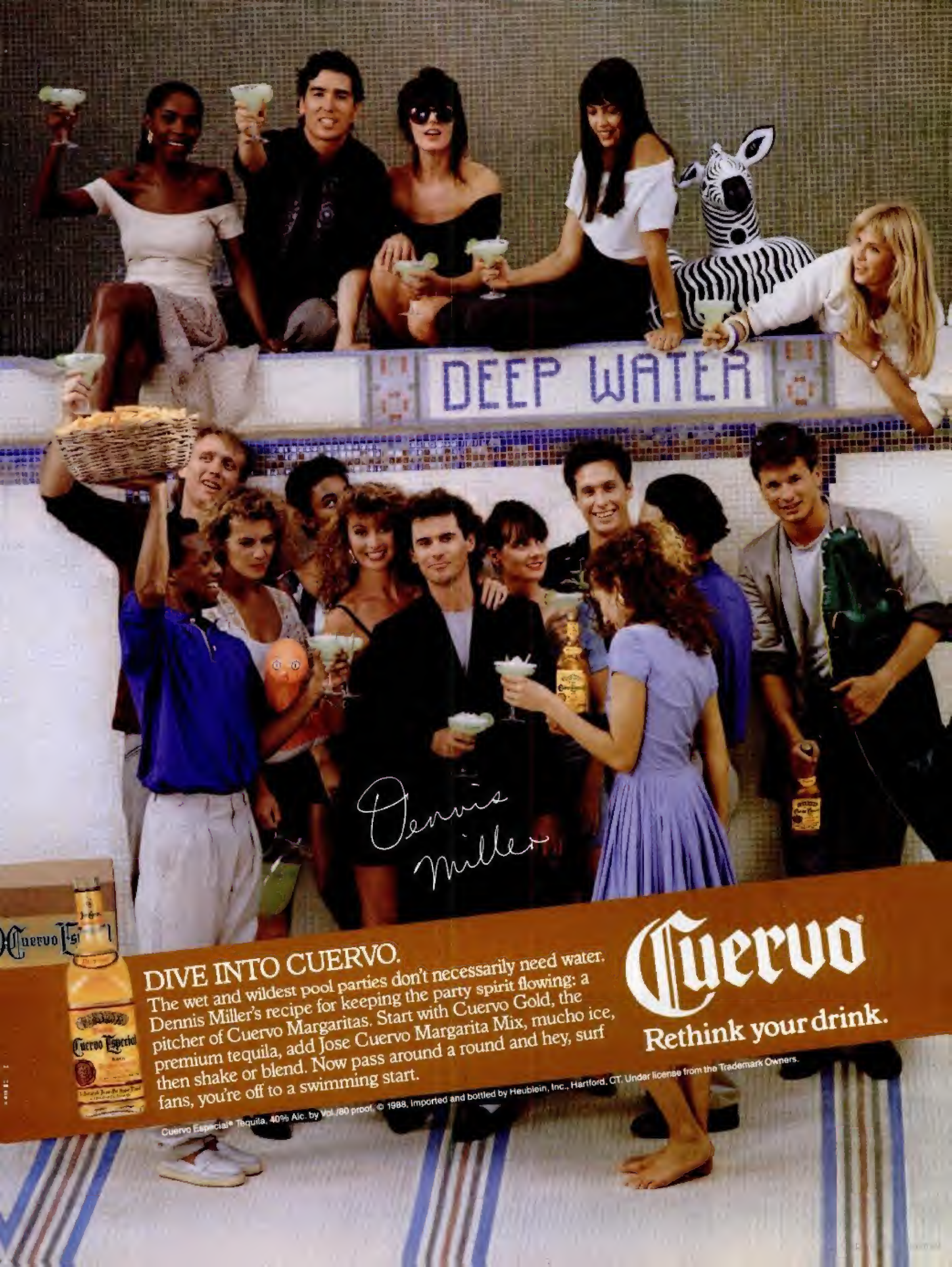
Wonderful Life—and despite its value as a historical record—*Roller Boogie* may never have a second chance to capture America's heart. "It's terrible, unwatchable," says an executive at MGM/UA video, which owns the domestic home-video rights to *Roller Boogie* and stubbornly refuses to make the film available (a rare, underground pirate copy, smuggled from a nondemocratic Latin American country, was viewed for this ninth-anniversary commemorative celebration). "We've offered it to other, smaller companies, and they don't want it. The ex-dry-cleaning merchants who sell video now, they don't want it. Nobody wants it."

"Everybody wants this picture," says an incredulous Yablans, as if it were 1979 all over again, or Mexico, or both. "They like the boy [ex-star-of-the-future Jim Bray]. They like the roller skating, the music, the energy. I'm gonna call them [MGM/UA] up. They're stuck in the mud."

For Linda Blair, that phone call may come too late: *Roller Boogie* turned out to be the near-last gasp of a once vaguely promising career. "Linda lost weight, she learned to skate—she was a real trouper," recounts Yablans, who insists that Blair did much of her own disco-skating for the film. Both he and Lester say that to this day the reclusive Blair remains proud of her work in *Roller Boogie*.

At the end of the film, Blair and Bray win a big disco-skating contest and then must part to pursue their destinies: she, a classically trained flutist, leaves for Juilliard; he, a world-class disco-skater, sets his jaw and resumes training for the Olympics, determined to bring that roller-boogie gold home from Moscow. Of course, we now know that there would be no Olympic gold for America in 1980 (and, as nearly as we can recall, no disco-skating medals for anyone). But, captured forever on film, the energy, the music, the skating—the *Roller Boogie* dream—live on.

—JACK BARTH



DEEP WATER

Dennis Miller



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that would still annoy their parents, found satisfaction in an excess of problems, chief among them learning to live monogamously. People of the Van, by contrast, sought a reasonable facsimile of promiscuity that would not preclude Thanksgiving dinner. In practice this meant *Hustler* and Plato's Retreat.

It was a time of surpassing sexual excess. How do we know? Because the sexual titans of the 1970s have become the television talk show guests of the 1980s. Indeed, were it not for an unlimited supply of repentant seventies reprobates—incestuous parents, snuff-porn directors, political *belles de nuit*, pedophiles and so on—Donahue, Oprah, Geraldo and the rest would be out of business.

Speaking of Phil Donahue, a key subset of seventies men reacting to the women's movement were those who simply accepted both unconditionally. This was male feminism, the best-known proponents of which were Alan Alda, John Irving and Donahue. It is worth noting that despite (or because of) their feeling-giving-sharing capitulation, male feminists felt the need to maintain a macho image—Alda as Hawkeye the combat physician, Irving by frequently wrestling with his sons and/or bears, Donahue by scuffling with right-wing nuts at airports.

From My Lai to Me: the human potential movement

It must now be clear that the seventies were characterized not just by a taste for problems but by an endearing conviction that *all problems have solutions*. The human potential movement—catering almost exclusively to Recovering Radicals—took as its unifying principle the notion that just as *you* were the problem, *you* were the solution. Vague though this premise may seem in the 1980s, it sounded pretty cogent to people who only a year or two earlier had felt that intergalactic rock consciousness was The Answer.

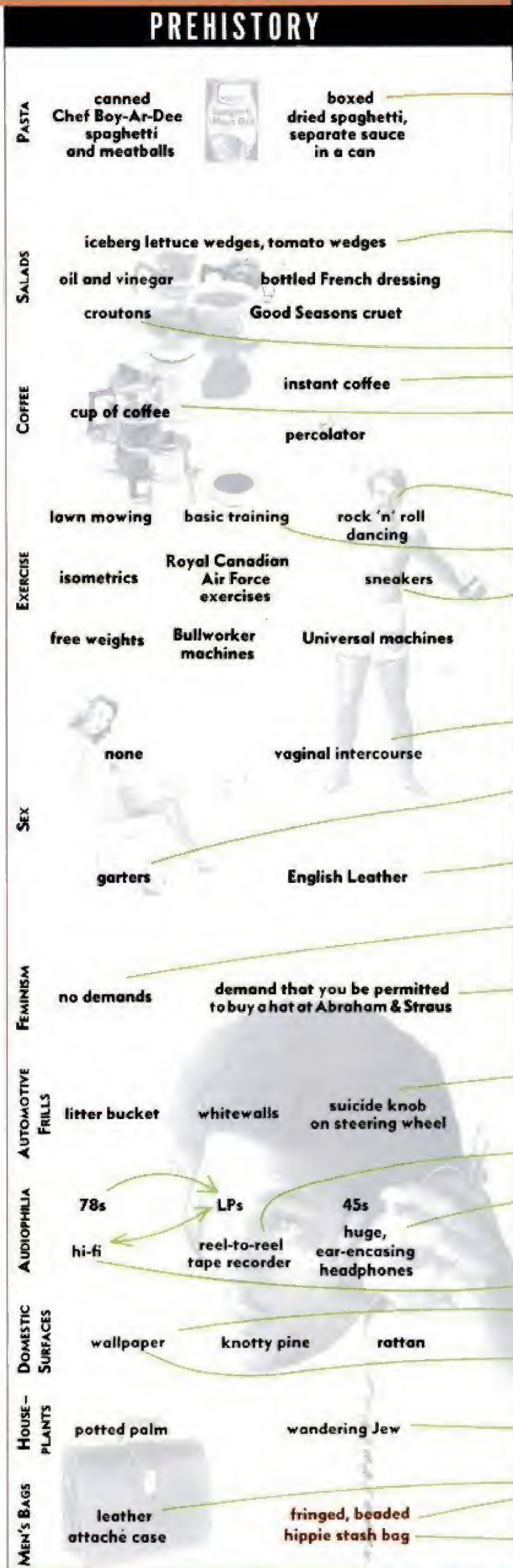
The various forms of therapy that guided Recovering Radicals on their journey from Me-the-Problem to Me-the-Solution were, like everything else in the seventies, exotic, even baroque. Forget mom-and-pop Freudianism. Instead, people paid for applications of est, Transcendental Meditation, Sensory Deprivation, rebirthing, assertiveness training and rolfing; of Reichian therapy, of Janovian therapy, of Arica therapy, of Esalen therapy, and of countless pseudoreligious *isms*, both imported (Moonie-ism, 14-year-old-perfect-masterism, Sufism, Taoism, various Buddhisms, yoga) and domestic (Jesus freakism, Carlos Castaneda-ism and Satanism).

The loonbar systems and pseudocreds of the 1970s—forerunners of the present New Age—were successful for many reasons. They fulfilled a taste for self-obsession conditioned by years of drug abuse. They fulfilled a taste for conspiracy conditioned by years of drug paranoia. They soothed

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YESSONGS AND YESTERDAYS
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YIN-YANG

—Bob Mack, with research
assistance by David Kamp,
Aaron Haspel and
Lisa Wilhelms

It became a totem of the gay movement. Throughout the last half of the decade she was neck and neck with Bette Midler as America's premiere fag hag.

Death be not a stranger. Death—hey, let's have lunch

Have you noticed something about almost all the *echt-seventies* TV shows and movies and plays? *Every one is set in New York.* From *All in the Family* to *Kojak*, from *The Godfather* to *Serpico* to *The French Connection* to *The Taking of Pelham 123*, from *Sesame Street* to *Barney Miller*, and *A Chorus Line* too, the locale for Really, Really Good Important Product About Problems was New York.

The reason was simple. New York in the early and mid-seventies was a living, breathing problem. It was a real-life disaster movie. Broke and broken, New York shuffled from one budget to the next like a bum on the corner. Wherever you pointed the camera you got an eyeful of problem. The problem with this photogenic problem was that behind it was a real problem: New York was about to become nonexistent. What to do?

Felix Rohatyn and the Municipal Assistance Corporation (MAC) got all the credit for saving New York. But it was less MAC than MCA. Restructuring debt is one thing. Getting cash to service it is another. But that's exactly what a small, dedicated band of writers and agents did in the late seventies.

The price was high. By decade's end, fiction (except for books by John "I Am Seventies Literature" Irving) was effectively dead, and publishing little more than a streetwalker in Century City. But these were small prices to pay for *the life of New York*. Thanks to the relentless making of three-picture deals and sales of subsidiary rights by selfless agents like Sam Cohn and Lynn Nesbit, and thanks to the selfless acceptance of these deals and sales by writers such as Dan Greenburg, Peter Stone, Aaron Latham and Gay Talese, millions of dollars moved from money-bloated Los Angeles to cash-starved New York. Instead of self-indulgently wallowing in fancy writing, these selfless men and women typed screenplays, treatments, outlines, adaptations, pilots, potboilers based on news stories, articles based on potboilers, *anything* that could be turned into the large sums of money New York so desperately needed. Much of this labor took place at the legendary restaurant Elaine's (see floor plan, page 86).

It was a great time to be alive. The sacrifices, the privation brought out, somehow, the best in people. It was like London during the blitz. And just like London in the blitz, there was a happy ending. The creditors were beaten back, New York was saved and the foundation laid for the ever-more-architecturally distinguished, infrastructurally sound, racially harmonious city we know today. **D**

discos and flare pants and malaise all over again:

IN SEARCH OF THE SEVENTIES REVIVAL

It's not just that the late eighties are starting to sound like the sappy, over-produced 1970s (Yes, Pink Floyd, Jethro Tull and Led Zeppelin's Robert Plant



have all had recent hit albums). In certain rarefied precincts, people—stylish people—are also starting to look like *Mary Tyler Moore Show* extras. The Los Angeles fashion-and-celebrity magazine *Exposure* devoted most of its October issue to a rather earnest recapitulation of the decade. A survey of salespeople at New York's used-clothing stores revealed a sudden and increasing demand for hip-huggers, elephant bells,

palazzo pants. At a store called Allan & Suzi, on Amsterdam Avenue, the most determinedly celebration-of-the-seventies store in Manhattan (and thus, presumably, the world), they sell mint-condition platform shoes for \$100. Of one antique dress—mud-brown with a suggestion of Pocahontas—an Allan & Suzi salesman rhapsodizes, "This dress is Cher singing 'Half-Breed.'"

And now, whole imitation-seventies *environments*—that would be the seventies word—are appearing. Upon entering Bentley's discotheque (40th Street and Madison Avenue), one is swathed in a very seventies steam mist. A mortifying seventies-style lyric ("I'll make you cum with the tongue") blares over the loud-speaker, and a mint-condition disco ball refracts strobes and laser lights.

The downstairs dance floor is encircled with a corona of plastic orange flames. A wall of dry-ice fumes threatens to blanket the club as at a Yes concert, circa 1975.

During a recent visit to Bentley's, a young man in complex plaid trousers confirmed that a seventies revival was in the works, but not at Bentley's: "Where you really wanna be," he said, "is The World." This sparked a debate. "The Celebrity Club in the basement of the Tunnel is where you should go," said a young man with the very seventies moniker of Ernie Glam and a very



seventies orange-and-black plastic-y jacket.

"Actually," said a woman outfitted in a Pepsi-Cola-print miniskirt, "you should come to the party Susanne Bartsch throws every month at the Copacabana—that's where people are *really* dressing up." (When I did visit the Copa a few weeks later, I encountered designer David Leigh, who was outfitted in a \$4,000 jean jacket that he, designer David Leigh, had "designed"—or, anyway, had decorated with lots of smile faces and ugly over-size costume jewelry.)

As I made for Bentley's exit, I was waylaid by one last nostalgist. Steve Cohn, who looks and talks like a second-string version of seventies club impresario Steve Rubell, is so stuck on the seventies that he is convinced there is a seventies car revival in the works. "Six months ago a



Caprice Classic went for \$2,000; now they go for \$6,000." Cohn is also excited about his new club on West 57th Street, the Boom Boom Room, which opened in September and is entirely devoted to the mid- and late-seventies. "The doorman's name is Vito—a very seventies name," says Cohn, and inside his club the theme is elaborated. "When we discovered the space, it was untouched. It was like walking into King Tut's tomb—being transported directly back to the seventies." Left in place, Cohn said, were "all the neon, flash, rotating light beacons and Tivoli lights," and the Boom Boom Room, he is quite sure, is where the seventies revival will *really* take off. —B.M.

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WHY JOHNNY



CERTAINLY

crab-crawling across the floor blindfolded to grab a stranger's genitals may seem ridiculous when taken out of context, but these drills are absolutely essential to becoming a successful actor.



A *SPY* DRAMATIZATION

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAROLYN JONES



ACT

The
Caring,
Sharing,
Feeling
Sadism
of
New York
Acting
Teachers

**BY JAY
MARTEL**



The students in Rocky Parker's acting class at H.B. Studio are having trouble crying, singing "Happy Birthday" and jerking their bodies spasmodically at the same time. One of them, an opera singer sent down by Juilliard to hone his acting skills, gets up in front of the class and begins to sing "Happy Birthday" in a perfect, trained tenor. The boy doesn't realize that the whole point of the exercise is to make immediate contact with one's emotions, not hide from them behind a wall of technique.

It is the last day of class, though, and actor Patrick Dempsey, Parker's prize pupil, has stopped by to say hello. Would he like to try the song-and-dance exercise? "You bet," says Dempsey, taking the front of the room. He sings the first two notes of "Happy Birthday," bursts into tears, pitches forward onto the floor and dissolves into a bawling, whimpering mess. "Good. Now what are you feeling?" Parker asks. "I'm lazy, I'm lazy," Dempsey wails. "Dad always said I was lazy."

The class looks on in awe. That's acting.

In Chelsea, pairs of students at The Acting Studio—not to be confused with the Actors Studio—take turns

engaging in *Three Moments*, an exercise designed to elicit spontaneous responses. This is accomplished by asking one's partner the most embarrassing question imaginable. An attractive bearded young man and a pretty woman in her early thirties sit across from each other at a table in front of the class.

The woman goes first. "Do you think the size of your penis is really enough to please women?" she asks. The man is stunned. The class whoops. Now it's his turn.

"Do you take it up the ass?" he asks. The woman is stunned. The class is stunned.

"They don't know it," the teacher, James Price, tells the class, "but these are great moments."

If embarrassment were the general criterion, New York acting classes would overflow with great moments. Every day sees acting students shrieking gibberish, students stripping off their clothes in a "private moment," students sobbing at the memory of their kitten getting run over 20 years ago. Certainly saying

"You are wearing a green shirt" to another actor 50 times and crab-crawling across the floor blindfolded to grab a stranger's genitals may seem ridiculous when taken out of context, but these drills are absolutely essential to becoming a successful actor. Really.

Any sadist in need of an outlet should consider teaching acting in Manhattan. No qualifications are necessary. And there are no pesky unions or consumer agencies to reprimand you when you get a little carried away and slap a thespian silly in the middle of a *Spoon River Anthology* monologue. What could a union do, anyway? Take away your license? What license? Besides, this is art. This is acting.

It's easy to be an acting teacher. All you have to do is submit a display ad to *Back Stage*—the house organ of the out-of-work acting profession—where your shingle will appear between calls for automobile-showroom dancers and We're-in-a-Show Productions. When an actor answers your ad, invite him by for an interview. Make insistent eye contact. Ask the actor to audition. Afterward, tell him that you've chosen him out of 50—better yet, 100—applicants for the last opening in your class. Then get about ten of your new students together in a damp basement and instruct them to lie on the filthy floor, tense every muscle in their bodies, imagine they are in hell and hold it. Then leave the room and get a cup of coffee. (This is said to be a favored warm-up technique of teacher Doyne Mraz's.)

To understand why people of average intelligence—well, maybe just a *little* bit below average—and free will would submit unquestioningly to this sort of abuse, it's useful to consider why actors take classes in the first place. For most of them, steady, paying work that utilizes their craft is not an option.

Every waiter in New York is an unemployed actor, goes the cliché. It's not true: there aren't enough restaurants in Manhattan to employ all of the city's unemployed actors. Around 181,500 union and nonunion actors live in New York City, and at any given time about 90 percent of them are unemployed. If every one of the city's 24 cable channels were programmed around the clock with live, back-to-back remakes of *War and Peace* (complete with battle scenes), there would still be enough actors left over to staff all of Manhattan's 271 pizza parlors. So faced with the choice of lurking in front of Lincoln Center in whiteface and a black leotard pretending to be trapped in a large bubble or taking an acting class, a great many unemployed actors opt for acting class, making them perhaps the only professionals in the world who actually pay for the privilege of being out of work.

In fact, many respected teachers and schools, such as Greg Zittel and The Neighborhood Playhouse, require that their students *stop going on auditions* while they are taking their classes. The Catch-22 theory is that actually acting will dilute the process of learning how to act. Even more, perhaps, acting classes give people who *want* to be actors a chance to feel like people who *are* actors. Many ads in *Back Stage* prey on these insecurities, taunting the actor who nurses what he secretly fears are delusional ambitions: "Take charge of your career!" commands an ad for an expensive audition class, the Actor's Information Project. "Don't blow it when you get to those hard-to-get auditions!" advises Margo McKee's Soundstage. "Acting career stalled? You've got the talent!"—and, presumably, the spare \$50 to \$75 per month for the Show-People Talent-on-Tape marketing program for actors. Though Juilliard has a high rate of professional placement, and classes taught by well-known directors and reputable theater companies (such as Circle in the Square and Ensemble Studio Theatre) can sometimes give actors an inside track with casting directors, most New York acting classes don't do much to help a career.

Nevertheless, the angst and hardscrabble difficulty of the actor's existence only feed the demand for acting teachers. (New York City supports an estimated 300 acting teachers; classes usually meet twice a week and cost anywhere from \$60 to \$300 a month.) It also helps explain why so many bad teachers can last so long: like bad Chinese restaurants, they survive because there are always enough first-time customers to sustain them.

But then it's tricky to delineate exactly what bad acting instruction is. Everything from a slap in the



GO THROUGH

the wall!" the teacher commanded. "See, now that's great acting!"

face to fellatio can be—and has been—justified as a Method exercise. And the rules that govern the way acting is taught are about as definite as the official strictures on the CIA.

"I'd be a liar if I told you I never slapped a student," says James Price, a teacher at The Acting Studio. "But I've never done it out of anger, and I've never hurt anyone. . . . I always tell students in the first class that experience is the best teacher. Having a bee fly into the car while you're driving is a great experience to draw on. I tell my students that sometimes I'll be that bee."

"In order to get anything out of acting teachers, you have to trust their judgment," says one embittered actress. "If [a teacher] hooks you in, you'll put bad money after good to convince yourself you're not getting screwed. It's like a bad relationship—you've put a lot of time and energy into it, and no matter how bad it gets, you convince yourself that it's bound to get better. But it doesn't."

This actress is a former student of Paul Mann, whom she refers to as "that fat pig." Mann was arguably the worst acting teacher of all time. The Group Theatre veteran finally became famous in 1979 when a few of his female students at the Paul Mann Actors Workshop complained that Mann had broadened the syllabus to include sensory exercises such as giving him blow jobs in the dark and opening-up exercises that included groveling at his feet and repeating "I am your sex cunt slave" while he masturbated. His preferred technique was to meet privately with the more vulnerable women in his class—often women who had been abused in the past and were already emotionally on the edge—and explain that he had singled them out for their beauty and star potential, and that they just needed to open up a little to be great actresses.

Since most prosecutors require proof that the victim was threatened before they will file criminal sex-abuse charges, Paul Mann proved too difficult to prosecute. But as more horror stories were made public, it became clear that Mann, whose big acting role was as the butcher in the movie version of *Fiddler on the Roof*, had victimized students throughout his entire teaching career. Though they were aware of students' complaints against Mann, colleagues and administrators at City College and the University of Wisconsin had looked the other way.

A group of private students filed a civil suit against Mann, but while the jury found him liable, they decided that the damage to his reputation was punishment enough and awarded only a tiny restitution to the plaintiffs. Mann died of heart failure a year after the 1984 judgment.

To understand the legacy of Mann it is important to know something about the Method (see "Be Prepared," page 96). If you are very, very serious about acting, then you are almost certainly serious about

ACTORS WHO WRITE

While there is no shortage of instructors eager to initiate actors into the theater rituals of humiliation and rejection, too often actors overlook another skill essential to their development, and one invariably mastered by those who succeed—self-promotion. Like any careerist, the actor (particularly the agentless actor-ménial) must concoct a memorable way to sell himself to casting directors. Considering that the second ambition of just about every actor is to write, it is disheartening to discover—and let's try to be kind here—just how subliterate most actors' pitch letters to casting directors are. But they are memorable. Here are some excerpts from actual actors' actual letters.

The prose runs the gamut from nightmarish, over-jazzercised zeal—

"I'm Young Now I'm Wild Now I Want To Be Free. Got The MAGIC POWER Of The Music In Me"

Maximum aliveness, that's what it's all about for me. I would love to share that with you. I am Young, Intense, Attractive, Intelligent, Down-To-Earth and committed to Growth. I want to set up an interview with you at your convenience. I'll be in touch soon. Thank you for your time.

Enjoy your day -- fully!!

—to the neurotic, I-have-taken-too-many-classes quality of

I hope you think I have a strong sense of self because my rehearsal tells me your favorite clients are opinionated and don't waste, and since I'm not quite sure if my kind of sense of self is the same as or better than theirs, I've written to you to find out what you think. What's my kind of sense of self?

Often, in an attempt to rise above the crowd, actors will allude to their particular skills, props, contacts or physical qualities. Thus, casting agents receive regular cheery reminders from people, such as:

- the "extremely gifted, versatile actress and mother" who says she is "mature, but as you can see from the enclosed composite photograph, taken three months ago, I am still attractive"
- the undoubtedly equally gifted and versatile actor whose letter points out, "I am interested in auditioning for the upcoming production of *Genius*. Does it have anything to do with Mensa (of which I am a member)?"
- the veteran of the film *Fat Guy Goes Nutzoid*, who writes, "Hello, if you need a crazy, fat man, please call"
- the latter-day Sammy Glick, who helpfully suggests, "I am scheduled to have lunch with Jimmy Nederlander next week, so I will see if I can do anything for you there"
- the mad polymath who "speaks Spanish and phonetic Japanese in any celebrity voice"
- the fun guy who adds, "I currently possess a H&K 91 assault rifle"

Some especially anxiety-stricken actors wage virtual postal assaults in search of a role. On October 2, 1987, one actor applying for a job as an extra in a movie that involved nudity and/or appearing with a dog wrote:

- 1) OWIN DOG FOR PARK AND BOARDWALK SCENES
- 2) "TASTEFUL NUDITY"

On October 16 he sent a reminder:

- 1) DOG WALKER
- 2) TASTEFUL NUDITY

And then, on November 11, aware that the dog scene had already been shot but still anxious to remove his clothing, he sent one last desperate missive:

- 1) TOTAL NUDITY
- 2) HOMELESS SCENE

—Henry Alford



NOTHING ATTRACTS LIKE THE IMP



CORIANDER SEEDS FROM MOROCCO



ANGELICA ROOT FROM SAXONY



JUNIPER BERRIES FROM ITALY



CASSIA BARK FROM INDOCHINA

the Method. You can't help but be serious about the Method; like Bergman films and *Agent Orange*, it's one of those things that just can't be regarded casually. Think of Marlon Brando boxing backstage between scenes of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and Robert De Niro gaining 55 pounds for a few scenes in *Raging Bull*. Think of Sir Laurence Olivier watching Dustin Hoffman work himself into an emotional frenzy on the set of *Marathon Man* to prepare for the dentistry torture scene and asking, "Why doesn't he just *act*?"

New York City, in certain respects the most serious place on earth, has always been a Mecca for the Method. Now 65 years old, Constantin Stanislavsky's technique and its many sects (Christianity would be hard put to come up with more offshoots and permutations) completely dominate acting scholarship, having spawned a forbidding horde of acting teachers with the souls of East German figure-skating coaches.

Stanislavsky's acolyte Lee Strasberg became the chief interpreter of the Method in the United States, setting up the Group Theatre in 1930 with Harold Clurman. Clurman later wrote of these heady times, "The first effect [of the Method] on the actors was that of a miracle. . . . Here at last was a key to that elusive ingredient of the stage, true emotion. . . . Here was something new to most of the actors, something basic, something almost holy."

Strasberg went on in 1948 to form the Actors Studio and drive a Mercedes with METHOD on the license plate. Though the Studio's first class included Montgomery Clift, Marlon Brando, Jerome Robbins, Eli Wallach, Karl Malden and Maureen Stapleton, not every hungry actor was taken in by the hype. Henry Fonda remembered auditing one early class: "One of the girls wandered slowly onto the acting area, sort of walked around. . . . At last she

stopped and started to pantomime. I didn't know whether she was washing dishes or peeling potatoes, but every now and then, she would look up and say, 'Hello, four o'clock, hello four o'clock.' She said it about twenty times. I don't know how I kept from falling off the bench." He stopped laughing when, years later, his daughter Jane was drawn into the Studio's Moonie-ish orbit.

In 1949, Stanislavsky's protégée Stella Adler opened the Stella Adler Conservatory of Acting, where she, age 86, still often begins class with an eerily archaic, infantilizing call-and-response exercise. "Good morning, Miss Adler," drones the huge group of students as she enters the room. "Good morning, class," Adler responds, and then talks about the Method. At the end of class, she asks her students, "Do you love me?"

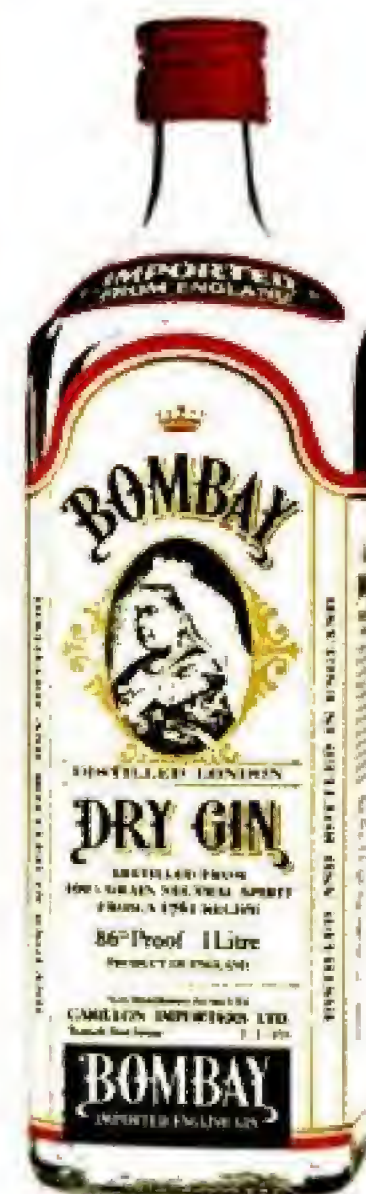
"Yes, yes!" shouts the class.

"Swear it!" she commands.

"I swear! I swear!" the class responds.

Adler's students slave over such mind-galvanizing exercises as writing a ten-page biography of Mary (from "Mary Had a Little Lamb") and praying to God, Zeus, Jesus and Buddha.

Sanford Meisner, who was part of the original Group Theatre, developed his own interpretation of Stanislavsky and has trained Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, Gregory Peck, Steve McQueen and Joanne Woodward. The Meisner Technique is the most widely taught acting technique in New York today. At Meisner's school, The Neighborhood Playhouse, teachers rely on repetition exercises, such as having students endlessly repeat "This is my hand" / "Yes, that is your hand" to get them to rely on instinct, to work off of other actors and to develop spontaneity. Meisner evidently works hard at being a spontaneous teacher; his penchant for



ORTED TASTE OF BOMBAY GIN.



ALMONDS FROM INDOCHINA



LEMON PEEL FROM SPAIN



ORRIS (IRIS ROOT) FROM ITALY



LICORICE FROM INDOCHINA

Bombay® Gin 42% alc/vol (84 proof), 100% grain neutral spirits. © 1988 Carillon Importers Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

making students cry and for unceremoniously throwing them out of his classes is legendary.

Unfortunately, for every great actor Meisner has produced, he's also turned out a willfully spontaneous acting teacher with none of his gifts. Like Bill Alderson, Meisner's former assistant.

"Alderson's just an unstable man," says Sharon Pollack, a former student of his at The Neighborhood Playhouse. "He would single out students he hated and once he drove someone to quit through constant humiliation." Other former students describe him as "a wild man," "a sicko" and "an extremist in every sense of the word." Alderson teaches privately now, his 19-year tenure at the Playhouse having been terminated two years ago, as a result of a long campaign for his removal that included lobbying by Joanne Woodward (Woodward's daughter is a veteran of Alderson's spontaneous teaching technique).

His approach is probably best illustrated by his demand in one class that the students go through the wall of the classroom. As each student in turn declined or asked him to, uh, explain, he became angrier and more abusive. "I'm sick of this," he shrieked, and, turning to the next student, a stocky kid in jeans, he commanded once again, "Go through the wall!" The student braced himself and, like Wile E. Coyote caught in one of his own slingshot contraptions, ran headlong into the wall, kicking the baseboards and clawing at the paint.

"See?" Alderson said. "Now, that's great acting." To measure students' dedication, Alderson has been known to charge into class and say to one student, "I heard what you were saying about me on the stairs." When the student denies it, Alderson grows more and more vitriolic and threatening until the student is

bullied into making some kind of confession. The student is then told that the whole scene is just an acting exercise.

In working with students on particular scenes, Alderson's specialty is injecting his own fantasies into the script. Once he told two of his students that the love scene they were rehearsing was just not sexy enough. "I don't believe what you're doing," he said, no matter how much they groped, panted and heaved. Eventually he got a wild look in his eyes and started shouting, "Think vagina! Vagina! Vagina!" At the performance the next week, the two actors were doing the same scene for the Playhouse's administrators. The actors obediently dry-humped as they spoke their lines. "Get off the stage!" Alderson suddenly screamed from the back. "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

Olympia Dukakis, recent Oscar winner and presidential-candidate cousin, is another teacher who goes to great lengths to motivate her pupils. Dukakis is now the producing artistic director at her own playhouse, the Whole Theater in Montclair, New Jersey, but her tenure at NYU in the seventies was marked by indications that the Dukakis clan is not entirely without passion. One actor remembers Dukakis attempting to loosen up a female student by entreating her to spit on the floor. Another student recalls a class in which Dukakis removed her blouse to inspire a male student working on a seduction scene, and describes Dukakis's technique of igniting actors' creativity by asking questions like "Don't you like to feel a big cock in your cunt, honey?" When asked for details about Dukakis's teaching style, a longtime associate said that Dukakis has "a reputation for being able to open up young people from the Midwest or wherever to a *major* range of emotions." The associate added that "she's outrageous,

ONE STUDENT

recalls a class in which the teacher removed her blouse to inspire a male student working on a seduction scene, and describes her technique of igniting actors' creativity by asking questions such as, "Don't you like a big cock in your cunt, honey?"



A SPY DRAMATIZATION

but almost never lewd"—*awesome*—although "certainly [teachers like Dukakis] use words like *cock* and *balls* and *breasts* and *cunt*."

Most New York acting institutions bask and prosper in the reflected glow of their celebrity alumni. Some even display ancient glossies, Chinese restaurant-style. (The dank lobby of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts at 120 Madison Avenue is hung with curling photos of Edward G. Robinson.) The teachers at H.B. (Herbert Berghof, or, as the clever-actor joke goes, Has Been) Studio don't hit or humiliate students, but they do make them squirm with boredom. With the exception of grande dame Uta Hagen, whose class is one of the most selective and oversubscribed in New York, most of H.B.'s faculty is made up of curmudgeonly over-the-hill actors who seem less interested in teaching than in having someone listen to their war stories. There's the one about teacher Edward Morehouse getting a hernia during a performance of *Waiting for Godot* 20 years ago, or—the old favorite—the one about the time former H.B. student (and acting teacher) F. Murray Abraham brought his Oscar by the studio in a brown paper bag for everyone to see. Another teacher, not known for his teetotaling, will watch students play a scene and say something like, "Whoa, that was really great; I have to go outside and think about it"—and come back ten minutes later and resume teaching.

In recent years, perhaps because the Method lends itself so promiscuously to interpretation, more and more acting teachers have been breaking away from established institutions and are becoming, like Bill Alderson, self-employed. Ten years ago, the average issue of *Back Stage* contained 42 ads for private, unaffiliated acting classes. Today the figure is up to 75. The solo acting teacher, like the freelance colonic irrigationist and the individual crystal-energy therapist, is his own boss and sets his own standards. Actors Studio veteran Michael Howard, for example, who has been singled out by casting directors for having an especially positive effect on his students, gets good results by routinely calling students "stupid" and "idiot."

"My teaching would be incomplete without passion," says Howard. "I'm angry with students when they violate themselves. A teacher who doesn't care isn't worth anything." ➤➤

BE PREPARED!

THE MADNESS IN THEIR METHOD

To prepare for his role in the fifties biblical epic *Ben-Hur*, Charlton Heston put in some time on a luxury cruise liner en route to the film's location in Italy. To prepare for their roles in the eighties biblical epic *The Last Temptation of Christ*, Willem Dafoe and Harvey Keitel spent weeks living in a squalid mud hut in the desert near the film's location in Morocco. Thanks to the trickle-down effect of the Method, film acting has come a long way in the last 30 years—not that there's been any discernible change on-screen, but off-screen, actors have been indulging in mind-bending, arduous preparations. Mere talent is no longer enough. If an actor plays a movie role and, as part of his preparation, does not learn a new language, radically alter his hairline or waistline, attend boot camp or dwell in a slum, then he is just not taken very seriously as an actor.

PART I:

"IS THERE A JACUZZI IN THIS CAVE?"

RESEARCH

Dustin Hoffman spent an entire afternoon standing in the exercise yard at San Quentin prison for his role as an ex-con in *Straight Time*, hung out with Times Square hoodlums for weeks in order to play Ratso Rizzo in *Midnight Cowboy* and trailed an investigative reporter for months to prepare for his part as incredibly hardworking journalist Carl Bernstein in *All the President's Men*. Michael J. Fox spent at least three days fact-checking a blackberry pie recipe at *Esquire*, all in order to rise to the challenge of portraying incredibly hardworking novelist and onetime fact checker Jay McInerney in *Bright Lights, Big City*. To get ready for his role as incredibly hardworking *Rolling Stone* reporter Aaron Latham in the movie *Perfect*, John Travolta hung around the magazine's offices, learned how to use a word processor (in preparation for the emotionally complex scene in which costar Jamie Lee Curtis types WANNA FUCK? on his computer) and wrote in-depth profiles of his friends ("I asked for dirt on [Jann Wenner] to help me know my character better. They told me about Jann's insatiable appetite for food").

While preparing for his role as a TV newsman in *Broadcast News*, Albert Brooks spent so much time looking over the shoulders of real Washington correspondents that he started correcting their copy—a sharing touch that was surely much appreciated. Costar Holly Hunter crammed for her part as a harried news producer by writing her very own personal—but alas, unpublished—90-page summary of the Iran-contra hearings.

While researching his role as a tough cop in *The Big Easy*, Dennis Quaid actually visited a hospital emergency room, where, he told a reporter, he saw people with gunshot wounds "as close as I am to you." Timothy Hutton warmed up for his graffiti-artist role in *Turk 182!* by hopping a wall at a New York City subway yard and spray-painting his name on a subway car (this is illegal!).

Robert De Niro drove a cab to get ready for *Taxi Driver*, hung around with steelworkers in Pennsylvania bars for *The Deer Hunter*, went to spring training in Florida to learn how to be a catcher for *Bang the Drum Slowly* and, while you'd think that actors, of all people, wouldn't need to supplement their experience of being rejected and heckled, bombed at Catch a Rising Star before shooting *The King of Comedy*. More recently, Tom Hanks subjected audiences at cheesy L.A. comedy clubs to his awful jokes in preparation for *Punchline*. Behind the bar could very well have been Tom Cruise, who put in sprints as a bartender to practice for his role in the utterly credible *Cocktail* ("It's like a war. . .

You have to control the crowd—otherwise they'll eat you alive").

As **Glenn Close** told as many reporters as possible, before playing the role of Alex in *Fatal Attraction* she discussed the script with three different psychiatrists, one of whom helped her construct a detailed psychological history for her character. To toughen up **Molly Ringwald** for her role as a street-smart New York kid whose parents are getting a divorce in *Tempest*, director Paul Mazursky moved Ringwald and her family (including her blind father) into an apartment on Bleeker Street in very scary Greenwich Village for three months. And faced with the challenge of playing a Brooklyn orphan in *Heaven Help Us*, **Mary Stuart Masterson** steeped herself in pain and deprivation by actually going to the movies and eating meals in coffee shops—all by herself!

Some modern movie stars are even willing to remove themselves from the big city in search of character clues. For *Witness*, **Kelly McGillis** hung out with the Amish in Lancaster, Pennsylvania—miles from the nearest Charivari store. **Michelle Pfeiffer** dared to associate with real lower-middle-class Long Island women to pick up tips on nails, hair and makeup for *Married to the Mob*. Even farther afield, Tibetomaniacal **Richard Gere** spent time with Bedouin tribes to prepare for his role as *King David* ("Really ground-level stuff. I mean, it's a totally transient, nomadic life. Tents and animals"). And **Nick Nolte** got psyched for his role in *Farewell to the King* by butchering a ceremonial pig with Borneo natives ("You have to kill the pig just right: if you pull the blade out, you cut its jugular and blood goes everywhere. . . . It wasn't a shocking experience, but it was intense"). To simulate combat life in Vietnam, the actors in *Platoon* had to attend an on-location jungle boot-camp: for two weeks they carried 50-pound backpacks on forced marches, ate only cold army rations and were forbidden to call their agents.

Charlie Sheen took his intense *Platoon* experience to heart for *Wall Street*. To help get into his role as a trader, he sank \$20,000 of his own money into the pre-crash stock market. Even insufferably smug **Jeremy Irons** required two separate dressing rooms to help him play identical twins in *Dead Ringers*. But if ever an actor got himself too tangled up in his preparation, it was **Sean Penn**: after auditing classes at the Los Angeles police academy to prepare for his role as a cop in *Colors*, Penn got even more hands-on law-enforcement experience by serving 33 days in prison, the result of punching an extra who tried to photograph him.

Playing a living person offers a different challenge to the conscientious actor. If a biopic is ever made of your life, whatever you do, don't let them cast **Robert De Niro** in the lead. In preparing to play Jake La Motta in *Raging Bull*, De Niro did his usual, excruciatingly thorough research job. In fact, Deborah La Motta complained to the press during her divorce proceedings that "De Niro was in the apartment constantly for nearly two years," and she blamed him for contributing to the breakup of her marriage.

PART 2: STRETCH MARKS

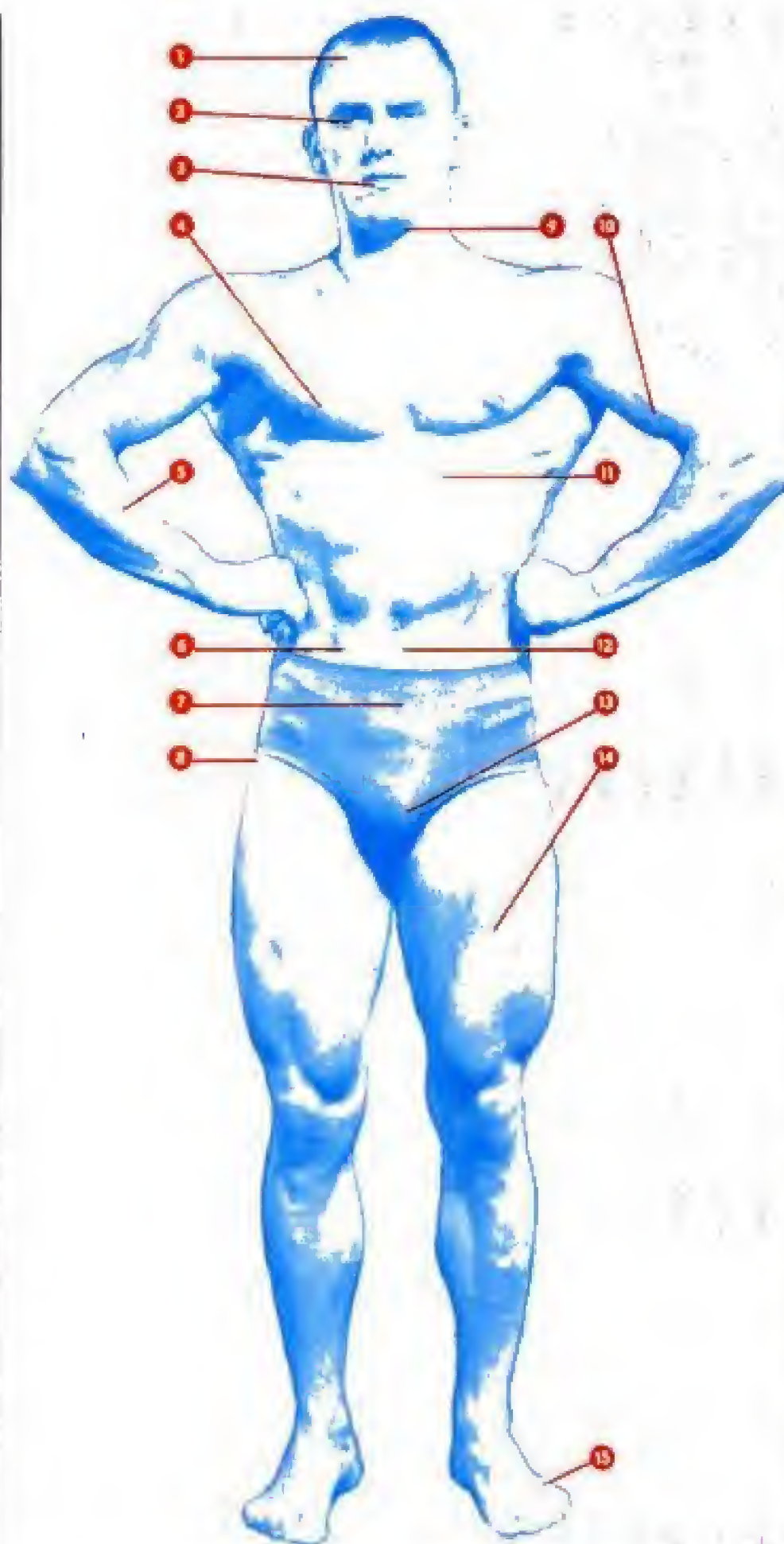
The actor's true instrument is, of course, his body (see diagram). The following are just a few of the ways in which actors have inconvenienced and disfigured themselves and others in the name of art.

(1) **Robert De Niro** had his hairline shaved back to play balding Al Capone in *The Un-*

touchables, as did **Forest Whitaker** for the role of Charlie Parker in *Bird*.

(2) **Laura Dern** rode on horseback blindfolded to prepare for her role as a blind girl in *Mask*.

(3) Curiously, **Nicolas Cage** had two back teeth pulled out to help him realistically portray a suffering vet (who has nothing wrong with his mouth) in *Birdy*. Cage also voluntarily ate



two thumb-size live cockroaches while playing a vampire in the as-yet-unreleased *Vampire's Kiss* (bats eat bugs, get it?). **Forest Whitaker** had a gold tooth installed in his mouth to play Charlie Parker in *Bird*. While training with Jake La Motta for *Raging Bull*, **De Niro** broke off La Motta's dental caps. (Cost to United Artists: \$4,000.)

(4) **Mariel Hemingway** had a surgeon install breast implants for the role of *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten in *Star 80*.

(5) In one unusually intense scene in *Racing With the Moon*, **Nicolas Cage** tried to improve his performance by pulling out a knife and gouging himself in the arm.

(6) Starved: Shooting of *Sid and Nancy* had to be postponed a week while **Gary Oldman** recovered in the hospital from the starvation regime he had undergone to achieve a simulacrum of Sid Vicious's physique.

(7) Fattened up: **De Niro** for

Raging Bull (55 pounds) and *The Untouchables* (25 pounds); **Robert Duvall** for *Badge 373* (12 pounds); **Shirley MacLaine** for *Madame Sousatzka* (25 pounds; she also let Madame Sousatzka's spirit "enter her body every day"); **Jim Belushi** for *Red Heat* (about 20 pounds); **Vincent D'Onofrio** for the role of Leonard in *Full Metal Jacket* (70 pounds: "Women didn't look at me; most of the time I was looking at their backs as they were running away").

(8) **Mary Stuart Masterson** wore boys' underwear while playing the tomboy in *Some Kind of Wonderful*. For *The Untouchables*, **Robert De Niro**, like Capone, had silk Sulka underwear custom-made. (Cost to Paramount: \$4,500.)

(9) To make his voice sound like a 121-year-old man's in *Little Big Man*, **Dustin Hoffman** first considered using a drug that has a voice-garbling side effect but decided that this would be

"cheating." Instead, he locked himself in a room and screamed for over five hours. He then screamed in his hotel and in the car on the way to the veterans' hospital location. At the hospital he continued to scream in an empty room until concerned orderlies burst in to restrain him.

(10) Pumped up: **John Travolta** for *Staying Alive*; **De Niro** for *Raging Bull*; **Bill Murray** for *The Razor's Edge*; **Jamie Lee Curtis** for *Perfect*; **Jim Belushi** for *The Principal* ("After watching what happened to John, if I don't learn something, his death is in vain"); **Nicolas Cage** for *The Boy in Blue* (as an antidote to all this fitness, Cage got a lizard tattooed on his back: "because he felt his soul was leaking out of his body and he figured the tattoo might burn it back in," according to *Rolling Stone*); **Robert Duvall** for *Apocalypse Now*; **Robin Williams** for *The World According to Garp*; **Matthew Modine** for *Vision Quest*; **Joe Piscopo** for Miller Lite commercials.

(11) Deprived of sleep and soaked in alcohol, **Martin Sheen**, in the opening minutes of *Apocalypse Now*, delivered a credible performance as the sleepless, haggard soldier. Shortly thereafter, he suffered a heart attack.

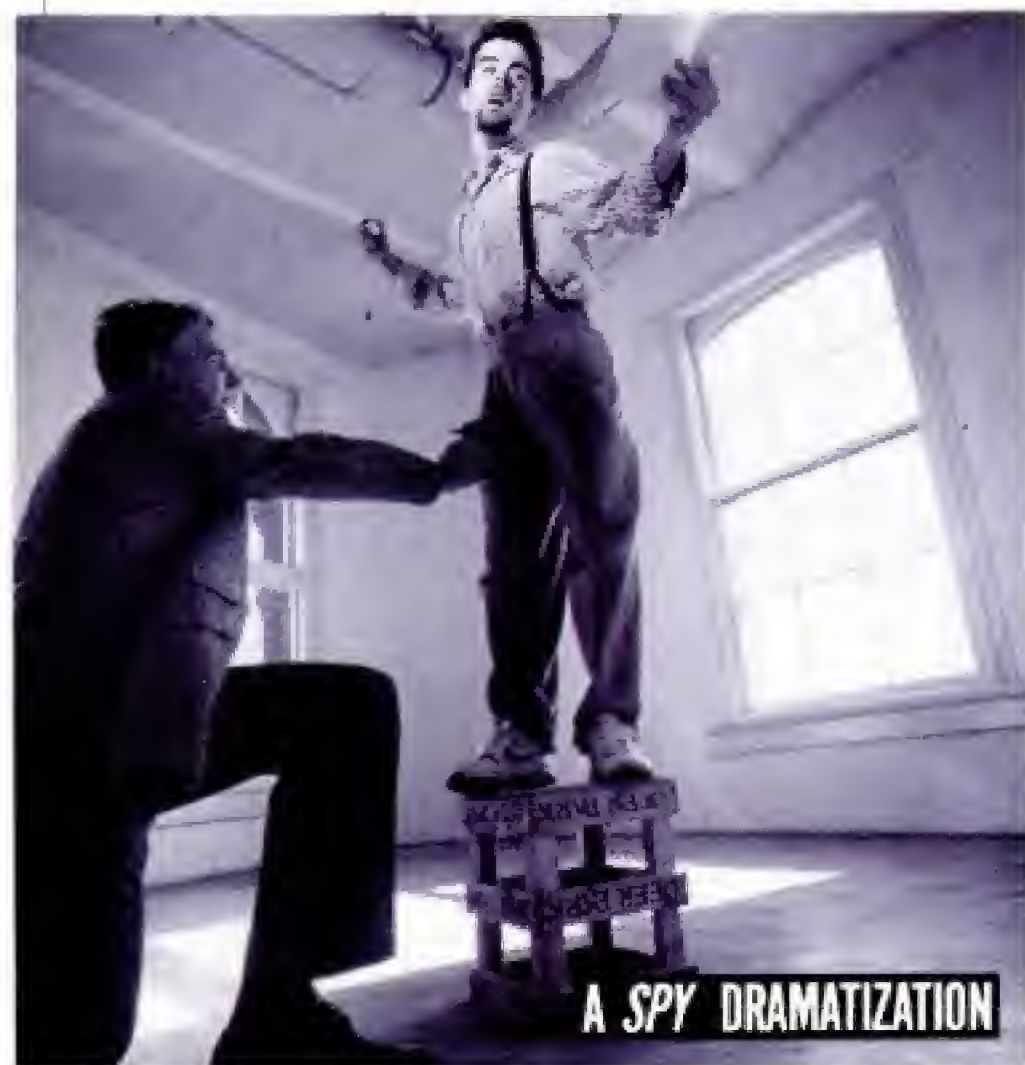
(12) **Dustin Hoffman** worked so hard on Ratso Rizzo's sickly cough for *Midnight Cowboy* that at one point during the filming he fell into a New York gutter and vomited on himself. For a vomiting scene in *Bang the Drum Slowly*, **Robert De Niro** spun himself in circles until he was nauseated.

(13) After a dozen or so bad takes in his first scene with Elizabeth Taylor in *Giant*, **James Dean** shocked the crew and leading lady by taking out his penis and urinating on the set. He then performed the scene perfectly. "I figured if I could piss in front of those 2,000 people, man . . . I could get in front of that camera and do just anything at all."

(14) To prepare for his role as a paraplegic in *The Men*, **Marlon Brando** checked into a hospital and stayed in bed for a month, weakening his legs so severely that he had to learn to walk all over again.

(15) To enforce realistic medieval discomfort in the cold, dank castle location of *The Name of the Rose*, director **Jean-Jacques Annaud** required the cast to wear sandals. —J.M.

Teachers Who Care Too Much are a common phenomenon in the world of acting instruction. Greg Zittel, a former Neighborhood Playhouse



A SPY DRAMATIZATION

teacher, cared so much about the work student Susan Littlefield was doing in one class—we are actors! we have passion! we are emotional beings!—that he took the trouble to hit her. “I think it was because he sensed I was onto him,” Littlefield says. “He was touching a lot of the girls in the class, moving them around the room, and I didn’t like it.”

Littlefield was in the middle of the Meisner exercise in which one actor comes up with an

engrossing activity, such as mending an oxygen mask for a gasping friend, and another actor interrupts, creating Conflict. Littlefield entered the room to interrupt her partner, but Zittel interrupted. “Come here, Susan,” he said cheerfully. “Turn around.” She turned around, and Zittel spanked her. “Now, what does that make you want to do?” he asked. “I’m really pissed off,” she choked out. “Okay,” said Zittel, “now go out and come back into the room.”

Littlefield walked outside but never made it back in. She sat in the hallway weeping. After class Zittel called Littlefield to his office and told her that there was no way she could be an actress if she didn’t “love this kind of emotion.” He explained that her only chance of making it in the business was to continue taking classes from him. She quit and was shocked when her friends in the class continued. “They just chalked up what I went through to being part of the experience,” she says.

If experience is really the best teacher for an actor, as many instructors and students seem to believe, why not just run naked through the D train and save on tuition? Any Method teacher will insist that an experience must be channeled before it can help create technique. “Use it!” is a phrase heard repeatedly in Method classes, *it* being whatever emotion the actor is experiencing at that moment. Some resourceful teachers help stimulate creative emotional responses. Many students, for example, have heard the one about Actor’s Repertory Theatre founder Warren Robertson helping a male student conjure up feelings of fear, allegedly by holding a handgun to the student’s crotch; the story has attained the status of a crocodile-in-the-sewer-style urban myth.

Meisner’s protégé Robert Patterson, who de-

scribes himself as a “master teacher,” having trained Ted Danson and JoBeth Williams, also specializes in this Outward Bound approach to teaching acting skills, suggesting, among other things, that students hang around under the Manhattan-Bronx Willis Avenue Bridge at midnight to pick up experience. “If someone didn’t get the lesson right, he would keep everyone in the class there all night until six in the morning watching some poor jerk getting the shit kicked out of him,” says a former student.

“If they’re not capable, I ask them to leave,” says Patterson. “If they’re not creating professional circumstances, I ask them to leave *at that moment*. In the seventies, I asked almost everyone to leave.” Sample Patterson critique: “Don’t be such a fucking bitch, you dumb cunt!” “One time a student came in all stoned and had trouble doing the exercise,” says Pattie Clark, a former student. “Bob kicked his front teeth in.”

“In class, how I deal with each student depends on what that student’s problem is,” says Patterson, who says the stoned student had lost control and was becoming physically threatening. As it turned out, that student came back to continue studying with Patterson as soon as he got his mouth fixed.

According to Clark, Patterson’s classes attracted former drug addicts, alcoholics, erst graduates—in other words, classic *followers*. Once Patterson was poking a student to make a point when her roommate spoke up: “Don’t do that; she was an abused child.” “I didn’t hit her,” Patterson shouted. “Did anyone see me hit her?” No one said they had.

“The class was like a survival ordeal,” says Clark. “As soon as one person was yelled at or slapped, the mood among the students became ‘I’ll do anything to avoid that.’ The objective becomes not to show weakness, not to get caught. It’s like a concentration-camp mentality.”

People in concentration camps, of course, didn’t have the option of just not attending that week. “Friends told me I should stop going,” says Clark. “I’d walk out, but he’d call and say, ‘You should come back,’ and I would. He’d say he picked me out of 100 people.”

One day, when Patterson was addressing the class, he took a few things out of Clark’s bag and swung it into her face. (In response to this accusation, Patterson says, “I may have taken some things out of her purse, handed it to her and showed her the door”—denying that he hit Clark in the face but failing to explain what removing items from her purse has to do with acting.) Clark finally quit, having spent four and a half years in the intensive two-year course without completing the program. She wasn’t alone: some of her classmates had been in the two-year course for seven years. Because Patterson threw entire classes out so frequently, Clark had to keep waiting for another group to form. In the meantime, she was expected to pay \$55 a week to hold her

ONE TEACHER

is alleged to have once helped a male student conjure up feelings of fear by holding a handgun to the student’s crotch.



Yachting time from Paris.

Michel Herbelin is an artist. Instead of paint, he works with gold and steel to create watches of exceptional originality and spirit.

His Newport watch is a tribute to starry nights on deck, and days at the office when the wind is up and the sea beckons.

Crafted in France, the stainless steel and 18K gold-

plated case is as trim and carefully detailed as a racing sloop—and resists water down to 100 feet.



The strap is genuine shark-skin, and attaches to the case with nautical-style pins and porthole hinges. A gold rope pattern circles the enamel dial, with a ship's spoked wheel at 12 o'clock. The regatta-accurate quartz movement is Swiss. \$249.

*"The sea never changes and its works,
for all the talk of men, are wrapped in mystery."*

—Joseph Conrad

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place, an arrangement that Patterson says is reserved for certain students, such as those who "need more work on their instrument" (i.e., *their body*). When, after two months, Clark complained, Patterson told her, "I'm teaching you about *waiting*."

By and large, it seems that if actors are not getting yelled at, humiliated or kicked in the teeth, they don't really know if they're getting their money's worth. But some entrepreneurs have figured out a way to attract large groups of paying students with minimal physical or emotional exertion.

James Jennings is a tired hack who has transformed a prime midtown theater space into what he calls the American Theatre for Actors. Since he bought the three-theater building on 54th Street from the city for a pittance in the 1960s, Jennings has brokered the ATA as a cheap rehearsal space and

a final resting place for many a showcase.

In 1984 an actor named John Reid Currie saw a listing in *Back Stage* calling for actors to audition for an ATA acting company. Currie went in and did his monologue. Jennings, after taking a long, dramatic pause, looked at him intently and said, "I think I want you for this company." Only later did Currie learn that the "company" was actually a \$60-a-month class. But being an actor, and

so being accustomed to duplicity and mistreatment, Currie decided to stick with it.

Class was often held in a smelly, unheated room accompanied by the sounds of breeding pigeons. Jennings routinely arrived about half an hour late, one time because he'd been on the phone with "Bobby" De Niro (who, curiously, sits on the ATA board of directors; Jennings claims that he discovered De Niro and took him to the Actors Studio). He always wore the same pants. After watching a few scenes, all of them "great," Jennings would reflect on acting, theater, life: "Isn't it strange? I look at that plant and I think of my wife from ten years ago. Why do I do that?" He'd stare off in the distance, then say, "Does anyone owe me money?"

When Currie tried to quit after a month, Jennings threw a fit. "*I'm the best*," he screamed. "*I'm the best*. One girl studied with me for three years and she got the lead in *The Muppet Movie*." A call to Henson Associates, however, revealed that Miss Piggy had never attended Jennings's acting class.

Perhaps the safest approaches to acting scholar-

ship skirt both the out-of-control and the out-to-lunch and simply treat acting as a business. These classes, offered by Weist-Barron and Madelyn J. Burns, among others, aim to demystify acting: student pays to meet agent or casting director, who then decides to make student a star. That's the pitch, anyway. What really happens is: student pays money and gets advice like "Have your résumé typeset." Then student gives eight-by-ten glossy to agent or casting director, who no doubt throws it away as soon as he gets back to the office.

Even on this nuts-and-bolts level, the Method—albeit a wildly warped version of it—affects the teaching process. In some classes, actors play themselves in scenes in which they interview with show business bigwigs—in other words, actors rehearse being hired as actors. In Catherine Wolf's class, the teacher plays the casting director and the actor begins the scene by knocking on the classroom door. "Come in," Wolf says. To make the simulation totally realistic, Wolf will sometimes ignore an actor for a long time after he walks in. Then she'll take his eight-by-ten, ask him a few quick questions and maybe have him read from an old script of *Cheers* before indifferently sending him away.

At least in Bob Collier's Success in Commercials class, students get a more enticing illusion for their money. Collier's classroom is full of giggling students looking at Polaroid photographs of themselves holding up household products on TV screens. The classroom walls are papered with very moving, very inspirational, up-with-life slogans, such as "Day by day/In every way/Through the grace of God/I am getting better and better," and "Direct your thoughts/Control your emotions/Ordain your destiny." As class comes to order, a voice announces, "And now here he is—Bob Collier!" and the white-haired Collier, of Grecian Formula-ad fame, charges in wearing a three-piece suit and a THINK GOD tie clip. He says, "The answer is: yes. The question is: are you happy?"

Collier works the class with evangelical zeal, describing how the Lord gave him the vision to build his school for TV-commercial actors and how the power of positive thinking healed his back and got him the Florida condominium he had always wanted. You have to be happy to work in commercials, he says, because commercials are about selling joy.

"Everyone creates their own reality," he says. "God is in each one of us. If you think of yourself as a star in commercials, you will be!" He tells the students that if they tape their Polaroid to their wall at home and look at it every day, then soon enough they will be on TV. In closing, he leads the whole class in an affirmative chant: "*I am attractive. I am rich. I am a star. I am having a great year. I am making big money in commercials right now.*"

Sometimes, a kick in the teeth would be a relief. ☛



A SPY DRAMATIZATION

"IN CLASS

how I deal with each student depends on what that student's problem is," says one teacher.

INDULGENT. THE SENSE OF REMY.



50% alc/vol (100 proof) 750 ml (25.4 fl. oz.)

Remy

YOUR 1988 J&B HOLIDAY GIFT

(Gift Not Included)

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS

1.

Bring your sleepless nights and hair-pulling and hand-wringing to an end by finding the ultimate holiday wrapping paper—bound into the pages of a magazine, of all places.

2.

Show your find to no one, guaranteeing appreciative comments upon presentation (e.g., Aunt Clara: "Oh, where did you find this adorable wrapping paper? I must have some").

3.

Find perfect gift—say, J&B Rare Scotch Whisky—and resist overwhelming temptation to sample.

4.

Tear out beautiful, custom-made wrapping paper.

5.

Lay flat, green side down.



6.

Place gift—say, J&B Rare Scotch Whisky—on paper.

7.

Wrap.



8.

Admire your handiwork. Reflect on utter appropriateness of the gift.

9.

Give gift. (Ask for paper back.)

10.

Missing something? Call the J&B Scotch tape, (212) JNB-WRAP, for further assistance, tearing methods, cut-and-tape instructions and learned discussions of adhesive pre-fab bows vs. made-from-scratch bows.

I'M SORRY, MR. SHEARER.

required jacket

"I'M SORRY, SIR," THE MAÎTRE D' SAYS, "BUT GENTLEMEN ARE REQUIRED TO WEAR JACKETS. . . ." WE'VE ALL HEARD IT, AND WE (OR OUR MALE COMPANIONS) HAVE ALL BEEN OBLIGED TO PUT ON THE MORTIFYINGLY CRUMMY JACKETS KEPT ON HAND FOR US . . . WHAT—FASHION REBELS? CASUAL DRESSERS? SCHLUMPS? NOW CASUALLY SCHLUMPY FASHION REBEL HARRY SHEARER GOES OUT ON THE TOWN—SANS JACKET AND TIE BUT AVEC PENCIL AND NOTEBOOK AND SARA BARRETT, PHOTOGRAPHER—TO TAKE SARTORIAL POTLUCK AT SOME OF MANHATTAN'S SWELLEST BOÎTES, FROM LA CÔTE BASQUE TO THE FOUR SEASONS.

LE CIRQUE:

The Power Lunch Plugs In

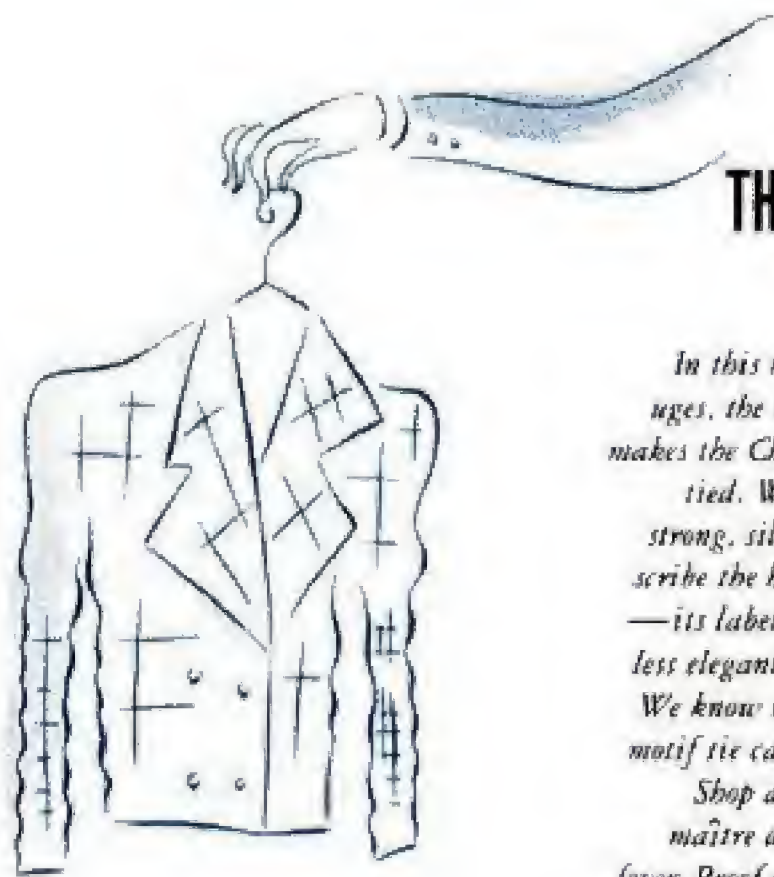
Whether guarding our shipping lanes in the Persian Gulf or enjoying a pre-lunch drink at the bar with Sirio and the polished Apple's elite, navy is always the right answer. Here, double-breasted not only makes a comeback—it's as if it never left. Sleeves come to the knuckles for added luxury. The red-and-white diamond-patterned 100 percent silk tie by The Custom Shop (who buys at The Custom Shop? Zimbabwe's fashion commander-in-chief, Robert Mugabe, that's who) comes with a qualify-in-the-details explanation from Le Cirque's coat checker: "We don't have any other ties right now—they're out being dry-cleaned."



Loll the dice! Bet the house! Make a fashion statement—but let Lady Luck fill the statement out. John Cage in a SoHo performance space: music is what random events say it is.

Harry Shearer in New York restaurants with a dress code: I didn't bring a jacket and tie. I'll wear yours. Not runway fashion. Not "seen on the street."

The clothes that make this man come from the maitre d's private supply. Call it dress-code chic or serendipitous style. We call it Chance Dressing—and feeling wild and spontaneous was never easier!



THE '21' CLUB:

Waiter, There's a Tie in My Soup

In this most masculine of refuges, the men's room attendant makes the Chance Dresser fit to be tied. Were the fellow not the strong, silent type, he could describe the humble jacket's origin—its label has been banished to less elegant environs. No matter. We know where the red feather-motif tie came from: The Custom Shop and, more recently, the maitre d's desk drawer in the foyer. Proof once again, if needed, that today's man doesn't need to show his knuckles to look just well-dressed enough.



PALIO:

Superman, the Jockey

"Don't photograph me or the Sandro Chia mural," the bartender hisses. Who needs to, when this box-plaid, two-button beauty from Anatole France (the counter, not the écrivain) is begging for camera time? Is one of the buttons hanging tenuously by a thread? Next week, everyone's button will be. For the Chance

Dresser, nothing is everything: "It's the only jacket we have left," the coat-check woman apologizes. "If it makes you feel any better, Christopher Reeve had to wear this one the other night." Not even kryptonite could weaken this hold statement. If you're lucky, the other jackets will be gone when you arrive, too.

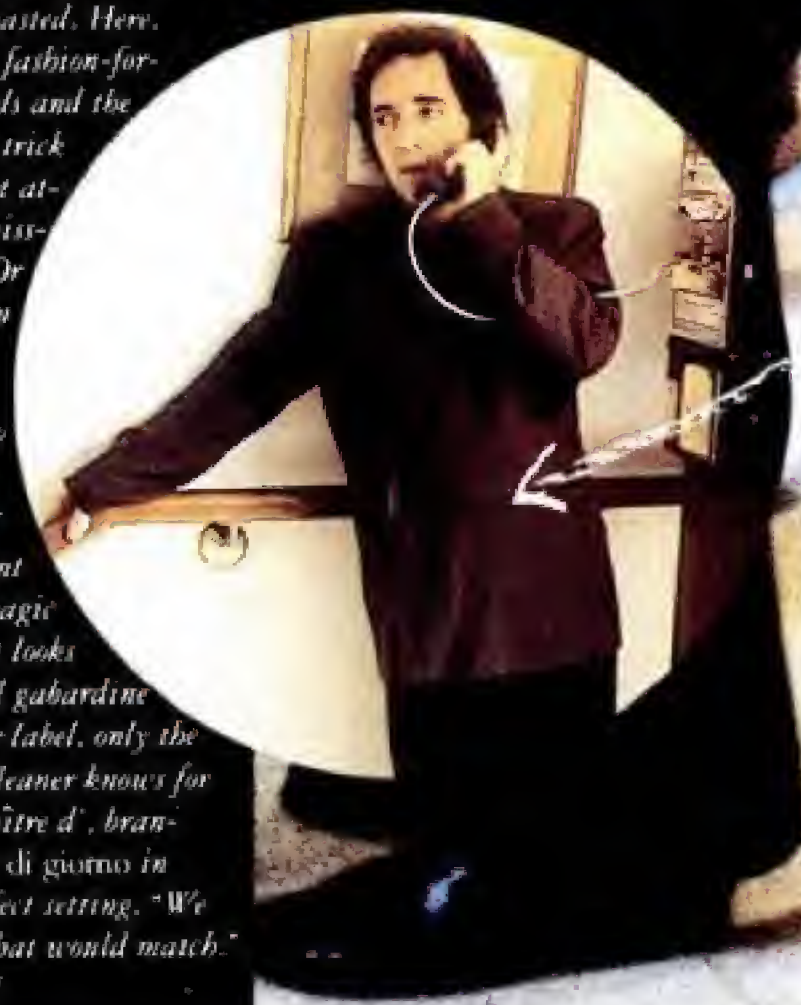


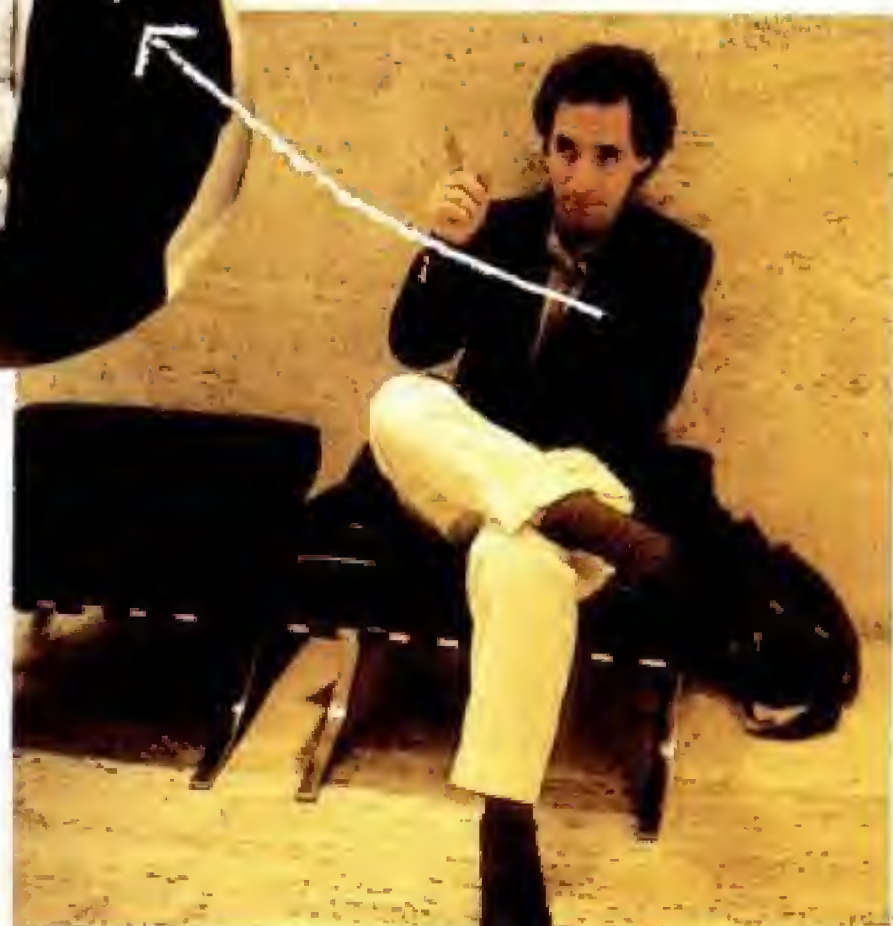
"FOR A STARTER I'LL TAKE THE JACKET DI GIORNO."

BELLINI BY CIPRIANI:

Button, Button,
Who's Got the Button?

You can never go too far wrong in gray double-breasted. Here, padded shoulders, fashion-forward pointed lapels and the old hidden-pocket trick conspire to distract attention from the missing front button. Or is it? Is one-button double-breasted jacketing just around the corner? *Chance Dressing* says, "Could be." Yves Saint Laurent works his usual magic with a fabric that looks and feels like wool gabardine (and with no fiber label, only the restaurant's dry cleaner knows for sure). Says the maître d', brandishing the jacket di giorno in this pasta-pluperfect setting, "We tried to find one that would match." Match, set, point!





THE FOUR SEASONS:

Accessories, Thy Name is Bic

Whatever the season, the savvy Chance Dresser knows that the unexpected bonus accessory can make the difference between the well-turned-out and the, well, turned away. Here, heads swivel toward yet another blue study, this one in a 45-55 wool-poly blend by The Clothier. Sure, the padded shoulders and three sleeve-buttons might be enough accessorizing if you were dressing yourself, but the Chance Dresser loves discovering this too-busy-to-care touch: a pair of topless Bic ballpoints, point up, in place of the boring old three-point handkerchief, in the breast pocket. Sure, I'll dine, *the pens say*, but I may have to make some important notes too.

LA CÔTE BASQUE:

Hommage à David Byrne

Où sont les beiges d'antan? Ici, monsieur. A light beige plaid, as Gallic as a kir and just as refreshing. With shoulders and sleeves roomy enough to accommodate most steroid users, this—“exclusive tailored by Rizo's, New York City”—is one jacket that won't have to be unbuttoned as dinner proceeds. The coat-check girl shrugs and makes a face as she hands it over, paired with a taupe silk tie by Sulka. But who dresses to impress the coat-check girl? Touché!



ONE SIZE FITS TOUT LE MONDE.



THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM:

Looking Better Than a Commissar

Where waiters wear crimson tunics amid Christmas-tree lights, the Chance Dresser stands out by fitting in. And fitting is the key word for this return to navy tradition—the imported blazer by Down with Louise. Louise doesn't indicate what fabrics she favors, but the hand-feel whispers “wool-poly blend.” A look like this doesn't take nyet for an answer.

Today, 21 million
American smokers will
go out to eat.
That's a market you can
sink your teeth into!



America's smokers love to go to restaurants. They do so with great frequency. Their tastes in food span the globe— American, Italian, Chinese, French, Japanese and Mexican cuisines. America's smokers feed this country's food service industry.

**The American Smoker—
an economic force.**

PHILIP MORRIS
MAGAZINE

Presented by Philip Morris Magazine in the interest of America's 55.8 million smokers.

Source: The Roper Organization.



THE ROSE ROOM AT THE ALGONQUIN HOTEL:

If This Jacket Could Speak . . .

Obviously a Chance Dressing Mecca: every one of the spare jackets is out and the room is empty, but rules are rules. "We don't want to lose you," our ingratiating host confides, "so we'll check the laundry." Moments later

—"where there's a will there's a way"—a faded blue bus-boy's jacket materializes. New meets retro, as sleeves come pre-rolled, buttons are for elevators, and unconstructed is the shape in this short cotton jacket. It's a look

as at home in the kitchen as in the great Rose Room or, if you dare, beyond. As the ghosts of The Round Table hover amusingly nearby, we ask, What is a jacket? The Chance Dresser, unlined but unbowed, quips back, What isn't?

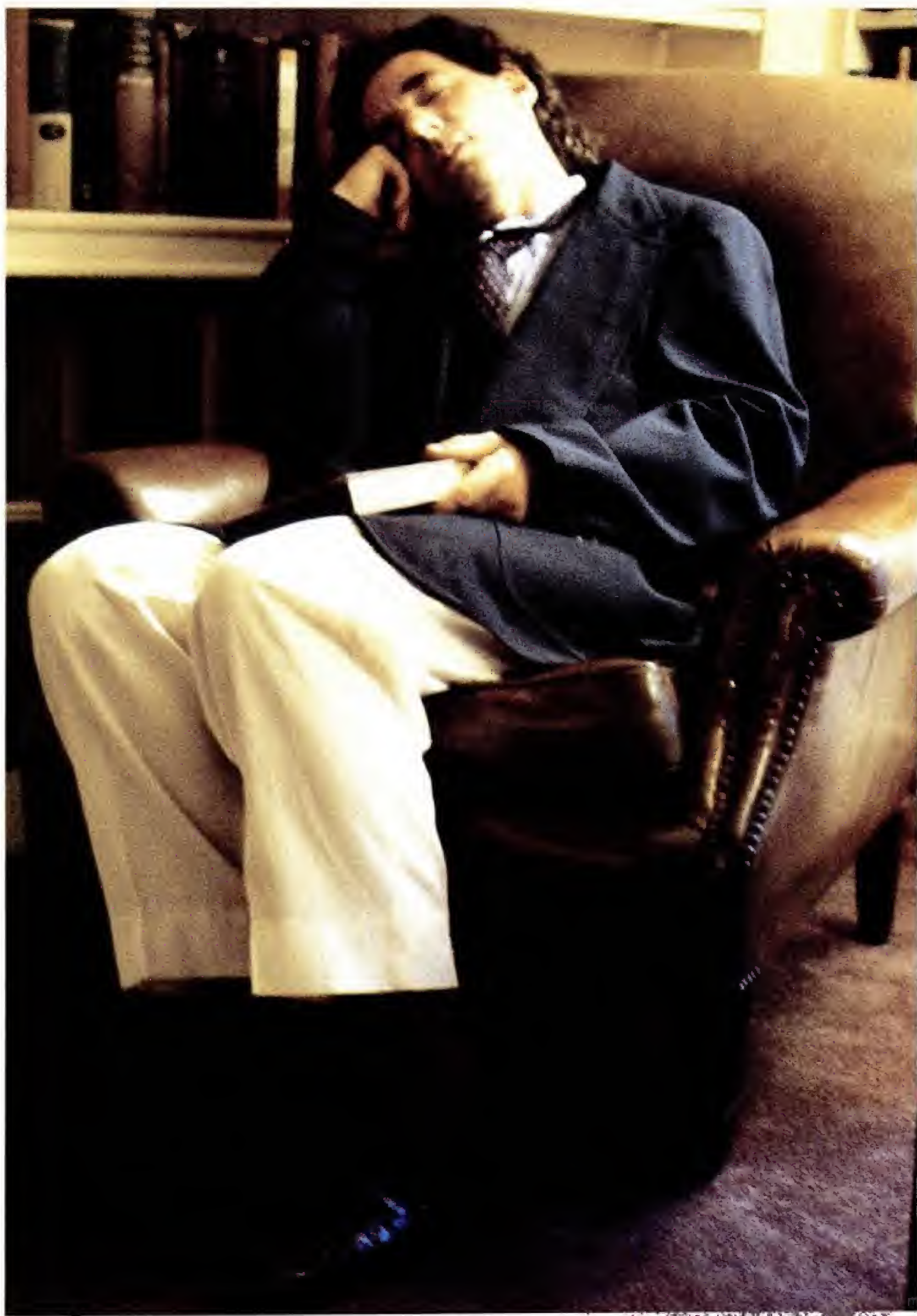
TOP IVY BRASS— DOWN TO THERE!



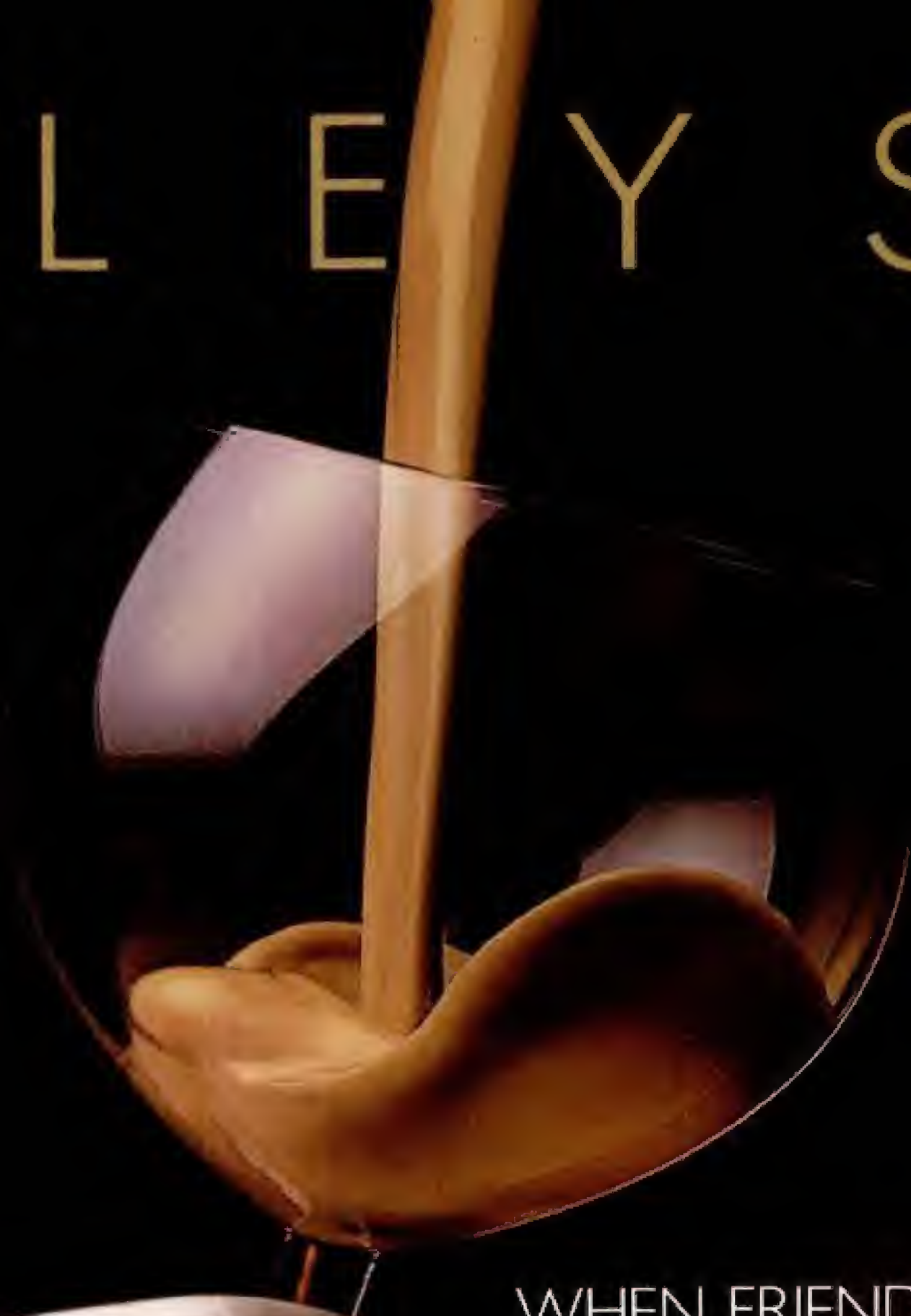
THE YALE CLUB:

Authority. Thy Name is Eli

The coat-check officer giggles as he proffers a classic blue blazer—and it's a giggle of envy. Who wouldn't want to check something out of the library with this Ivy man? The brass-buttoned jacket, by verrrry preppy Career Fashion Coordinates by Angelica, goes to new lengths—mid-thigh by our reckoning—and the sleeves do likewise. Alterations? They're for Harvard guys. The red-and-blue dotted tie in 100 percent wool by Brooks Brothers. For a peruse or a snooze, correctness is always correct. D



BAILEYS



WHEN FRIENDS
DROP IN.



To send a gift of Baileys anywhere in the U.S., call 1-800-238-4373 or 1-800-243-3787. Void where prohibited. Baileys® Original Irish Cream® Liqueur. Imported by The Paddington Corp., Fort Lee, N.J. 17% alc. by vol. © 1988

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THE SPY

NEW YORK

BROOKLYN BRIDGE,
Park Row at
Frankfort Street.

million, about twice as much as the cost of purchasing Alaska several years earlier. Some choice expenditures: 3 chairs and 40 tables, \$179,792; plastering (budgeted at \$20,000), nearly \$3 million; and "Brooms, etc.," \$41,190.95. The courthouse was the location of the celebration of the inauguration of Mayor Koch's third term, the one in which he would be revealed as the steward of the

BY JOHN TAURANAC
Research Assistance by Eddie Stern

Next May, New Yorkers will mark the 200th anniversary of the founding of the Tammany Society, an event that, in these times, would seem to warrant recognition at least as much as the unveiling of the Brooklyn Bridge or the Statue of Liberty. Tammany began as a social club whose members dressed up like Indians and got drunk, but the Tammanyites soon found themselves pursuing the more sober endeavors of organizing the Democratic Party, getting its members elected to high public office and looting the city treasury. Tammany produced no shortage of rogues—Boss Tweed, Mayor Jimmy Walker, Mayor William O'Dwyer and the last Manhattan clubhouse party chairman, Carmine De Sapio, whose defeat in a race for a party post by a chicken-necked young lawyer named Ed Koch meant the end of the Manhattan machine. But though Tammany died in the sixties, New York's Spirit of Corruption has lived on, in the persons of Donald Manes and Stanley Friedman and (allegedly) Bess Myerson and so many other close friends and associates of a fleshy-necked Mayor Ed Koch. To celebrate Tammany's birthday, SPY offers a tribute to malfeasance, misfeasance, nonfeasance and simple greed. . . .

Ancient Era

FIRST TAMMANY HALL (1811-1868), Nassau and Frankfort Streets (demolished).

SECOND TAMMANY HALL (1868-1928), 143 East 14th Street (demolished).

As a young and obedient alderman, Tweed earned thousands in graft by supporting new ferry lines linking Brooklyn and Manhattan. Imagine the enthusiasm with which the mature and more powerful Tweed greeted the Great Bridge. In 1868 Tweed arranged that a \$55,000 to \$65,000 bribe be paid to him in exchange for the

Board of Aldermen's vote committing the city to buy \$1.5 million in Bridge Company stock. Later Tweed joined the executive committee of the Bridge Company, a group that made all appointments and deals, determined its own salaries and audited its own books.

TWEED COURTHOUSE, 52 Chambers Street. The construction estimate was \$250,000; in 1871, when Tweed's associates and contractors finished, the cost had reached \$13

most corrupt administration since the courthouse was built.

HOME OF WILLIAM MARCY TWEED, 647 Madison Avenue. Tweed was a big guy—five foot eleven, 300 pounds—with an abnormally large head, hands, neck, shoulders and stomach. He was described as "buoyant" and "booming" and devoted to his eight children and his two mistresses. (Donald Manes, it should be noted, also had a weight problem, was jovial and was liked by his family,

friends and conjugal partners.) It is estimated that Tweed and his associates stole between \$75 million and \$200 million, of which Tweed probably pocketed \$30 million himself.

Early Modern Era
THIRD TAMMANY HALL, 100 East 17th Street.

HOME OF JIMMY WALKER, Park Avenue and 65th Street. Faced with damning testimony about huge amounts of money in his personal account, the jaunty mayor left here to

meet the Hofstadter Committee in May 1932, telling the press, "There are three things a man must do alone—be born, die and testify." When he finished, Governor Al Smith told him, "Jim, you're through. You must resign." Walker did so and left town.

HOME OF JUDGE JOSEPH CRATER, 40 Fifth Avenue. Crater and his wife lived in a two-bedroom apartment, kept servants and seldom missed first nights at the theater. He supported his habits on the \$22,500 he was paid for dispensing justice. On August 6, 1930, during a major corruption investigation, Judge Crater collected some papers from his home, had dinner in a Times Square restaurant and disappeared forever.



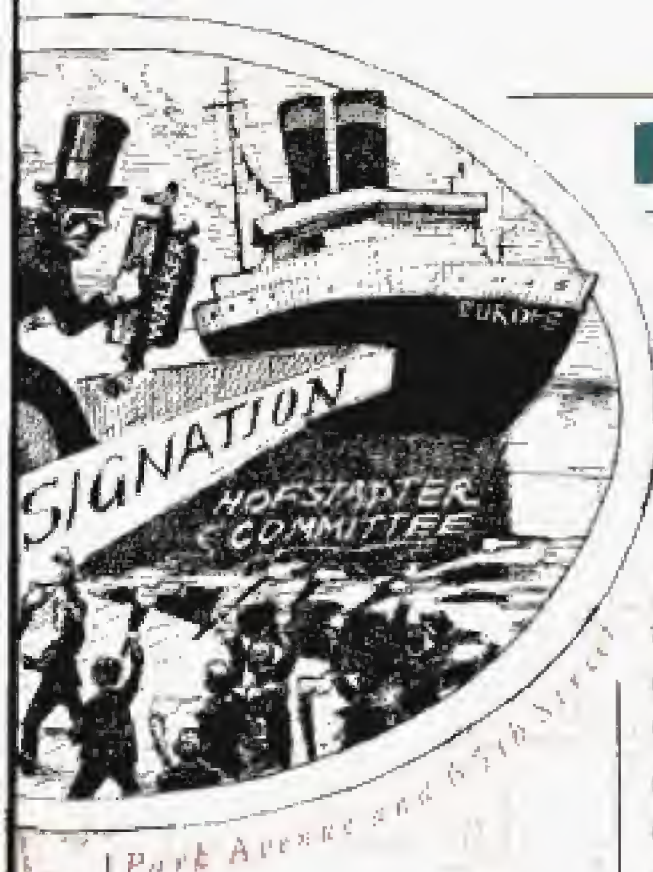
39 East 68th Street



40 Fifth Avenue

MAP OF

CORRUPTION



GRACIE MANSION. in Carl Schurz Park at 88th Street. The official mayoral residence was the place where, in 1949, the head of a firefighters' local gave Mayor William O'Dwyer \$10,000 in cash for "goodwill."

OFFICES OF LAWYER HERBERT ITKIN, 300 Madison Avenue. Itkin, a pal of Mayor John Lindsay's water commissioner, here accepted a \$10,000 down payment on a \$40,000 bribe to fix city contracts.

Modern Era CITY HALL. Where, on June 28, 1984, Mayor Koch's representative joined the other members of the Board of Estimate in casu-

ally approving a rather ordinary-looking contract to Citisource Inc. for \$22.7 million worth of hand-held computers to be used by meter maids and meter men.

FORMER OFFICES OF ATTORNEYS SAXE, BACON, BOLAN AND MANLEY, 39 East 68th Street. It was here that, in April 1982, Stanley Friedman, ex-deputy mayor, reigning Bronx Democratic chief and law partner of Roy Cohn, arranged for one of the owners of Citisource to meet with top brass of the Department of Transportation. Friedman, Manes and Geoffrey Lindenauer, the deputy director of the Parking Violations Bureau and Manes's close friend and bagman, got Citisource a contract through rigged bidding; each of them, in turn, received 57,500 shares of Citisource stock, worth \$287,500.

Lindenauer outside the offices of Lindenauer's pal, the psychiatrist. Driving north on Park Avenue, Manes gave Lindenauer \$58,000 in cash to flee the country. Lindenauer said he would. He didn't.

avored by Anthony Ameruso, Koch's former transportation commissioner and now a convicted perjurer, for allegedly associating with mobsters and receiving bribes from contractors wishing to do busi-

worth only \$3 million and that Capasso would thus have to pay his ex-wife \$1.5 million for her share. Nancy appealed, and the value was adjusted to \$6 million.

FORMER OFFICES OF FELON AND FORMER CONGRESSMAN MARIO BIAGGI, 2004 Williamsbridge Road, the Bronx.

FORMER WEDTECH HEADQUARTERS, 595 Gerard Avenue, the Bronx.

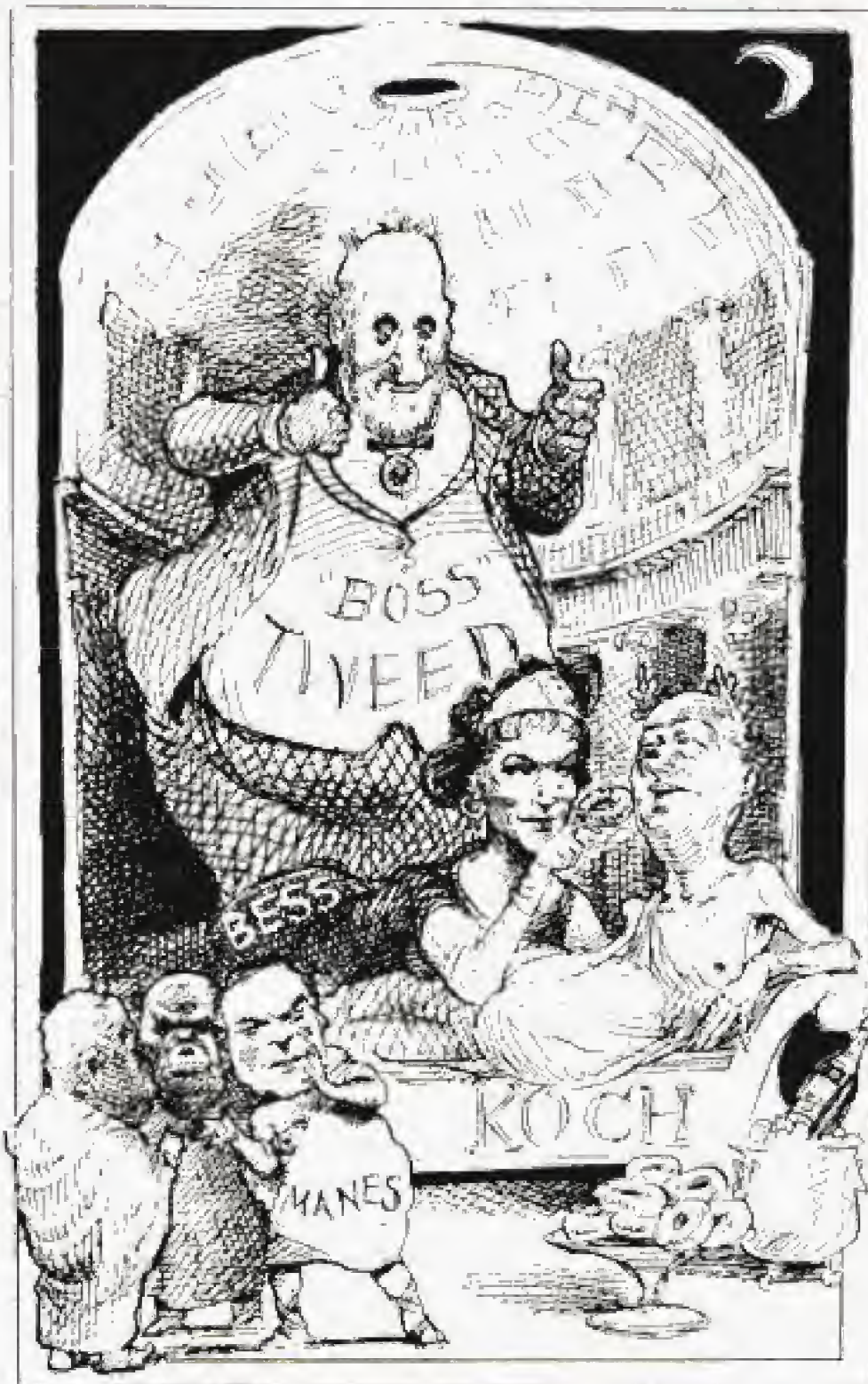
FORMER OFFICES OF FORMER BRONX BOROUGH PRESIDENT AND CURRENT FELON STANLEY SIMON, 851 Grand Concourse, the Bronx.

NORTHERN BOULEVARD, NEAR SHEA STADIUM. Where, on January 10, 1986, Donald Manes was found dazed and bleeding. He claimed he had been assaulted by strangers.

EUROPE. Where Jimmy Walker fled.

FORMER OFFICES OF MEADE ESPOSITO, 16 Court Street, Brooklyn. Where Esposito performed the wheelings and dealings that made him the former executive committee chairman of the King's County Democratic Party and at present a convicted felon.

MEXICO. Just when investigations into police corruption that would implicate Mayor William O'Dwyer grew intense, President Truman named him ambassador to Mexico. Later, after the Kefauver Committee tied O'Dwyer to organized crime, he resigned the ambassadorship but remained in Mexico City throughout the fifties. **D**



52 Chambers Street

COSTELLO'S RESTAURANT, 225 East 44th Street. On January 17, 1986, Michael Dowd, an executive with the collection company Computrace who sensed that Manes's schemes were about to unravel, told the *Daily News* how he paid Lindenauer \$36,000 over 18 months.

PONTE'S RESTAURANT, 39 Desbrosses Street. According to the city's Department of Investigation, Ponte's was the restaurant

ness with the Department of Transportation.

CAPASSO, 990 Fifth Avenue. In 1985, Judge Andrew Tyler, guided by a pretrial decision by Judge Hortense Gabel—who was in turn allegedly guided by the generosity of Capasso's girlfriend, Bess Myerson, in giving her daughter, Sukhreet, a job in the office of the Cultural Affairs commissioner—ruled that the Capassos' luxury co-op was

HISAE'S RESTAURANT, 34 Cooper Square. A New Jerseyish gourmet-sprouts-and-brown-rice restaurant and one of Lindenauer's favorite places of business, where a federal agent taped him acting as bagman.

OFFICES OF DR. JEROME DRIESEN, 147 East 82nd Street. On New Year's Eve 1985, Manes met





Almost 20 years ago, Bob Greene, barely out of college, was mentioned in the same breath

with the best newspaper columnists in

America. But while Jimmy Breslin, Murray

Kempton and Mike Royko have gone on to

collect Pulitzers, Greene, the Voice of His

Generation, has gone on to become a

mawkish, cliché-reliant gimmickster who

sweats out tens of thousands of words a year,

very few of which show a glimmer of his early

promise. After a long, hard look at his oeuvre

(the predictable, meandering columns, the

clumsy, Bob-o-centric best-sellers)

and his life, MAGDA KRANCE explains why



YOU **WOULDN'T** WANT TO BE

BOB GREENE



He writes so much and says so little—and writes it over and over.

His subjects trundle past like mopey, defanged animals in a circus parade that you've seen again and again. Elvis. Hotels. Conventions. High school. Airports. Famous has-beens. Small-time dreamers. Kennedy. Nixon. Himself. *Especially* himself. He just flops his fingers onto the keyboard and writes about anything—anything, that is, if anything's available; if not, nothing will do. He's been doing it for 20 years. He can do it without leaving the office. It makes

him a lot of money and he's not about to stop.

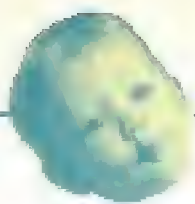
Welcome to Bob Greene's world.

It's a sensitive, give-a-damn world. It's a wordy world, where no memory is too mundane and no personal experience too unenlightening to serve as grist for either his nationally syndicated, four-times-a-week column in the *Chicago Tribune* or for his American Beat column—created especially for him—in every issue of the once-respected *Esquire*. All told, that's a minimum of 171,600 words a year, the equal of about half of *The Brothers Karamazov*, spewed out with the same numbing regu-

larity with which McDonald's serves its gray, preformed patties (and not—as Greene would no doubt digress—the way *diners* used to, *sigh* . . . hey, that's 14 words right there!—and wait, make that *old-fashioned, no-bull diner*!).

In prose that serves as a model for youngsters just learning to write—plodding subject/verb/object sentences—Bob Greene regularly transforms the commonplace into the ordinary and reduces the genuinely complex to the apparently simple. He is the master of the tug at cheap emotion, the king of cloaking a banal observation in fake profundity—the kinds of

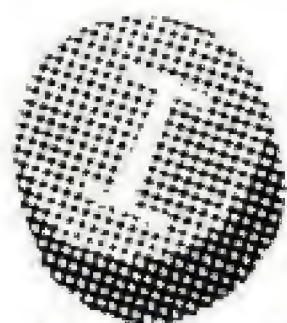




insights to which many average readers can instantly, you know, *relate*. And if the observation is really banal and the emotion truly cheap, Bob Greene may very well pad them out until they become books—*Good Morning, Merry Sunshine*, for instance, a shallow and weirdly detached diary of his reactions to his daughter's first year of life. In Bob Greene's world, even his own progeny can serve as the journalistic equivalent of Tuna Helper.

Never mind that he wears a wig and, having abandoned driving, is often seen rolling around Chicago in a limousine; Greene, 41, is the self-appointed voice of his generation, the man—one of the men, anyway—who is credited with coining the obnoxious and not terribly clever term *yuppie*. When Bob Greene takes a fancy to something, as he did not long ago in a ground-breaking series of columns on Canfield's diet Chocolate Fudge soda, he does so not for himself *but for his entire generation*—the generation that was forged in the flames of Dallas, Vietnam, Watergate and too much of exactly the sort of shallow self-mythologizing at which Bob Greene excels. And when unbounded curiosity recently compelled him to haul his pudgeball frame out of his well-worn office chair and fly to Tokyo to write about receiving faxes at his hotel, he was acting as the antisocial, insight-concocting eyeball for us all.

His résumé is the envy of many writers with real talent. About 150 newspapers, including the New York *Daily News*, pick up his 750-word *Tribune* column. His monthly, somewhat more carefully crafted 1,800-word American Beat column is featured prominently in *Esquire*. Altogether, he's published nine books in 17 years, only the two most recent of them actually unreadable and both best-sellers. For seven years, despite his squeaky-door Ohio accent and untelegenic looks, he's been a contributing correspondent to ABC's *Nightline*, doing more than 30 pieces a year (none memorable, none lately). *Late Night With David Letterman* has had him as a guest 13 times.



In fact, Greene has long been manifesting his own malformed version of Letterman-esque wit. In 1979, for instance, he posed for a pinup poster wearing a too-small cowboy hat, a western shirt open to

his navel (exposing a chest covered with a mat of apparently real hair), a gold chain with pendant and a plaintive, come-hither look. Later, he sponsored a ladies' bowling team called The Greenettes and a contest to determine the first lucky guest in a hotel suite named for him at the former Continental Plaza Hotel, now a Westin. He once ran a mail-in pageant to crown a Miss Greene's World. He's also coined his own self-dramatizing sobriquet—Johnny Deadline—and even had his own theme song, "The Ballad of Bobby Greene," written by a trio of Chicago jingle writers.

Shame clearly has no place in Bob Greene's world. The unfortunate truth is that Greene, like fellow journalists Andy Rooney and Geraldo Rivera, has become a lucrative commodity, earning an estimated \$750,000 a year, at the price of becoming



a buffoon. Once Bob Greene was the Boy Wonder of the Newspaper World, touted as having the potential to be the greatest Chicago newspaperman of all time. Today there are still occasional spasms of ability, but you look at the bulk of his output and you wonder: *can't Bob Greene read?*

Well . . . as he himself said in a 1977 interview, "I never read anything. . . . I've never read a word of Hemingway, I've never read any F. Scott Fitzgerald. I certainly never read any fuckin' Shakespeare. All I ever read in my life was newspapers." And it shows: Bob Greene's world is increasingly hermetic. In the same way that George Lucas started out making movies about old movies and ended up making movies about old George Lucas movies; in the same way that Ronald Reagan trades very successfully on a caricature of his own persona, which was a caricature to begin with; so Bob Greene, an excruciatingly self-conscious journalist from the start, cannibalizes himself again and again and again. It's not pretty.

But it *is* morbidly fascinating. We talked to Bob Greene. We talked to doz-

ens of Bob Greene's acquaintances and colleagues (make that *hard-writin', hard-drinkin', newspaperin' colleagues*). We read Bob Greene. And this is what we found:



Bob Greene grew up in Bexley, Ohio, where his father ran a baby-shoe-bronzing emporium. Watching Dad dip little booties in industrial chemicals and then sell them at extraordinary profit must have taught the future nostalgist a thing or two about packaging and eased any innate qualms the youngster may have had about exploiting human sentiment. From the start Bob Greene wanted to be a reporter. By age 12, he was compiling statistics for a TV station in nearby Columbus and interviewing Ohio State athletes for his junior high school paper. At Bexley High, the briefly lean Greene (nicknamed String, as in bean) lettered in tennis and belonged to a fraternity. He worked on the high school newspaper and yearbook, and was a summer copyboy at the *Columbus Citizen-Journal*.

Then came November 22, 1963—the day that shaped a generation and a budding mawkish writer. As news of the Kennedy assassination spread through the school, Greene left class and somehow overcame his grief in time to pound out a story about his schoolmates' reaction, rushing it over to the *Citizen-Journal*. "The class sits in stunned silence," began the column, showing an early technical mastery of the portentous lead (for a complete catalog of Bob Greene's favorite column-inflating tricks, see "Johnny Deadline's Deadline-Buster's Handbook," page 121). It was turned down, but for years Greene made a daily fetish of typing that same line to test his keyboard, memorializing Camelot's end in the utterly self-absorbed way that would later become his trademark. However, he did succeed a year later in selling the paper an article on the assassination's aftermath among teenagers, and in the process discovered one of the fundamental gimmicks of the daily journalism game: the anniversary story. This one began, "It has been a year now, and being young, we tend to forget." Thus was the voice of a generation born—one who would, more than 20 years later, penetratingly write, "Sometimes when I think about the sixties and the heroes I grew up with, it seems no one is left."

"This kind of work turns you into a zombie," Bob Greene uttered prophetically, in the introduction to a 1976 collection of his newspaper columns. Back then, he was still capable of actually leaving the office to search out stories, performing legwork that often resulted in columns that had a flesh-and-blood smell to them.

No longer. Greene, apparently convinced that life lost all meaning around the time Elvis Presley died, stopped seeing the world as an active, dynamic place and started to view reality as nothing but a vast repository of the lint from his own life. His job now is to retrieve an item from the collection, preferably over the phone, then publicly grieve over it.

Everything is fair game. Greene doesn't seem to care what he writes about. Beatles posters. Velveeta. Old girlfriends. A shoe. Most anything sends him careening through his private corridors of nostalgia.

And on those days when nothing comes trippingly to mind? Well, while most reporters would rather die (or go to work at *The Wall Street Journal*) before sinking to that lowest form of hack journalism, the rewritten press release, on those days when the workaholic Johnny Deadline has a jones for material, Greene thrusts his pudgy hand out to corporate America for a fix. "I was surprised at how fast he called," says one public-relations flack, whose mass-mailed press release, shunned even by trade publications, was snatched up almost instantly by Greene. Not that Greene prints press releases verbatim. No way. Not Bob. Although the resulting columns are similar enough to the original releases to make Greene a favorite of publicity apparatchiks all over the country, he makes sure that a good number of the words in the rewrite are his and his alone. If, for instance, Mobil Chemical announces, "New Hefty trash bags come in a 35-gallon jumbo size," Greene will marshal his intellectual energies and write, "How unusual and uniquely American that new Hefty trash bags, made by Mobil Chemical,

come in a 35-gallon jumbo size."

As a service to readers who might have trouble differentiating between the prose of Johnny Deadline and that of anonymous corporate mouthpieces, SPY presents the genesis of four Greene columns, selected almost at random:

1. COMPANY PITCHING GREENE

Amusement and Music Operators Association

WHAT GREENE SAW

A press release headlined THE AMERICAN JUKEBOX—UNDER THREAT, dated October 1983

KEY MESSAGE IN THE PRESS RELEASE

"During the last four years, the jukebox industry has come upon troubled times. . . . Soon the jukebox may sit silent."

RESULTING GREENE COLUMN

NO MORE JUKEBOX? WHAT A SAD NOTE, dated January 31, 1984

KEY MESSAGE IN GREENE COLUMN

"Most Americans don't realize how hard times have become in the jukebox business. . . . The American jukebox has become an endangered species."

PORTION OF COLUMN DERIVED FROM PR APPARATCHIKS
45 percent

2. COMPANY PITCHING GREENE

Radio Relay Corp., a firm which

distributes Stay In Touch beepers

WHAT GREENE SAW

An advertisement headlined THIS BEEPER WILL ABSOLUTELY DAZZLE HER that appeared in his paper, the *Chicago Tribune*, February 3, 1987

KEY MESSAGE IN THE ADVERTISEMENT

"This Valentine's Day, give her a gift that's as attractive as it is useful: our new, jeweled fashion beeper. . . . You can buy her this versatile, lightweight, tone-alert beeper for \$45. . . . Stay In Touch."

RESULTING GREENE COLUMN

YOUR RHINESTONES ARE CALLING, MA'AM, dated February 9, 1987

KEY MESSAGE IN GREENE COLUMN

"The company that is selling the jeweled beepers is called Stay In Touch. The beepers sell for \$45. . . . The jeweled beepers are being test-marketed in several cities as Valentine's Day gifts."

PORTION OF COLUMN DERIVED FROM PR SOURCES
94 percent

3. COMPANY PITCHING GREENE

Mattel Toys

WHAT GREENE SAW

A free Barbie doll and a press release dated February 1988

KEY MESSAGE IN THE PRESS RELEASE

"The Beach Boys . . . have wished 'they all could be California girls' for many years, and Barbie Doll

[sic] has now made the trip to the Pacific Ocean as California Dream Barbie! California Dream Barbie Doll comes with a special Beach Boy record—'Living Doll'—written and recorded just for her."

RESULTING GREENE COLUMN

THE BEACH BOYS ARE ALL DOLLED UP, dated February 29, 1988

KEY MESSAGE IN GREENE COLUMN

"There's a new Barbie Doll on the nation's toy-store shelves. As you may or may not know, Barbie Dolls come in almost countless permutations. . . . This new Barbie is called 'California Dream Barbie.' That's not the point, though. The point is that—on the front of the box holding the California Dream Barbie—is a blurb saying that, included with Barbie Doll, is a Beach Boys record. Not only that—it's a Beach Boys record devoted to Barbie."

PORTION OF COLUMN DERIVED FROM PR APPARATCHIKS
46 percent

4. COMPANY PITCHING GREENE

Zenith Electronics Corporation

WHAT GREENE SAW

A press package entitled ZENITH'S MOST SOPHISTICATED VCR EVER!, dated February 1988

KEY MESSAGE IN THE PRESS RELEASE

"Imagine a VCR that can freeze up to 16 pictures from 16 different stations on your TV screen all at the same time. . . . This function gives you a brief look at what's on each channel."

RESULTING GREENE COLUMN

HERE'S MEGADOSE FOR THE TV JUNKIE, dated March 2, 1988

KEY MESSAGE IN GREENE COLUMN

"A number of electronics companies are beginning to market VCRs that enable the home viewer to—get this—see 16 different channels on the screen at the same time. That's not a misprint. One screen—16 programs . . . the main function of this new device is to work as a kind of video TV Guide."

PORTION OF COLUMN DERIVED FROM PR APPARATCHIKS
45 percent

—NEIL STEINBERG





Greene wasn't much of a student, but he managed to get into Northwestern University's journalism school. His work showed considerable promise, and in 1969 the *Chicago Sun-Times* became the first paper to recognize his considerable commercial potential. Bionic Ken-doll editor James Hoge hired him right out of college, and Greene quickly insinuated his way into covering the Chicago Seven conspiracy trial, a significant national story and perhaps the hottest in Chicago since Leopold and Loeb murdered young Bobby Franks. It made Greene's reputation. He produced memorable profiles of Abbie and Judge Julius Hoffman, and followed coyly with another on Dustin. A story he wrote for the paper's Sunday magazine on two members of the Chicago Seven lecturing in Madison, Wisconsin, won a national competition for best Sunday magazine story of the year in 1970. A group of essays were collected into his first book (with an imitation-Tom Wolfe title that, even given the era, seems impossibly strained): *We Didn't Have None of Them Fat Funky Angels on the Wall of Heartbreak Hotel, and Other Reports from America*. In the foreword, Ray Brennan, a respected if not legendary reporter in the *Front Page* mode, effused, "Bob Greene is one of the best things to happen to the Chicago newspaper business during the forty years I have been in it."

Hoping to attract younger readers, and worried, perhaps, that Greene might actually develop into a respectable newspaperman instead of a diverting, newspaper-selling institution, Hoge anointed him a columnist at the professionally precocious age of 23. It was awfully heady stuff for a young man unseasoned by much experience working cityside—unburdened, in fact, by much experience of any sort—to have a column of his very own in the liveliest of the city's four (at the time) daily newspapers. Soon Greene was puffing and posturing like the streetwise veteran he would never have the chance to become, mimicking his writing hero and self-promotional model, Jimmy Breslin. He adopted a journalist's uniform (which he has yet to abandon) right off the backs of the boys on the bus: unflattering jeans or cords, blue oxford shirt, loosened rep tie, penny loafers and an optional blue blazer. Then Greene started posturing in ways no street-smart columnist would be caught

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THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF HAIR, PART I



Columnist Bob Greene in 1971 (extremely rare photo)



and Other Precious Metals. When I visited the PCGG offices, they were



the one reading NOUVEAU RICHE IS BETTER TH



and the latest model, 1985



atures of con-

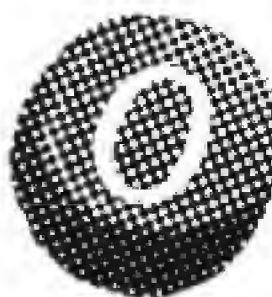
dead doing. It was at this time he began calling himself Johnny Deadline and persuaded those jingle writers to pen him a theme song:

*He rode out of Ohio with a pencil in
his hand,
Now he's ridin' through Chicago, tellin'
folks across the land,
He's chasin' down the truth 'cause he's
got nothin' left to lose,
Bobby Greene's out ridin', ridin' for
the news.
Bobby Greene! Bobby Greene!
With his sidekick Johnny Deadline by
his side.
When there's a story that needs writin',
Bobby Greene is out there fightin',
Ride, Bobby Greene, Bobby ride. [etc.]*

But eventually Johnny Deadline realized that tough guys were a dime a dozen, and Chicago already had the vastly tougher, vastly superior Mike Royko over at the *Chicago Daily News*. Greene discovered that by cultivating the voice of a sensitive Baby Boomer regular guy, he could write about whatever he felt like. He penned a column offering to give away scraps of his blue jeans, and people really wrote in for them. He invited female readers to send in pictures of themselves, and they did. He went on tour with Alice Cooper, serving as a backup singer, and wrote a pointless, detail-choked book about the experience. It began to seem as if he saw writing as a game—a cute game, like Uncle Wiggily—and the attitude began to carry over into his private life. When he turned 30, he told people he was 20-10 (a year later, 20-11). To disguise his encroaching baldness, he began to sport badly styled rugs, purportedly cut at slightly different lengths to make it seem as if his hair really grew. (Early long-haired versions have since yielded to a curlier model known to some Greene-watchers as the Helmet. "It's not one of ours," insists a

prominent Chicago wig maker, "but I'd love the opportunity to work with him.") In 1977 Ron Powers, a Pulitzer prize winner now with *GQ* and then with the *Chicago Sun-Times*, called Greene "the world's oldest teenager—Holden Caulfield with a hangover." Still, Greene continued to produce some worthwhile journalism on Watergate, and even pieces of a nostalgic bent that were heartfelt, and not yet cheap and hackneyed, to the extent that Powers could also say that Greene might "someday be the greatest newspaperman Chicago has ever produced." Unfortunately, "someday" came and went.

"The emperor hasn't had any clothes on in a long time," says one writer at the *Tribune*, where non-Pulitzer prize-winning Greene finally moved in 1978 to avoid competing with the Pulitzer prize-winning Royko, who had come over to the *Sun-Times*. "A lot of us feel that way," the writer continues, "but none of us can say anything. The editor loves him, or pretends to. Greene's a cash cow." Not unrelatedly, many observers cite the move to the *Tribune* as the moment when the balance on Greene's column inexorably tilted from the often serious to the solipsistic and sophomoric.



ver the years, Greene has been dogged by allegations that he has fudged facts and "enhanced" quotes and reportage. In 1975 Greene was asked by *Oui* magazine to write an article on "Weekend Warriors," young women of average backgrounds who fly to Las Vegas on weekends to work as prostitutes. Greene and one of his editors decided that *Oui* should provide the warriors. As it turned out, a former editor at the magazine, a young woman who would come to be called Karen, had a friend, Ellen, who volunteered for the assignment. Karen was

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sent along as a chaperone. The three spent a long weekend in Las Vegas, and while Karen and Ellen turned tricks (only a few, though Greene reported a nonstop stream of johns), Greene was busy writing for the *Sun-Times* on *Oui*'s time. He tried to impress the girls, though with a certain lack of success—he offered to take his companions to see Elvis and got angry when they told him they'd seen the King the night before. Eventually, he interviewed the women and, along the way, made silly gestures with Ellen, no doubt to ensure some modicum of reportorial accuracy and integrity.

One of his first columns at the *Tribune* was called A STREETWALKER AT 13: FEAR WAS HER ESCORT. The column started off with a classic Greene tug at the heart: "My name is Lindy," she said. "I'm 13 years old" (just like the girl Bob had a high school crush on, coincidentally enough). He went on to describe a phone call from a troubled girl who said she and a friend

were prostitutes, were scared and wanted out. He described a subsequent call from the girl's mother, who said "Lindy" had been killed in California with her girlfriend. And he quoted the letter the mother said arrived after her daughter's death. Two days later Greene had to retract the whole column.

Some ex-colleagues at the *Sun-Times* had found the story suspiciously tidy and had called sheriff's offices across California to see if there had been any recently murdered teenage girls shipped from there to suburban Chicago. There hadn't been. Inexplicably, Johnny Deadline had waited until the day after his deadline to verify the facts. Over at the *Sun-Times*, Hoge was reluctant to expose his former protégé, and the *Tribune* spared him the discomfort by allowing the new star columnist to do it himself and in the process turn it into another self-aggrandizing column: BOB GREENE TELLS HOW HE FELL FOR HOAX. He claimed that the two calls—one from Lindy, the other from her mom—were

both placed by a disturbed teenage girl. Essentially, he pleaded guilty to a single count of gullibility, while claiming innocence on the fabrication rap. (Hired by *Esquire* two years later, Greene was described as "extraordinarily meticulous" when writing for the magazine; according to his former editor, Rob Fleder, "Greene used to check the fact checkers.")

Some cynics in the Chicago newspaper business also believe that Greene occasionally writes less from genuine feeling than from a cold calculation of what the market for mediocrity will bear. "Bob has an immensely adroit commercial sense," understates Jim Warren, a *Tribune* reporter and one of the columnist's few friends at the paper. "He knows exactly what will sell."

In 1972 Greene was widely praised for his column about the massacre of Israeli Olympians in Munich. IT TOOK THIS NIGHT TO MAKE US KNOW was a striking, powerful piece of work in which Greene came to terms for the first time

JOHNNY DEADLINE'S DEADLINE-BUSTER'S HANDBOOK: BOB'S NINE EVERGREEN THEMES

When we say that Bob Greene writes about the same subjects again and again, we aren't engaging in some playful hyperbole mischievously designed to tweak one of the great journalists of our era. No. In fact, when we say that, we are reporting a dry, scientifically responsible conclusion,

1. BOB CONTEMPLATES OLD ROCK STARS

(18 COLUMNS, 15% OF OUTPUT)

Jan. 6—Bob learns that Chuck Berry admires Bob Hope; Jan. 10—Bob describes a woman's crush on a teen idol; Jan. 18—Bob urges NBC to rerun a movie about Elvis; Jan. 24—Bob finds Beatle album-cover posters ironic; Feb. 29—Bob is astounded that The Beach Boys wrote a song for the Barbie doll; April 26—Bob urges the three surviving Beatles never to play together; May 3—Bob explores rumors that Elvis is alive; May 8—Bob discovers a rabbi who likes rock music; May 23—Bob encourages people to request photos of Nixon and Elvis; June 5—Bob is gratified by the many requests for photos of Nixon and Elvis; June 8—Bob is asked to procure Little Richard for a birthday party; July 3—Bob discovers plans for a retirement home for rock stars; July 31—Bob now understands why Brian Wilson wrote the Barbie Song; Aug. 10—

one reached by conducting a close textual analysis of the 120 columns Bob wrote for the *Chicago Tribune* between January 1 and September 1, 1988. We found that 113 of the columns—94 percent—are about one of nine subjects: rock stars, common knowledge, little people, reprints of

Bob argues that John Lennon's life is inviolable; Aug. 14—Bob announces that he will miss the Republican convention to attend Elvis Week; Aug. 21—Bob describes Elvis Week; Aug. 22—Bob discusses amenities provided by his hotel during Elvis Week; Aug. 23—Bob urges Graceland to permit fans to be buried near Elvis.

2. BOB DISCOVERS COMMON KNOWLEDGE

(14 COLUMNS, 11.7% OF OUTPUT)

Jan. 11—Bob learns that Susan B. Anthony dollars are unpopular; Jan. 31—Bob realizes that people are more interested in surface drama than issues; Feb. 17—Bob discovers that the Spiegel catalog is risqué; Feb. 22—Bob tells Iowa and New Hampshire that presidential candidates only pretended to like them; Feb. 23—Bob learns that people volunteer to appear on *The Oprah Winfrey Show*; March 6—Bob discovers that some infertile couples intensely want children; March 15—

Bob gets glasses, discovers that lots of people need glasses; April 6—Bob discovers that colorful radio stations dot the country; April 11—Bob learns that old people are an important economic force; April 12—Bob discovers that people on time-share vacations do not make many friends; May 17—Bob learns that few teachers brought their students to an exhibit on Wordsworth; June 22—Bob is "sickened" by the Beech-Nut scandal; July 24—Bob realizes that fax machines are popular; Aug. 16—Bob calls the Illinois attorney general's office to find out that there's no law requiring couches in women's rest rooms.

3. BOB LIKES THE LITTLE PEOPLE

(19 COLUMNS, 15.8% OF OUTPUT)

Jan. 17—Bob on a guy who took out personal ad; Jan. 25—Bob on a woman offended by "Just for Boys" book club; Feb. 7—Bob on Timmy, who read 1,000 books last year; Feb. 9—Bob on a father who feels his son is given trophies too lightly;

other people's writing, the past, the future, his own self, charity and what Bob dislikes. All reflect his central theme, bluntly stated in a column from July 5, 1988: "The whole world is evolving, and, as it evolves, [it is] becoming increasingly unrecognizable."

Feb. 28—Bob on a guy who thinks the Super Bowl should be played in Green Bay; April 25—Bob on a woman in Alaska who tells how Chicago is like Barrow; May 4—Bob on a guy who thinks women drive recklessly; May 9—Bob phones a sportswriter praised by Jimmy Breslin; May 10—Bob phones a consultant who urges people to touch one another; June 6—Bob on a florist who misses working in sewers; June 7—Bob passes along the suggestion that homeless people be housed in prisons; June 12—Bob on four friends who get together once a year to watch baseball; June 13—Bob on college students who watch cartoons; June 15—Bob pities a hostage; June 27—Bob talks to a guy who thinks that people run red lights more often nowadays; July 17—Bob finds a man who has been to Tokyo's Disneyland 205 times; July 18—Bob finds a Japanese pilot who bombed Oregon during World War II; July 20—Bob on a man who memorized

with what it means to be Jewish and the object of centuries of hatred. Or pretended to. In an interview published in the *Chicago Reader* five years later, on the occasion of his 30th birthday, Greene charmingly referred to that piece as "the Jew column."

"There's not a week that goes by that I don't get a call or letter about that column," Greene said. "'We still have it taped to our refrigerator' . . . that type of shit, you know? . . . And I get all kinds of calls from Jewish organizations . . . askin' me to talk to them about being a Jew, which I won't do. . . . I say, 'My religion ain't Jewish, my religion is bein' a newspaperman.'"

"And when they say, 'Oh that was a beautiful column,' I say, 'That's right, it was a beautiful newspaper column. Period.' I wrote it in ten minutes, drunk. And I felt nothing. The only thing I felt was that this had better get good play because it's a hell of a newspaper column, and I'm going to get thousands of letters on it. It was just words on paper, that's

all. . . . I realized . . . that it would be such a knockout column that people'd be talkin' about it for years, if I did it right. And I ordered a couple of bloody marys and wrote the fucker in ten minutes."

Abem. Is this the way the author of *Good Morning, Merry Sunshine* always talks? In a brief phone conversation with SPY, Greene frankly allowed that he wasn't "cynical as much as just stupid" in the 1977 interview, that he was "striking a pose." He proceeded with variations on the theme in a monologue that lasted almost 15 minutes, saying, "I still believed you had to be street-tough as a columnist in Chicago. That just wasn't me, though obviously the quotes were all accurate, but the foul language—I don't talk that way. It was the last part of my life where I thought you had to play that role. I was embarrassed to talk about my real feelings about the Olympics column, so I acted tough."

Sounds chastened and reasonable enough. . . . But *embarrassed to talk about his feelings?* Not the Bob Greene we read.

Unfortunately, Greene was "on the way to the airport" and declined to talk about anything else, deeply felt or otherwise. (SPY's further requests to Greene for interviews were declined.)

If facts are sometimes fudgy and sentiment quite possibly canned, what is there left to rely on in Bob Greene's world? *Sheer naked verbiage.* In his twenties, at least he was eager to make an impression; now if he is eager, it is only to get those 171,600 words required for those 200 or so yearly *Tribune* columns and 12 American Beats onto the page and out the door. Around the *Tribune's* offices, colleagues mutter that Johnny Deadline, who used to travel maniacally, has become a lazybones, writing too many columns from press releases, magazine articles, a simple phone call or two. Even when he does travel, his pieces continue to strike cloistered notes: among the first-thing-that-comes-to-mind topics he's tackled on the road have been hotel rooms, airports, airplanes, fax machines and the life of a chauffeur. A recent column, writ-

pi to 40,000 digits; Aug. 30—Bob praises two airline employees.

4. BOB REPRINTS

OTHER PEOPLE'S WRITING

(13 COLUMNS, 10.8% OF OUTPUT)

March 1—Bob reprints survey results from the *National Enquirer*; March 8—Bob reprints a letter from another newspaper; May 1—Bob prints the outraged reaction to his interfering with a mother punishing her child; May 15—Bob reprints someone else's diary from 1964; May 24—Bob prints letters supporting the guy who says women drivers are reckless; May 25—Bob reprints part of a little girl's poem; May 29—Bob reprints portions of an Amish newspaper; May 31—Bob reprints entirety of a little girl's poem; June 14—Bob prints an old woman's tips on catching a man; Aug. 1—Bob reprints thoughts from *Working Woman* about serving coffee; Aug. 2—Bob reprints a letter from an old issue of *Time*; Aug. 24—Bob prints letters from readers; Aug. 29—Bob reprints a *USA Today* story about rock stars who golf.

5. BOB MISSES THE PAST

(14 COLUMNS, 11.7% OF OUTPUT)

Feb. 2—Bob preferred basketball when slam-dunks were legal; Feb. 10—Bob finds that a new

pseudofifties chain of diners are worse than the diners of memory; March 7—Bob sympathizes with a woman who visits a new, bustling library and misses her old, deserted library; March 13—Bob tries to track down a stripper he worshiped as a child; April 4—Bob misses ballplayer Ted Kluszewski; April 13—Bob applauds a school that requires girls to wear long skirts; April 19—Bob misses manual typewriters; April 24—Bob misses his former editor; May 16—Bob celebrates Velveeta; July 25—Bob visits a Japanese newspaper and finds it larger than the *Columbus Citizen-Journal*; Aug. 9—Bob prefers Coke in six-and-a-half-ounce bottles; Aug. 17—Bob suggests that NBC bring back Mitch Miller; Aug. 28—Bob visits with his brother's former kindergarten teacher; Aug. 31—Bob goes to the Chicago Hilton and thinks about the 1968 Democratic convention.

6. BOB FEARS THE FUTURE

(10 COLUMNS, 8.3% OF OUTPUT)

Jan. 3—Bob is troubled by a small-town newspaper running spicy wedding announcements; Jan. 4—Bob is troubled by a music-playing microchip; Jan. 5—Bob is troubled by a Japanese invention; Jan. 13—Bob is again troubled by a music-playing microchip; Jan. 19—

Bob is concerned that Sony is phasing out Beta, even though he owns VHS; Jan. 26—Bob is amazed that Harvard students take tests on their personal computers; March 2—Bob ponders a VCR that can display 16 channels at once; June 1—Bob worries over a TV show that would broadcast medical checkups; July 5—Bob is troubled by new wristwatches; July 27—Bob is shocked by in-flight exercises.

7. BOB ON HIMSELF

(13 COLUMNS, 10.8% OF OUTPUT)

Jan. 20—Bob on how tough it is to be a reporter; Jan. 27—Bob's women's bowling team, the Greenettes, donate their shirts to the National Bowling Hall of Fame and Museum; Feb. 15—Bob is irked when one of his columns runs under another writer's photo and byline; Feb. 16—Bob forces an airline to replace avant-garde music in a terminal with an old standard; April 5—Bob is interviewed by a high school girl; April 20—Bob regrets having listened to a radio on a plane; May 2—Bob tries to remember where he met Alexandra Ripley; May 11—Bob was invited to Eli's; The Place for Steak the night Eli died; May 18—Bob is glad his newspaper refused to print a controversial photograph; May 22—Bob, disguised in the third person, has

drinks with Larry Speakes; June 20—Bob recalls Gary Gilmore's execution; July 26—Bob humiliates himself at a symposium on Tokyo's future by praising the efficiency of his hotel's room service; Aug. 15—Bob tries to chat with security agents, but they tell him nothing.

8. BOB PLEADS FOR CHARITY

(8 COLUMNS, 6.7% OF OUTPUT)

Feb. 14—Bob pleads for a copy of a Zane Grey dog story to give to a dying man; Feb. 21—Bob's plea bears fruition; Feb. 24—Bob hand-delivers the story; March 9—Bob pleads for the return of stolen language tapes; June 21—Bob proposes to Nick Visione's girlfriend for him; June 26—Bob gets another column out of the proposal; June 28—Bob recalls his plea for the Zane Grey story; Aug. 8—Bob passes along woman's wish to be pictured on a postage stamp.

9. BOB'S PET DISLIKES

OTHER THAN THE
IRRETRIEVABLE PAST AND
DISCONCERTING FUTURE

(4 COLUMNS, 3.3% OF OUTPUT)

Jan. 12—Revolving restaurants; Feb. 1—The phrase *rock 'n' roll*; March 14—The word *tarmac*; June 29—Baseball players who sell their autographs.

—NEIL STEINBERG



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Photo: Harry Benson

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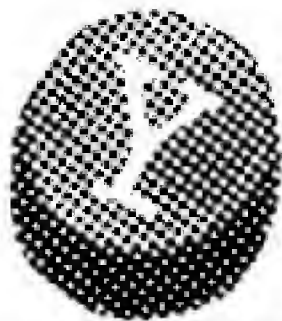
Partial Contents

John Jacob Astor IV	Ivan the Terrible
Attila the Hun	Jesse Woodson James
Sir Francis Bacon	Thomas Jefferson and John Adams
P.T. Barnum	Casey Jones
Busby Berkeley	Janis Joplin
Blackbeard the Pirate	Princess Grace (Kelly) of Monaco
Alfred S. Bloomingdale	Bruce Lee
Margaret Bourke-White	Vivien Leigh
Diamond Jim Brady	Carole Lombard
Lenny Bruce	Huey Long
Lord Byron	Jayne Mansfield
Caligula	Senator Joseph McCarthy
Al Capone	Glenn Miller
Catherine the Great	Sal Mineo
Claudius	Margaret Mitchell
Cleopatra	Marilyn Monroe
Montgomery Clift	Jim Morrison
Christopher Columbus	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Adelle Davis	Audie Murphy
James Dean	Ramon Novarro
John Dillinger	Thomas Paine
The Duke of Windsor	Charlie Parker
Isadora Duncan	Lieutenant General George S. Patton
Amelia Earhart	Bishop James Pike
King Edward II	Pontius Pilate
King Edward V	Jackson Pollock
“Mama” Cass Elliot	Cole Porter
William Faulkner	Francis Gary Powers
Archduke Franz Ferdinand	Elvis Presley
W.C. Fields	Sir Walter Raleigh
F. Scott Fitzgerald and Zelda	Paul Robeson
Jim Fixx	John D. Rockefeller III
Henry Morrison Flagler	Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller
Benjamin Franklin	Will Rogers
Sigmund Freud	Mark Rothko
Clark Gable	Babe Ruth
Judy Garland	Bugsy Siegel
King George V	Sitting Bull
George Gershwin	Bessie Smith
Euell Gibbons	Dylan Thomas
Hermann Goering	Leo Tolstoy
Ulysses S. Grant	Rudolph Valentino
D.W. Griffith	Sid Vicious
Dag Hammarskjöld	Raoul Wallenberg
Mata Hari	Karl Wallenda
Jean Harlow	George Washington
Ernest Hemingway	Oscar Wilde
Jimi Hendrix	Virginia Woolf
Wild Bill Hickok	
Jimmy Hoffa	
Billie Holiday	
Buddy Holly	

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ten at sea aboard the *QE 2*, was about eating in his room and watching television. Another favorite labor-saving device is spinning a new column off an old one: *Remember that column I wrote a few weeks back, the one about . . . ? Well, the response was overwhelming.* And, of course, he can always write about Bob Greene.



et for a man who compulsively reveals himself in his own writing, Greene can be oddly secretive about his private life; indeed, many acquaintances and co-workers scarcely knew he was married. That changed, of course, with the publication of *Good Morning, Merry Sunshine*. "All my professional life," Greene wrote in the foreword to a book most notable for revealing his self-centeredness and for leaving the impression that he conceived his daughter for the book contract, "I have specialized in writing stories that attempt to capture the humanity of the people and events I am covering. Slowly, it occurred to me that I might have the opportunity here to tell the most human story I had ever encountered—the story of a new life. . . . I decided to keep a journal of my [note: not "our"] child's first year."

Throughout the book's 307 pages many little things happen. We learn much about Greene family domesticity. We learn, for instance, that fixing dinner is not Bob Greene's job:

"I was hungry. I asked Susan when dinner would be ready. She just stared at me. The baby was crying, and Susan was carrying her around the living room.

'How dare you,' Susan said.

'All I asked was where my dinner was,' I said.

'Where's your dinner,' Susan said.

This is the first time in our marriage [of more than ten years] that I haven't eaten as soon as I was hungry. The answer is obvious:

I can make my own dinner, or go out. Fact is, though, that I liked getting dinner when I wanted it. It was a nice way to live."

Greene later elaborates, "My life is so different from Susan's. I average one restaurant meal a day; Susan has not been to a restaurant since Amanda was born. I at least get a sandwich for dinner; Susan's fish has to be mushed up so she can manage to get it into her mouth. She seems to feel it's all worth it." Of course, he never offers to hold the baby so his wife can eat com-

fortably. As one Chicagoan who knows him puts it, "Bob Greene has no embarrassment gene."

Not surprisingly, given his lame family-man posturing, Bob Greene's sanctuary, the place he can feel and act most like Bob Greene, isn't home. It's a tiny, safe, confining office deep within the Gothic fortress of the *Tribune*. Newspaper clippings and press releases litter his desk. A reassuring (or taunting?) box of his paperbacks squats on the floor. The only distinctive touch is a personalized Louisville Slugger, a prized freebie. The windowless walls are unadorned. Call it a queer case of social insecurity compounded by professional overdrive, or call it agoraphobia: like Howard Hughes in his penthouse suite, Elvis at Graceland or John Lennon at the Dakota—sort of—Bob Greene rarely leaves this badger hole. Earlier in his career, at the *Sun-Times*, Greene thrived in the noisy camaraderie of the newsroom. He was one of the guys, or at least wanted to be, and most of his colleagues more or less played along. The *Tribune's* decision to pamper its new prize by sequestering him away from the newsroom naturally engendered resentment among the ranks, and Greene didn't encourage anyone who wanted to get to know the legend. Today he apparently has only three friends at the paper: Jim Warren, movie critic Gene Siskel and Paul Galloway. Otherwise he never lunches with fellow staffers, never chats (unless he sniffs some column fodder) and never even replies to a cheery "Good morning" with more than a grunt. "I didn't go [to the paper] to make friends," he once said, and he hasn't. He is variously reviled and envied by most of his colleagues.

Of course it's vitally important for a generational spokesman and hot-shot reporter to stay in touch with the outside world. For many years—back in the days when no one knew he was married and when his wedding ring was obscured in all but one of his book-jacket photos—Greene frequently mingled with the public by cruising bars on the north side of Chicago, even though that meant abandoning his long-suffering wife to her own devices for evenings at a time. Typically, a single pal would break the ice with some unattached females, then shy-guy Bob would sidle up to join the conversation and, presumably, learn something about the Zeitgeist that he could work into his column the next day. These days, when

new young female colleagues turn up at the *Tribune*, Greene's sad professional remoteness evaporates, and he invites them across Michigan Avenue to the *very classy* atrium bar at the Chicago Marriott Hotel for drinks and a discussion of the new ideas coursing through the nation's tremulous young.

Yet despite this special kind of legwork, Bob Greene's journalistic star shows signs of dimming. The number of papers carrying his column has dropped to around 150 from a peak in 1986 of more than 200. And there has been ominous talk at the *Tribune* of moving the column inward from its prestigious place on the front page of the paper's Features section—a placement that guarantees Greene a certain minimum of distracted readers. (Such a move will not come without Greene's objection; he threw a fit when the column was moved from the right side to the left side of the page and, predictably, wrote a column about it.) The *Esquire* forum is not what it used to be (earlier this year the column was very briefly taken away from Greene, apparently after a dispute over money, and tentatively offered to William E. Geist, before the status quo was resumed). But even as his columns turn fluffier, one thing remains certain: as long as Bob Greene is alive, he will never be short a topic.

After *Merry Sunshine* and almost 20 years of columns, it would seem difficult for Greene to reveal even more about himself; but in his most recent book, *Be True to Your School: A Diary of 1964*, he found a way. With cheapjack sentiment and in not-for-the-squeamish detail, he chronicled the persistent infatuation he suffered as a 16-year-old for Lindy Lemmon, three years his junior. "My wife knows that Lindy Lemmon was a great influence on my life, and that I'm in love with 1964," he told *The Wall Street Journal* when the book came out last year. And now, so do we.

Lindy Lemmon's husband, Ron Maciejowski—a former quarterback for Ohio State but nonetheless just the sort of plainspoken little guy who finds his way into so many Greene columns—gave *Be True to Your School* a succinct review in the *Chicago Reader*: "To Lindy, he was just some guy who was infatuated with her. To him, I guess, she was really a big deal. It's kind of pathetic, but maybe that's his way of making a living."

Exactly. **D**

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It's A Wonderful Life

How Would the World Be Different if the
Mayor *Had* Choked to Death or the SDS
Had Blown Up Dustin Hoffman or George
Bush *Had Not* Been Rescued at Sea?

BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI

Almost suddenly, Frank Capra's *It's a Wonderful Life* has become America's Most Beloved Christmas Film. It's hard to say exactly how it has so swiftly relegated *White Christmas*, *A Christmas Carol*, *Miracle on 34th Street*, *The Bishop's Wife* and other holiday chestnuts to Also-Beloved status. One possibility is that its themes—dis-

been the poorer without him. The gentle little town of Bedford Falls would have been ugly, dangerous Pottersville. Mr. Gower, the druggist, drunk and despondent over the death of his son, would not have been prevented by George from mistakenly filling a young boy's prescription with poison, and would have served 20 years in prison for his error. George's dotty Uncle Billy would have been confined to an insane asylum, instead of spending his declining years amiably screwing up around the Building & Loan office. George's wife, Mary, would have become an old-maid librarian, and their children would never have been born. George's brother, Harry, whom George saved from drowning when they were boys, would not have been alive during the war to shoot

1988

down two planes that were headed for a transport; instead, all those aboard the carrier would have perished.

Indeed, George did have a wonderful life. But when you think about it, many real people who have had close brushes with death have also led wonderful lives—wonderful for them, anyway. The absence of any one of them would have unending ramifications, for, as life shows, a lot of

ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. PAYNE



A FANTASY IN THIRTEEN EPISODES

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history depends not only on whether a person lives or dies but on *when* he or she lives or dies, and who else has or hasn't lived or died during the same time span. In fact, had Jimmy Stewart been blown up during one of the bombing missions he flew during WW II there may never have been *It's a Wonderful Life*. So let's all pretend we're angels, look earthward and see what would have happened if, unlike George Bailey, Richard Nixon and Dustin Hoffman and Ronald Reagan and so many others *badn't* eluded the clutches of the Grim Reaper the first time he came calling.

REAL-LIFE EVENT: In 1944 George Bush's plane is shot down by the Japanese, and he is forced to ditch into the sea.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY RESULT: He is devoured by sharks.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY CONSEQUENCES: America continues its drive to victory in the Pacific. George's father, justly proud of his son's heroic record, persuades Wall Street friends with Hollywood connections to produce a film about young George's life. Warner Bros.'s *Poppy, the Hellcat of Connecticut* premieres in November 1946, starring Ronald Reagan as George and Nancy Davis as Barbara. Bush's father also bequeaths \$10,000 to Yale University in his son's memory for the upkeep of its baseball diamond, which is thereafter called Bush Field. In 1985 *The Hartford Courant* reports that the environs of another diamond named for Bush, VFW Post 163 Lt. George W. Bush Memorial Field, is the city's most notorious crack supermarket.



(Sept. 24) CRACK POST: Hartford police arrested 14 suspected narcotics peddlers outside a local baseball field yesterday after parents complained about timing crack deals on the base paths. (AP Wirephoto)

Bush's Mate's Fate: Barbara marries William Westmoreland in 1949 and bears two children. His Last Memorable Act: First Done, Phillips Academy at Andover Graduation Circle Jerk, 1942. His Last Words: "Oh gosh, it's one of those *fin* things."

REAL-LIFE EVENT: In 1980 Richard Pryor burns himself freebasing cocaine.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY RESULT: He dies.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY CONSEQUENCES: The public misses out on the hours of pleasure it would have had howling at *Moving*, *Critical Condition*, *Brewster's Millions* and *Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling*. The state of Hawaii has to make do with just three tired celebrity residents: Jack Lord, Carol Burnett and Jim Nabors.

Pryor's Mate's Fate: Doesn't become the butt of insulting nightclub comedy routines. His Last Memorable Act: Phones Eddie Murphy, advises him to use more profanity in his act. His Last Words: "Yo—damn!"

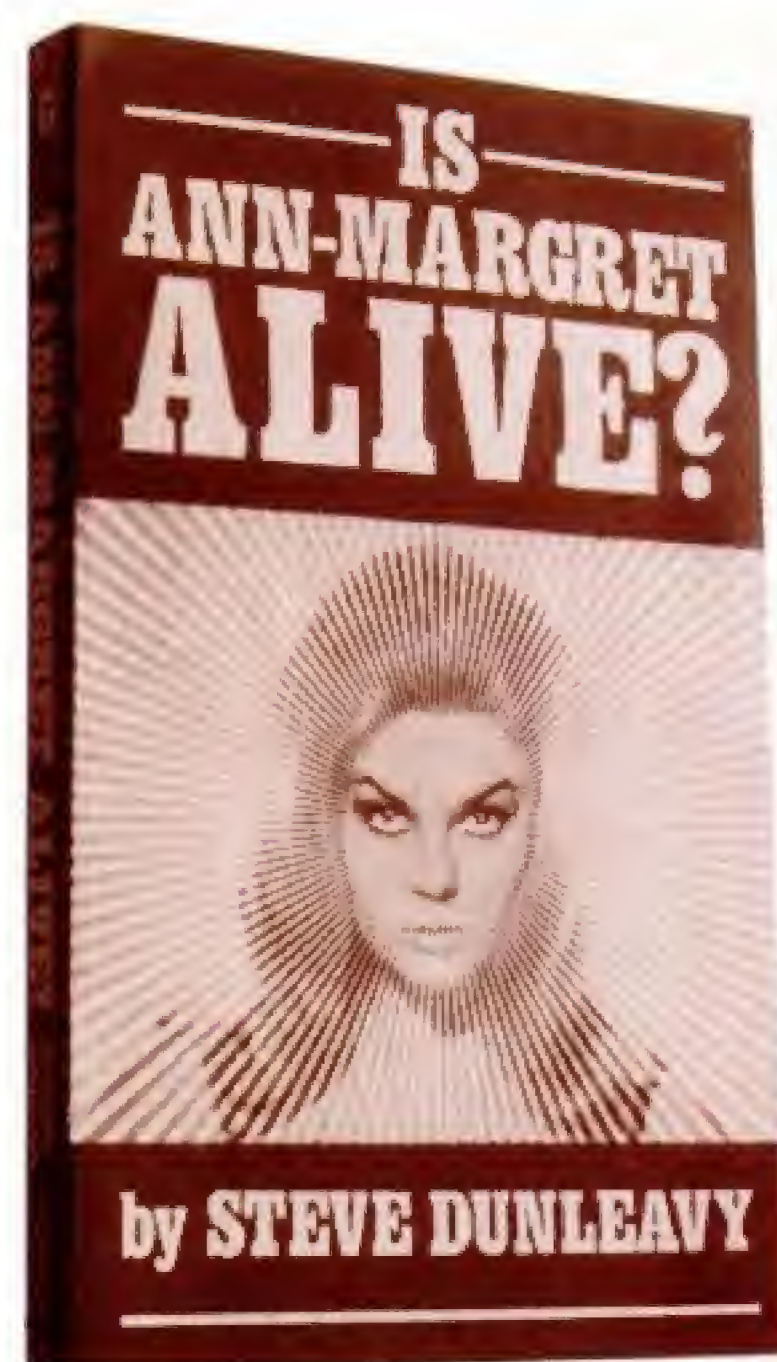
REAL-LIFE EVENT: In 1972 Ann-Margret falls approximately 30 feet from a platform shortly before the curtain opens on her stage act at a Lake Tahoe hotel.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY RESULT: Instead of breaking her arm and jaw and bones in her face, she breaks her neck.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY CONSEQUENCES: Her roles in such box office smashes as *Magic*, *Joseph Andrews*, *Middle Age Crazy*, *Twice in a Lifetime* and Alan Alda's *A New Life* go to other 50-ish actresses with high cheekbones and fair complexions—Carroll Baker, Ellen Burstyn, Louise Fletcher—though their deficiencies in the *Viva Las Vegas* department consign these movies to a different part of oblivion than the one they now inhabit. Roger Smith's identification in photograph captions no longer includes references to husband-manager but are limited to his old job on 77 *Sunset Strip*. Geraldo Rivera devotes a program to examining the still-mysterious circumstances surrounding the actress's death.

Ann-Margret's Mate's Fate: At the 1973 dedication of the Ann-Margret Memorial Lounge at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas (featured entertainment: Elvis, Robert Goulet and Carol Lawrence, country singer Roy Clark), Smith falls in love with pop star Lulu. Her Last Memorable Act: Agrees to show more cleavage in stage act. Her Last Words: "And *I'm* telling you it's *shaking*."

REAL-LIFE EVENT: In 1974, a couple of months after his resignation, Richard Nixon suffers a renewed bout of phlebitis, slides toward terminal shock, finds himself having an out-of-body experience on the operating table.



IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY EVENT: He stays out of body.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY CONSEQUENCES: No dissembling memoirs, no unreconstructed David Frost interviews, no overrated books or articles, no front page-news advice to presidential candidates, no cozy dinners with easily seduced journalists. But that doesn't mean no comeback: Nixon's body is returned to Washington, where funeral services are held, presided over by Rabbi Baruch Korff. The nation becomes convinced that the media hounded Nixon to death, and a backlash ensues. Pickets surround *The Washington Post*, and the offices of WCAU, the CBS affiliate in Philadelphia, are firebombed. By 1976 Ben Bradlee is pensioned off, Bob Woodward is given the empty title of investigations editor and Carl Bernstein is given an extended leave of absence from the *Post* to work on a book about his parents and Senator Joseph McCarthy. Dan Rather accepts a position as the head of news for CBS Radio. Patrick Buchanan is hired to anchor *The CBS Evening News* and becomes the most trusted man in America. Gerald Ford, delivered by death from the burden of pardoning Nixon, easily wins reelection, defeating Hubert Humphrey. The nation's appreciation of Ford's steady leadership vanishes in 1979, when 63 Americans are taken hostage at the U.S. embassy in Tehran. Ford negotiates for a while, but he loses patience and launches an invasion of Iran. His approval rating plummets

when 2,387 marines are killed the first day, and he becomes a broken man, spending his last year in office golfing. Vice President Paul Laxalt wins the GOP presidential nomination in 1980 but is routed in the November election. The hostages are released, and the war ends on January 20, 1981, when Governor Edmund Brown Jr. of California is inaugurated president. Also in 1980, Julie Nixon Eisenhower runs for the Senate from New York. She defeats incumbent senator Javits and Hempstead Township nobody Alfonse D'Amato in the primary and, in November, fighting the Democratic landslide, squeaks past Nixon-hounding Watergate interrogator Elizabeth Holtzman.

Nixon's Mate's Fate: In 1975 Pat marries Bebe Rebozo. In 1977 she presides at the opening of the Pat Nixon Rebozo Center for the Treatment of Depression, in Key Biscayne, Florida. **His Last Memorable Act:** Comforts aide Diane Sawyer, assuring her that her association with him won't haunt her career forever. **His Final Words:** "Burn the . . . burn the . . . *Checkers!* You old rascal!"

REAL-LIFE EVENT: In the early 1970s, at age 18, while working as a troll at Six Flags Magic Mountain amusement park, Debra Winger falls off a truck. She drops into a coma. Lying in the hospital, paralyzed and blind, she decides to become an actress.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY EVENT: She remains in a coma.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY CONSEQUENCES: Her roles go to Barbara Hershey and Brooke Adams. Tabloids hear no reports of on-the-set squabbles with Richard Gere and Shirley MacLaine, but instead fill their pages with stories about backbiting and senility in the White House. *Life* magazine runs a large photograph by Annie Leibovitz of actress Karen Allen, who doesn't cost the magazine hundreds of thousands of dollars in advertising when she doesn't French-kiss her dog as Leibovitz shoots away. The cameo role of Emmett in the awful *Made in Heaven* goes to whomever Timothy Hutton is married to at the time.

Winger's Mate's Fate: Hutton marries actress Elizabeth McGovern; both revive

their free-falling movie careers by jumping to television and starring in *The New Adventures of McMillan and Wife*. **Her Last Memorable Act:** Arranging to tryst during lunch break with the operator of *The Wild Mouse*. **Her Last Words:** "I never go on the rides. Getting bucked around like that makes me sick."

REAL-LIFE EVENT: In 1970 Dustin Hoffman's home at 16 West 11th Street is severely damaged when the Weathermen bomb factory in the townhouse at 18 West 11th Street blows up.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY EVENT: Hoffman has chosen that very moment to visit his young, *Graduate*-loving neighbors and goes up with the building.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY CONSEQUENCES: Hoffman becomes a martyr of the New Left, and posters picturing him with Che Guevara and Ho Chi Minh appear in college dormitory rooms across the nation. In Hollywood the Dustin Hoffman Faction, a more radical offshoot of the radical Weathermen faction of SDS, kidnaps Richard Zanuck and holds him until he



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agrees to finance *The Strawberry Statement II: Comes the Revolution*, starring Bruce Davidson. With the subsequent flop of the film, the Faction's visibility ebbs; it now surfaces only at Halloween, when it takes credit for repainting the stripes in the executive parking lots of the major studios, an act that had been attributed to prankish students at UCLA. In 1975 a debate begins in the pages of *The Nation* over the true political inclinations of Hoffman. The dispute is pretty much laid to rest in 1986, when Ronald Radosh publishes the results of his investigation, which ends rumors that Hoffman was the missing nephew of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Meanwhile, Hoffman's role in *Straw Dogs* goes to George Segal; in *Lenny* to Cliff Gorman, who deserved it in the first place; in *Papillon* to Leonard Frey; and in *Kramer vs. Kramer* to Ron Leibman. The part of Carl Bernstein in *All the President's Men* is given to Elliott Gould, reviving his sinking career and opening the way for covered roles in *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, *Wall Street* and *Bull Durham*. Hoffman's few films attain cult status. On August 8, 1987, on what would have been the actor's 50th birthday, hundreds of filmgoers, all dressed as nerdy college students, pack the Cinema Village theater in New York and recite along with the film all of Hoffman's lines from the classic love story *John and Mary*.

Hoffman's Mate's Fate: Choreographs baller about the explosion, casts tall dancer Edward Villella as Dustin; now runs leonard shop near Lincoln Center. His Last

Memorable Act: Tells his agent that he's found a script as good as *The Graduate*, is very eager to do *Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?* His Last Words: "Hi, Cathy. Could I borrow some reefer?"

REAL-LIFE EVENT: At a Chinese restaurant in the summer of 1981, Mayor Ed Koch chokes on a piece of pork.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY RESULT: Heimlich maneuver fails to dislodge offending morsel.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY CONSEQUENCES: As the city charter mandates, City Council president Carol Bellamy succeeds Koch, but governs only for several months before being defeated in the fall election. The crowded field posed against her includes former deputy mayors Herman Badillo and Basil Patterson, comptroller Harrison J. Goldin, Manhattan borough

president Andrew Stein, developer Donald Trump, former congresswoman Bella Abzug, community activist Rev. Al Sharpton and the eventual winner, Queens borough president Donald Manes. Manes contemplates ordering a new, revised parking ticket, one that reads MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO STANLEY FRIEDMAN, but thinks better of the idea and focuses on other schemes. Manes and Friedman are undone when they attempt to persuade the Board of Estimate to contract out many of the functions of the City Council to a small company they secretly control. When First Deputy Mayor Geoffrey Lindenauer is called in for questioning, Manes commits suicide. Council president Bess Myerson becomes mayor. In 1982 *New York Post* publisher Rupert Murdoch, anticipating the retirement of Governor Hugh Carey, realizing that the strongest candidate to replace Carey is Mario Cuomo and desper-

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Clarey, red 9th
Details, Page 3

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HIZZONER'S LAST WORDS:
"How'm I Chewin'?"



ately mourning the absence of his publicity slave Koch, has the *Post* tout Bronx congressman Mario Biaggi for the governorship. Biaggi defeats the aloof, holier-than-thou Cuomo. In August 1983 Mayor Myerson appoints Justice Horrense Gabel commissioner of police. Coincidentally, Andy Capasso's alimony payments to his ex-wife are eliminated altogether. A year later, Walter Mondale, pressured to select a woman as his running mate, looks to New York and selects Myerson; they get trounced. In 1987 Myerson resigns the mayoralty to devote her full attention to fighting the corruption indictments against her. The new mayor is the dim but persistent Andrew "Chock Full o' Hair" Stein. In 1988 Stein endorses Jesse Jackson for president; when Jackson wins New York primary, panicky Democrats coalesce behind Senator Bill Bradley, who wins the nomination and the presidency.

Koch's Mate's Fate: At Koch's funeral, Myerson drapes herself on his casket and wails, "Oh Eddie, Eddie, why wasn't I good enough for you?" His Last Memorable Act: Sending back the hacked chicken for being insufficiently shredded. His Last Words: "Corruption? Are you nuts? May God strike me dead if anyone in my administration is dirty."

REAL-LIFE EVENT: In 1968 disgruntled actress Valerie Solanas shoots Andy Warhol in his New York studio.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY RESULT: He dies.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY CONSEQUENCES: The Factory closes. Deprived of Warhol's sponsorship, the Velvet Underground drifts apart. Lou Reed becomes a record producer, takes over the Electric Circus disco. Edie Sedgwick goes through some hard times but straightens out, becomes the vice president for advertising and promotion of Giorgio Armani. Studio 54, deprived of its intellectual guru, goes belly-up in 1977, leaving Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager just enough cash to buy The Ramrod. Bob Colacello attaches himself to Peter Max, whose reputation and influence continue to grow. Max becomes a mentor to many young artists, one of whom is not Jean-Michel Basquiat, who consequently does not become established and who therefore does not destroy himself with heroin and instead develops *The Ungawoids*, a Saturday-morning cartoon program featuring his delightful primitives, a

kind of postmodern Zulu *Flintstones*. Without Warhol to establish *Interview*, Tama Janowitz's short stories end up in *The New Yorker's* slush pile. Eventually she becomes a steady contributor to *Cosmopolitan*, and is being groomed as Helen Gurley Brown's successor. Baird Jones becomes a trusts-and-estates lawyer. The price of cookie jars at flea markets remains a sensible \$30. Roy Lichtenstein's quip—"In the future, lots more people will be famous, but for shorter periods of time"—never quite catches on. A Museum of Modern Art exhibition held on the twentieth anniversary of Warhol's death is received coolly by the critics, but the opening reception creates a ripple in the gossip columns when the recluse Sylvia Miles shows up, ending the blessed period of isolation she began the day Warhol was assassinated.

Warhol's Mate's Fate: Fred Hughes goes to work for Barneys New York, becomes the chief salesman in the store's Madison Room. His Last Memorable Act: Giving Methedrine to Truman Capote, who finds the pep to finish his universally acclaimed masterwork, *Answered Prayers*, within a year. His Last Word: "Greaaaat."

REAL-LIFE EVENT: In the early 1950s, army private Clint Eastwood hitches a ride on a military airplane. He nearly falls out when the bomb-bay doors open accidentally. When the plane crashes over water, he has to swim for shore.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY RESULT: He dies of exposure.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY CONSEQUENCES: Sergio Leone hires James Coburn for *A Fistful of Dollars*. Instead of cutting pages from the script, Coburn witlessly recites all the flabby dialogue, turning the Man With No Name into just another gunslinger. There are no sequels, thus leaving Leone and composer Ennio Morricone in obscurity. In 1971 Frank Sinatra is persuaded to accept a part he'd previously rejected and, going against type, plays the violent Harry Callahan in *Dirty Harry*. Audiences cannot distinguish this portrayal from his performances in *The First Deadly Sin*, *The Detective*, *Contract on Cherry Street* or *Tony Rome*, and the film flops. There are no sequels, meaning that there is no *Sudden Impact*, meaning that "Go ahead, make my day" is never uttered. That means that President Reagan is forced to grope for a line with which to threaten Congress, causing confusion when he finally says,

"Flashdance . . . what a feeling!" which in turn means that George Bush cannot offer his "Make my 24-hour time period" joke when accepting the presidential nomination at the 1988 GOP convention. Instead, he tries to get the audience to participate in a joke with him, ends up saying, "My dog has no nose. Now you say, 'How does he smell?' Well, come on, say it. Geez, you guys burn me up. I'm trying to make the speech of my life, it's Tension City up here, and you're sitting there like a bunch of Gloomy Guses." Clyde the orangutan remains undiscovered. Sondra Locke can't get acting jobs, goes on unemployment, is caught shoplifting in a West Covina Safeway in 1983. It remains illegal to sell ice cream cones on the streets of Carmel. Sonny Bono, lacking a role model, stays out of politics.

Eastwood's Mate's Fate: Maggie Eastwood marries a mechanic, does not get an approximately \$25 million property settlement when they divorce. His Last Memorable Act: Cleaning the hair trap in the pool at Fort Ord, where he is swimming instructor. His Last Words: None. He just squints.

REAL-LIFE EVENT: In 1943 PT 109, commanded by Lt. (jg) John F. Kennedy, is rammed by a Japanese destroyer in the Pacific.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY RESULT: All on board die.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY CONSEQUENCES: Arthur Schlesinger Jr. becomes a modestly reputable historian of whom the lay public is ignorant. Theodore Sorensen wins the Pulitzer prize for his *Profiles in Courage*, eventually becomes president of Channel Thirteen and wins election to the House in the 15th Congressional District. Pierre Salinger becomes the managing editor of *The Sacramento Bee*. Postdebutante Jacqueline Bouvier marries society pianist Peter Duchin. Despite her soft voice, she stumbles into radio, eventually hosts a gossip talk show on WOR. Aristotle Onassis marries Maria Callas. Ron Galella tries to become a paparazzo, chooses Marlon Brando as his prime subject, quits after repeated pummelings, now runs a Fotomat in the Cross County Shopping Center in Yonkers. Joseph P. Kennedy, stunned by the loss of a daughter and two sons during the war, leaves his wife, Rose; journeys to India seeking spiritual guidance; eventually becomes a proponent of LSD; moves



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or Joey Gallo. No confusing embraces of born-again Christianity or Conservative Judaism. No mystifying, boring *Renaldo and Clara*. No embarrassing film debut in *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*. Paul Simon, instead, gets the part; also writes soundtrack for the picture, mostly songs about alienated, introspective cowboys and the emotional complications that prevent true love from flourishing in the Old West. The Band never gets its big break, ends up as the house band in a bar in Wildwood, wins the title "Jersey Shore's Top Oldies Group" in a poll conducted by the *Hackensack Record* in 1983. Joan Baez becomes Dylan's most public mourner, leading a week-long candlelight vigil at Folk City and successfully lobbying Mayor Lindsay to dedicate a patch of Washington Square Park in Dylan's memory, to be called Maggie's Farm. The twentieth anniversary of Dylan's death is marked by the release of a special album of his songs as performed by admiring artists. The cuts include "Ballad of a Thin Man" by Belinda Carlisle, "It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)" by Whitney Houston and "Desolation Row" by Huey Lewis and the News. In 1987, after the success of *La Bamba*, Columbia Pictures begins production of *Everybody Must Get Stoned*, a biopic starring Charlie Sheen as Dylan, Phoebe Cates as Baez, Jason Robards as John Hammond Sr., and Tracy Pollan and Michael J. Fox as Miri and Richard Fariña. Later that year, Michael Jackson buys all rights to the entire Dylan catalog and almost immediately begins selling the songs for commercials. "Blowin' in the Wind" is sold to a car company ("How many times does your van break down/And lie there, stuck in the sand?/The answer, my friend/Is a Toyota van . . ."); "Like a Rolling Stone," to The Money Store ("How does it feel?/Ah, how does it feel?/When you're all alone/Can't finance a home/Well, just pick up your phone/Ask us for a loan . . ."); and "Mr. Tambourine Man," to an automotive care company ("Hey, Mr. Goodwrench Man/Tune my engine, please/It's been stallin'/And I can't get where I'm goin' to . . .").

Dylan's Mate's Fate: Sara Dylan marries a local farmer, Max Yasgur. His Last Memorable Act: Destroys an early draft of "All Along the Watchtower" after deciding it is insufficiently obscure. His Last Words: "Honey, when I get back, I think I'm goin' to set off in some dramatic new directions. Need anythin' at the store?"



REAL-LIFE EVENT: In March 1981, John W. Hinckley Jr. shoots President Reagan outside the Washington Hilton, where Reagan had delivered a speech.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY RESULT: The president dies.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE FANTASY CONSEQUENCES: Nancy Reagan returns to Pacific Palisades, copes with her grief by shopping. Plans for an administration-backed "Just Say No" antidrug campaign are shelved until 1983, when First Lady Barbara Bush revives them. She adds a distinctive twist, changing the slogan to "Why Not Go Sailing?" Ron Reagan Jr. doesn't get to cover his father's summit for *Playboy*, or to host *Saturday Night Live*, or to appear on the cover of *Vanity Fair*, or even to get an audition for *Good Morning America*. President Bush attempts to fulfill the Reagan mandate, but his "voodoo economics" line haunts his efforts to enact the supply-side program, and he fails to cut either taxes or programs. Seeking to prove his resolve and leadership, he starts a war with Nicaragua, which quickly bogs down into a brutish, unwinnable counterinsurgency campaign that drags on, even with an infusion of shock troops sent from

Panama by General Manuel Noriega. Bush later lends the support of American troops to Philippine president Ferdinand Marcos, who uses them to quell a revolt led by defeated candidate Corazon Aquino. When the secret sale of arms to Iranian moderates is proposed by Colonel Oliver North, Bush responds, "Neat idea! Think anybody'll mind?" The plan is exposed when North is publicly executed in Tehran. Bush's adventurism is rewarded with impeachment, and he is convicted, losing by one vote when a staunch supporter, Senator Dan Quayle, can't get a flight back from his golfing vacation in Hobe Sound in time for the vote. Vice President Dole governs for a year, losing the next election to Representative Pat Schroeder and her running mate, Massachusetts governor Michael Dukakis, who campaign on a vow to bring the boys home from all the various places Bush has dispatched them.

Reagan's Mate's Fate: Nancy marries former actor Gardner McKay. His Last Act: Coming in second behind William Henry Harrison in the contest for Least Time Served in Office by a President. His Last Words: "I hope you're all Republicans. No? Americans? No?"



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REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

THE STREET

BUSINESS

THE INDUSTRY

SPORTS

HOW TO BE A GROWN-UP



The Art of the **DEAL**



BY IGNATZ RATSWIKIWZKI

TONY SCHWARTZ (THE FORMER journalist, former critic, and would-be Hollywood duckpin) is one of those Type A personalities. He always seems to be doing two things at once. In a recent *Vanity Fair* he simultaneously documents a tired modern trend—"the new fast-track phenomenon"—and sucks up to producers, agents and other people in a position to enhance the résumé and net worth of Tony Schwartz.

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

Schwartz's ostensible thesis is that people today are busier than ever before, what with computers and airplanes and all. For

example, what about the scary, hard-to-understand stuff that's been happening to telephones lately? First, Schwartz observes, there were regular telephones. Then came push-button telephones. (These "made it possible to dial faster," according to Schwartz.) Then answering machines enabled people to take calls when they were "away from a phone." Next—are you keeping up with me?—answering-machine touch-tone codes made it possible to summon messages "from anywhere in the world." Finally came car phones—"a means by which to make driving time more productive," Schwartz hypothesizes.

Well, no wonder people are so goldarned busy nowadays. Maybe in the next century there will be coin-operated telephones on street corners, enabling people to make calls while outside.

To nail down this idea ("call it acceleration syndrome") Schwartz describes the warp-speed lives of a handful of extremely busy people. Among them: Jeff Katzenberg, the 37-year-old chairman of Walt Disney Studios, who is "legendary for packing more into a day than most human beings accomplish in a month," according to Schwartz; Brandon Tartikoff, the presi-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RODRIGO SHOPIS

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dent of NBC Entertainment, who is so hyperactive that he sometimes goes to the multiplex and "watches at least part of five movies in a two-hour span"; Dick Wolf, a screenwriter and television producer, who "hasn't taken more than a week of vacation in four years," Schwartz says (although, in a quote, Wolf himself says that he enjoys taking trips to his "vacation house away from it all," in Maine); Peter Osnos, a senior editor at Random House, who "reads approximately twenty-five weekly and monthly magazines and six daily newspapers"; Richard Kletter, a screenwriter who panics at the thought of being unreachable by telephone for 24 hours; Don Simpson, the powerful movie producer, who has "a voraciously cultivated sense of what's hot now—and what's going to be even hotter tomorrow." (How does Simpson do it? "Do you see that *Sports Illustrated* in front of you?" he tells Schwartz. "I've been reading it upside down while we've been talking.")

What all these people have in common, beyond a compulsion to fib about how hard they work, is the slavish devotion of Tony Schwartz. Schwartz has slurpingly profiled Katzenberg in *New York* (along with then fellow Paramount big shots Michael Eisner and Barry Diller), which just may have had something to do with Schwartz later winning development deals at both Paramount and Twentieth Century Fox (now headed by Diller). Schwartz is no doubt dying for Katzenberg to give him a similar deal at Disney. Tartikoff, whose friendship Schwartz has pursued doggedly for years, was responsible for making him a "writer-producer" at NBC, where he also has a development deal. Wolf has been involved in the production of various television shows (*Miami Vice* and the upcoming *911* and *Gideon Oliver*) and Schwartz has recently shown an interest in writing for him.

Let's see. Osnos edited *Trump: The Art of the Deal*, which was cowritten by Schwartz; Osnos will probably edit Trump's sequel, for which a writer has yet to be selected. Any suggestions? (An insider at Random House says that Schwartz is in the running but that "the feeling around here is that he's asking too much.")

Kletter is Schwartz's friend and onetime partner in a movie deal. He is married to movie producer Sarah Pillsbury (also mentioned in the *Vanity Fair* article), with whom Schwartz would no doubt also like to network. Simpson was the subject of a

slurping Schwartz profile in the first issue of *Premiere* (where Schwartz's wife, Deborah Pines, is an executive editor). In that article, Schwartz admitted that he was trying to slurp up a deal with Simpson and his partner, Jerry Bruckheimer (also mentioned in the *Vanity Fair* article). Schwartz's Paramount deal was actually with Simpson and Bruckheimer, who are independent producers with offices and a distribution deal at Paramount.

Whew! *Tony, come up for air!*

Actually, in *Vanity Fair* it's sometimes difficult to tell who is slurping whom. Schwartz's article is illustrated with photographs of more than a dozen allegedly frantic people, but only one of them (Donald Trump) is actually mentioned in the text. A panting woman in one photograph is identified as "C.N.P. publicity whiz Suzanne Eagle." C.N.P. isn't the name of some hot new consulting firm. The initials stand for Condé Nast Publications, where Eagle works as director of public relations for a number of publications, including *Vanity Fair*, the company's house organ. Also pictured but not mentioned in the main text are junk-media czar Christopher Whittle, literary agent Ed Victor, *USA Today* publisher Cathleen Black and fashion designer Karl Lagerfeld, among other C.N.P. sweethearts.

All of these people are *extremely* busy (Lagerfeld "reads twenty books at once"). Still, none of them was too busy to spend an hour or two *pretending* to be busy for *Vanity Fair's* photographer. Whittle ("commutes between fax-equipped houses and offices in New York, Tennessee, Vermont . . . rises at five . . . six personal computers") is shown pretending to write in his messy appointment book, which is positioned in the middle of a carefully arranged pretend mess on his desk. Victor ("rises at six to fax London") is shown horrifyingly naked, hand on a cordless telephone pretending to read some soggy papers in a hot tub. Black ("already booked through 1990") is shown pretending to rush toward a waiting helicopter (Black is scurrying, but the chopper's rotor is clearly not moving). Lagerfeld is shown taking time from his hellish reading schedule to gaze enigmatically at a jar of green pencils and to conduct a pretend meeting with four associates. (On the contributors page of the magazine is a picture of Schwartz himself, dressed in workout togs and straining beneath the weight of a mini-

barbell, pretending to be physically fit.)

If I seem to be judging Schwartz too harshly, I apologize. Measuring a former journalist against (even) the (minimal) ethical standards of practicing journalists would be unfair. Instead, Schwartz should be judged by the morals of the industry in which he so desperately craves to work. By that measure, he's a saint.

Besides, I'd sell my soul to the Devil, too—for the right deal. Hmmm . . . I'd want points of gross, total creative control and just two wishes:

- My first wish would be for President Kennedy to be brought back to life for 20 minutes. "Please have a seat, Mr. President," I would say when the Devil brought him before me. "You're probably wondering what's been happening during the last 25 years," I would continue. "Perhaps you'd like to take a look at this." I would then hold up last fall's issue of *People*—the one with the picture of John-John Kennedy on the cover and the headline, THE SEXIEST MAN ALIVE. I'd let JFK stare at this for about ten seconds. Then the Devil would come back and say, "Telephone, Ignatz," and I would excuse myself, taking the magazine with me and leaving JFK alone with his thoughts. Fifteen minutes later, I'd return and say, "Sorry, Mr. President, I'm afraid it's time for you to go back."

- My second wish would be for a graduate student in psychology to do a small experiment involving Katie Kelly, WNBC's agonizing "on-air television critic," who recently appeared on *Live at Five* wearing her trademark gray would-that-it-were-a-fright-wig. The experiment I have in mind would involve hooking her up to one of those backyard bug zappers and turning on the juice every time she began a sentence with the word *well* or *hey*, or used the expression *the heavy stuff*.

Here's how my experiment would have gone during one week not long ago:

"Well, yesterday we—ZZZAP!—Well, listen to—ZZZAP!—Hey, big questions—ZZZAP!—Well, we finally—ZZZAP!—Hey, what's Alexis going to—ZZZAP!—Well, this week—ZZZAP!—Hey, is this a—ZZZAP!—Well, anyway—ZZZAP!—Well, what can—ZZZAP!—Well, let me—ZZZAP!—Well, they were—ZZZAP!—Well now—ZZZAP!—Well, anyway—ZZZAP!—And moving into the heavy stuff—ZZZAP!—Well, now I'm mad."

ZZZAP!! **D**

Cash or CHARGE?

BY JAMES GRANT

IS THE FINANCIAL NEWS BECOMING more bizarre or am I becoming less bizarre? It's the news, I think. Junk-bond defendant Michael Milken treats 1,700 charity children to a ball game, the sav-

ings-and-loan debacle now carries a federally underwritten \$50 billion price tag, and the shares of Japanese paper and printing companies enjoy a little upward flutter as Emperor Hirohito takes a turn for the worse (the imperial succession, it is reasoned, will create a demand for new state documents). A leading Peruvian economist ventures, "When inflation hits 500%, it could very easily get out of hand," and Smith Barney underwrites a security invitingly named Exchangeable Share-Adjusted Broker-Remarketed Equity Securities Preferred Stock.

Truth didn't become stranger than fiction overnight. You may remember the daggers-drawn battle for Federated Department Stores waged earlier this year by R. H. Macy & Co. and Campeau Corporation. After Robert Campeau won, Macy chairman Edward Finkelstein expressed relief. Given the weakness in retail sales, he said, "I'm very pleased I don't have to deal with it and he does."

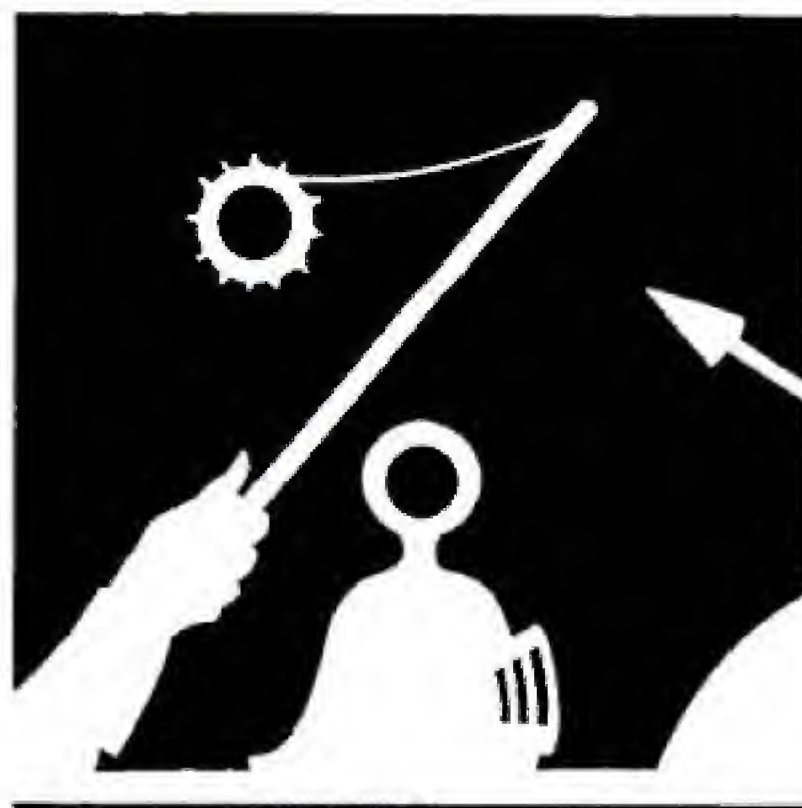
"It's the story of my life," Campeau has said of his dog-in-the-manger critics. "I like to take risks." Campeau, 64, made a fortune in Canadian real estate. In 1986 he purchased Allied Stores (including Jordan Marsh) for \$3.6 billion. This year, he bought Federated (including Abraham & Straus and Bloomingdale's) for \$6.6 billion. The combination has established Campeau as one of the great North American debtors.

The founder, one of 14 children of an Ontario auto mechanic, quit school at age 14 to help feed his family. He faked his

age to land a job by using his dead brother's baptismal papers. Later in life, he simultaneously kept a wife, a mistress and two sets of children, keeping each family in the dark about the existence of the other. This proven dexterity in domestic affairs may reassure bondholders that Campeau is the kind of man who can keep a number of balls in the air at once.

At last count the lead underwriter, First Boston, was publishing the *third* edition of the preliminary prospectus, the first two having failed to drum up the necessary buying interest. Even in junk-land, the first edition usually suffices. The Federated buyers' strike seemed revolutionary, suggesting that it was possible after all to devise a security so appalling as to be unmarketable.

Before the merger, Federated owned a blue-chip balance sheet. Postmerger, debt as a percentage of overall capital has vaulted to 83 percent from 29 percent. Before the merger, Federated's annual earnings were four times larger than its annual interest expense. Under the Campeau regime, the interest bill looms larger than earnings. Federated has come to



resemble the quintessential young, spendthrift Bloomie's shopper, borrowing, Micawber-like, just in case anything turns up. To stay out of the soup, as the Federated bond prospectus notes, sales and cash flow must improve; stagnation is unacceptable and backsliding is unthinkable. "As a result of the increased level of debt and the related principal and interest obligations," it says, "the Company may be less able than it has been to meet its obligations in the event of a downturn in its business or the economy or any increase in competitive pressure (especially through price pressure by less highly leveraged competitors)."

That is one of the clearer passages in the Federated document. Conscientious investors will want to devote a spare weekend to a thorough exegesis of one possibly vital sentence on page 6 about "bank facilities," "grantor trusts" and—most opaquely of all—"note monetization facilities."

Even without an English translation, you can divine a sense of things. Federated, which is owned by Campeau, wants to borrow \$1.2 billion for up to 15 years. It is prepared to pay a usurious interest rate of more than 17 percent—it will have to, by the looks of things, in order to get the deal done. In the year 2000, if all goes well, the creditors will get their money back. Campeau will have earned a larger return than the creditors, as the profits will have flowed mainly to his company. The essence of leverage is that lenders can expect a fixed rate of return, at best. The owners can hope for the moon. If things don't happen to work out—that is, bankruptcy—the lenders get whatever cash can be raised and the owners get the gate. In the case of the Federated transaction, however, the public bondholders stand only a slim chance of inheriting anything because their standing on the totem pole of credit is ground-level. They are beneath the bank lenders. They are, in fact, beneath "substantially all other publicly and privately held debt of the Company."

Samuel Bloomingdale, a son of one of the founding Bloomingdales, was an optimist, but I wonder if he was as optimistic as Campeau, or as Campeau's creditors. In April 1930 the store laid a cornerstone at Lexington Avenue and 59th Street. Among the artifacts buried for the edification of posterity were a radio set, a baseball autographed by Babe Ruth, a subway strap, a cocktail shaker, a picture of Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh, and three bank-books, each recording a deposit of \$25. It was the store's idea that, when the cornerstone was opened 200 years hence, the original \$75 principal, enhanced by compound interest at 5.2 percent, would yield a total of \$1,842,000.

Compound interest is a wonderful friend and a tireless enemy. In Samuel Bloomingdale's day, it was working for management. Now, in the case of the fashion-forward Federated, it is working against it. If worse does happen to come to worst, of course, Campeau can crack the cornerstones and cash in the savings accounts. Every little bit will help. ■

Mumbo JUMBO



BY ANDY AARON
AND STEVE RADLAUER

SOME PEOPLE MAY STILL THINK that *New Age* refers only to a kind of bland, repetitive, ultimately grueling music that sounds like Philip Glass on Valium and is consigned to its own rack at Tower Rec-

BUSINESS

ords. But as the readers of *Common Ground* (a free quarterly published in Marin County) know, it's much, much more. *New Age* encompasses alternative orthodontics. Affirming bodywork. Theater transformations. Holistic financial planning. Immigration attorneys with humanistic values. Whole Brain Learning™. Verbal Hygiene™.

Advertisers in places attuned to New Age jargon find that nearly any enterprise stands to benefit from a bit of Aquarian mumbo jumbo. From an ad in *Common Ground*: "Greetings! My name is John Donovan and I see myself as a new age car salesman. I say 'new age' because I bring to my business the integrity and values that I have found within myself and that make my life most rewarding."

From another ad, this one placed by Richard Kane, New Age piano tuner: "Have you noticed the way your environment affects you? That if you serve an area of your home or room, it serves you in return by making that aspect of your life more conscious?"

From an ad for a New Age dentist: "Dr. Skelley makes use of a variety of treatment modalities, including placing quartz crystal composite restorations... It is currently considered compatible with the electromagnetic fields of the body."

From a New Age manufacturer of *tehotch-kes*: "Angel Fantasy was created by Alisha Summers for the purpose of sharing her inner experience of being with angels.... The products include 'altar paintings....' color

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carousels, fabric angels, angel chambers, and dancing rainbow hoops."

Unearthing these examples did not require a special team of argot spotters. *Every issue of Common Ground* consists of more than 100 pages of New Age advertisements and nothing else—a gold mine of mod gibberish. Many advertisers, deferring to the singular environment of the publication, simply coat their pitches with Marinspeak to give Old Age goods and services a New Age patina. Other, more ambitious entrepreneurs have invented undertakings more amenable to the new way of thinking and talking: "PAST LIFE THERAPY BREAKTHROUGH. Past life regression combined with Rebirthing, Reichian body/breath work, chakra clearing and energy balancing creates a powerful multi-level process. Clients report experiencing intense white light; chronic condition healed; income doubled, etc."

And: "Mary Russel, Animal Healer and Communicator, has worked with animals for over 25 years.... Mary's loving approach can assist owners in resolving animal upsets and behavior problems.... body awareness.... She is also available to assist owners to telepathically communicate with their own animals."

And this, from Steinberg Enterprises for Vibrant Health and Success: "As a Light Force distributor, you can have fun, grow as a person, share products that truly make a difference in people's lives, know you are helping to end world hunger, and make big money to get what you want out of life."

But even zealously New Age businesspeople are open-minded enough to use Old Age advertising methods to serve the cause. The channeler Sue Maywald, for instance, has discovered the miraculous promotional power of the testimonial. Maywald's business is endorsed by a "causal-plane guide" named Robin. In Sue's ad, Robin, who is dead and speaks exclusively through Sue, avows that "Sue has learned many lessons well and brings through excellent information."

The New Age advertisers describe an extraordinary array of curious nervous states, electrical conditions and toxic-fluid buildups that, we must assume, afflict *Common Ground's* readers. "The stagnant accumulation of toxic substances... causes loss of vitality," explains one ad. "We are surrounded by electro-magnetic fields," explains another, "which are linked by elec-

trical currents to energy centers in the body. Due to stress or injury, this intricate network becomes weakened, blocked or full of static, causing illness and mental/emotional imbalances." And did you know the word *breath* is a registered trademark? "Breath® provides inner guidance and well-being, enabling us to shed distorted and borrowed lifeplans."

More often than you might expect, enlightenment entails receiving an enema. In a typical example, folks at Psychosystems®, located at Hal Stewart's Holistic Health Center in Oakland, note that all disease is a manifestation of toxicity from inappropriate food, negative thinking and emotions, which is why they want to irrigate your bowels with wheatgrass juice. Those who prefer unchlorinated water and a weekend in San Francisco to wheatgrass juice in Oakland might want to visit Weekend Cleaning Retreats, in the Mission District. Or try the Crystal Light Center, where, in addition to receiving colonic irrigation, you can have sessions with a "Personal Wingsong Consultant."

After a close reading of *Common Ground*, a skeptic might conclude that New Age is nothing more than a scrim of hippie rhetoric camouflaging the classic self-loathing of Old Age puritans. *But not us*. After all, who are we to toss brickbats at a movement so open, caring and sharing that it can embrace everything from the Aquarian Foundation ("Tomorrow's Religion Here Today") to the Galactic Federation of Light Forces, from givers of herbal enemas to purveyors of right-brain eating skills, from Neuro-Linguistic Programmers to Angelic Kingdom Channelers, from the Breatharians to the Lymphatic Drainage people, from fire walkers to the Advanced Rolfers to the Etheric Psychic Surgeons, all the way to *Barry Tellman*: "I am the Supreme Being, the sole source of everything and everyone that ever was or will be. My name is *Barry Tellman*.... [I] am ultimately here to uncreate the entire physical universe and complete my experiment of life on Earth.... I invite you to participate in *The Genesis Experience*™.... A one thousand dollar ante is presently required of each participant, which neither guarantees nor entitles one to receive anything in return.... It is a matter of supreme indifference to me as to what you decide.... It's your move.

I love you,
Barry" ■

Sterling SILVER



BY CELIA BRADY

THERE WERE PERSISTENT RUMORS abounding in Hollywood last summer that Joel Silver, the taste-free, bullyboy producer of *Die Hard*, was offering certain screenwriters \$100,000—in cash, in suit-

cases if necessary—to ignore

the Writers Guild strike

and work on the script of

Sgt. Rock, a Warner Bros.

picture that Silver was due

to start shooting with Arnold Schwarzenegger in the fall. Based on his improbable success with *Die Hard*, Silver had talked Warners's tiny president, Mark Canton, into signing a pay-or-play deal for the picture—meaning that if Warners opted not to proceed with the film, they would still have to pay off the principals. By the end of September, a workable script—or at least one that could be filmed on a budget that might conceivably allow for profits—was still nonexistent. When Warners finally did cancel production of *Sgt. Rock*, it had to pay \$1.5 million to director John McTiernan, \$7.5 million to Schwarzenegger, \$750,000 to Silver and an aggregate total of over \$500,000 to various production people—nearly \$10.5 million for a nonmovie.

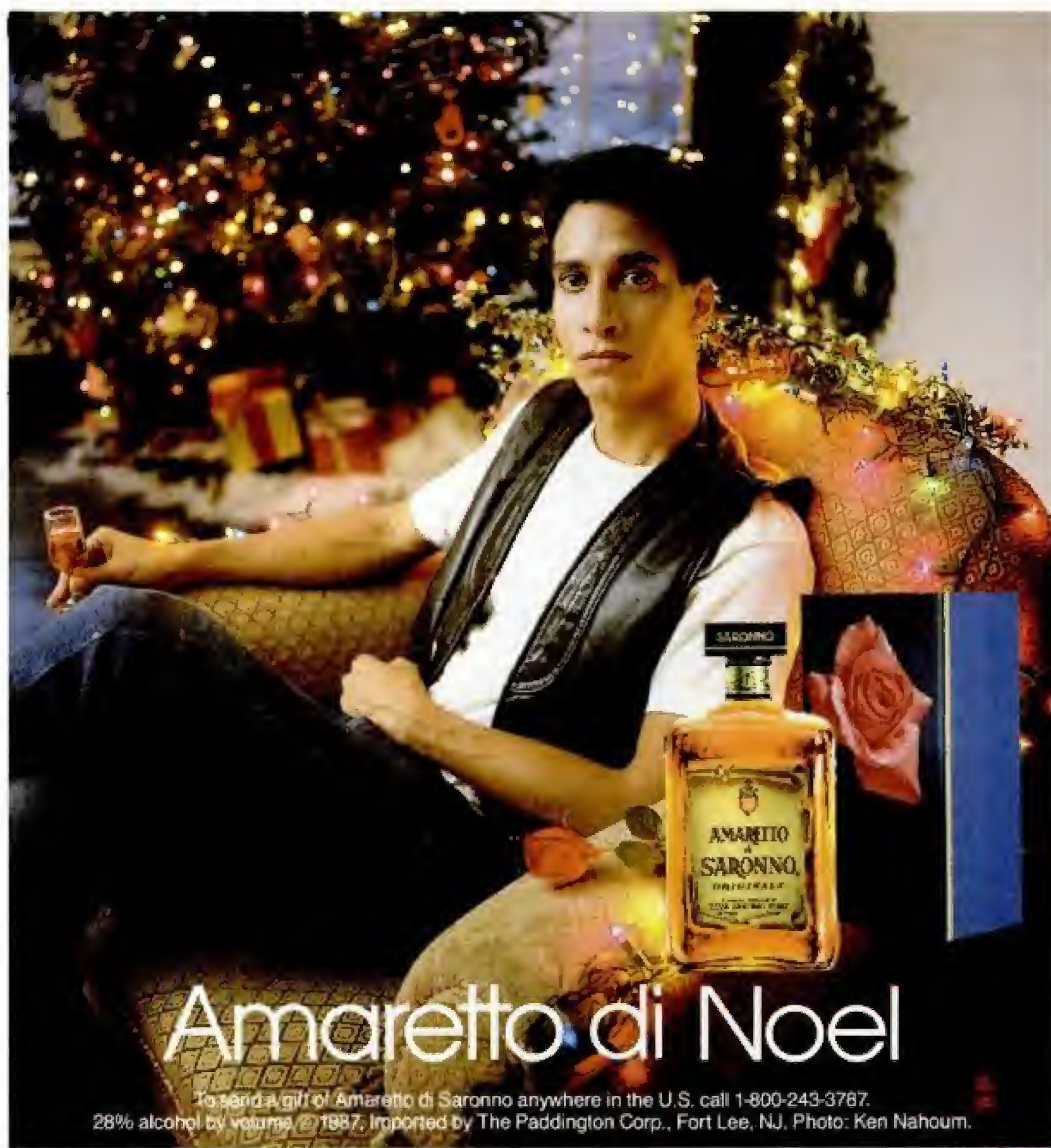
Silver is still hard at work, mind you, busily developing superinventive, quintessential Silver films: *Commando II*, *Lethal Weapon II* and *The Flintstones*. He is also working on what must certainly be the most wickedly clever cross-genre film ever—a buddy movie and a body-changing movie, *Duke and Fluffy*. Financed by super-quality-minded Carolco, producers of the *Rambo* series, *Duke and Fluffy* is about a cat (Michelle Pfeiffer) and a dog (Schwarzenegger) who fight like, ah... well, cats and dogs. When their masters are killed, they turn into crime-solving human beings who fight like, ah... well, cats and dogs. *Duke and Fluffy* sounds like

one of the latter.

Silver, for those standing outside the range of his toxic after-plume, is the sort of producer who gives even the Hollywood-iest people in Hollywood pause. Imagine the *Ron Silver* (no relation) character in *Speed-the-Plow* poured into Josh Mostel's body, and you've got an idea of Silver—he's a shrieking, twitching, 36-year-old caricature of a producer. If you still don't have a clear picture, remember, you have seen him on film—as the director in the opening sequence of *Roger Rabbit*. He was skewered by Rick Moranis in the film *Head Office*, in which Moranis did a deadly accurate parody of Silver raging at people on the phone, all the while taking his own blood pressure. The conventional wisdom on Silver is this: if someone becomes hot, Joel becomes their best friend, and when that someone's career cools off, he's the first to say they're finished. Often to their face. You really should meet him.

There are some people in Hollywood who consider Silver a man of style—not in what he produces, necessarily (*Predator*, *Weird Science*, *Jumpin' Jack Flash*), but in what he buys. He lives a rajalike existence in the Hollywood Hills in a Frank Lloyd Wright concrete mansion that he restored to mausoleumlike perfection, along the way adding a hand-dug swimming pool and a room-size cedar closet where his jumbo-size clothing is arranged by shade and hue. Silver dresses in the latest Missoni, Armani and Issey Miyake couture (in at least one case purchased at heady discount from a grateful manufacturer whose clothes had been displayed in one of his movies); he is a voracious collector of thirties and forties art and furniture (often purchased by cash in \$4,000 and \$5,000 shopping sprees at the monthly Rose Bowl Flea Market); he collects old cars, has *two* phones in his Mercedes and advises the likes of Barbra Streisand and Jack Nicholson on their vintage-furniture purchases. (Silver first met Streisand when he was briefly president of her then-boyfriend Jon Peters's film company. Peters says he doesn't remember employing Silver, but the industry joke was that Peters was driven almost to distraction by the sight of Silver's knees twitching frantically under the glass-topped conference table.)

Joel is not just an acquirer of stylish *things*, he collects humans as well. Despite a Rolodex filled with high-powered enemies, Silver is blessed with an ability to



Amaretto di Noel

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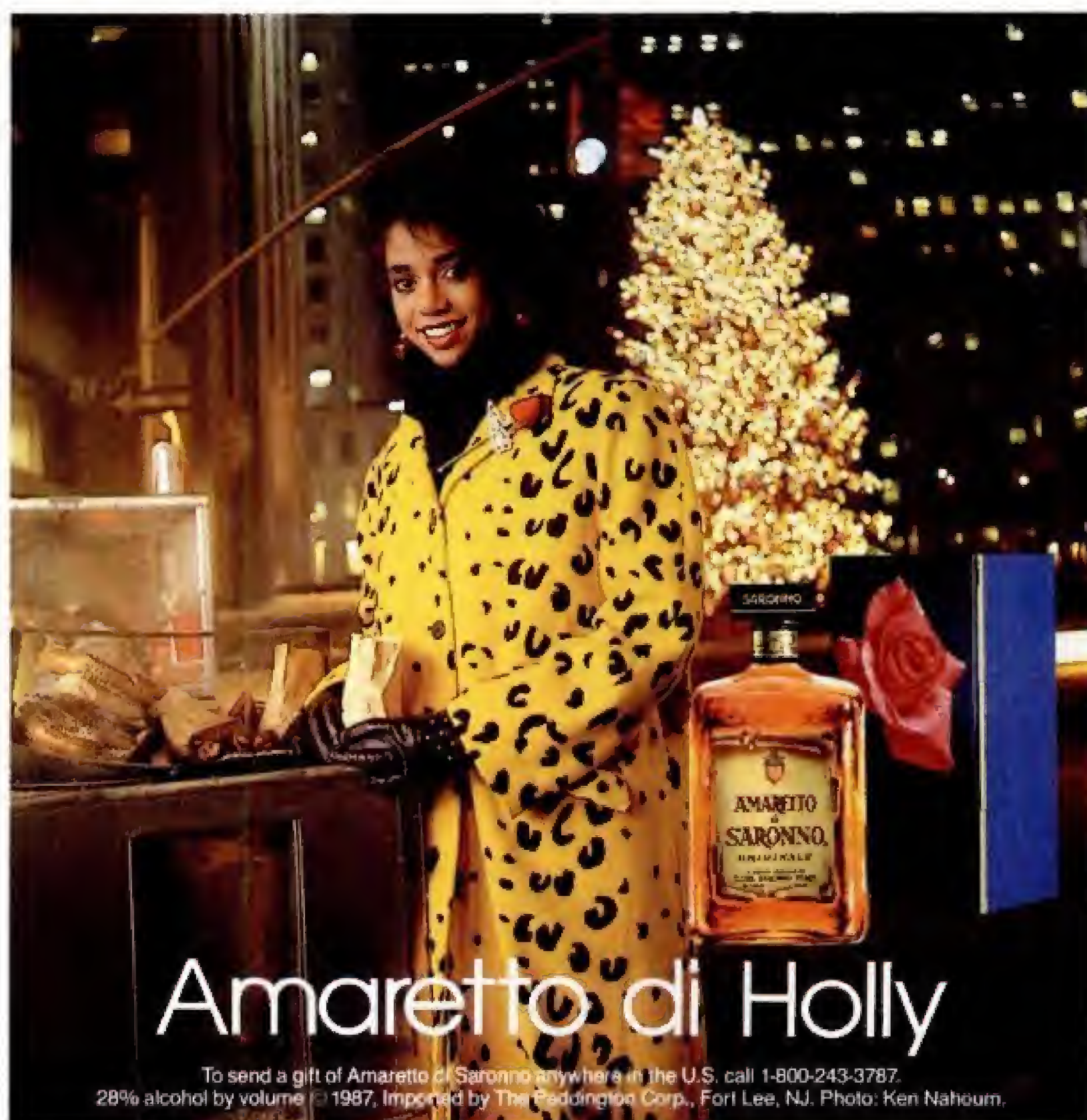
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Pages 146-147: Rose Hartman (Boryshnikov, Haden-Guest, Bernstein); Ron Galella (Kasem, Brill, Richardson, Blass, Kissinger, Mehle); all others, Marina Gornier.

charm those he wishes to charm (who tend to find his antics entertaining in limited doses). He most often foists his attentions on the sons and daughters of the rich and powerful, including Jon Davis (son of rich and powerful former Fox owner Marvin Davis), producer Francine LeFrak (daughter of rich and powerful developer Sam LeFrak) and, most recently, *Vanity Fair's* West Coast correspondent Angela Janklow (daughter of rich and powerful superagent Mort Janklow). Janklow has told friends that she intends to marry Silver. The chances of this happening are roughly equal to those of *Sgt. Rock* being revived. The kind of women Silver prefers are the actresses or models who sit alone at Mortons or Spago, holding the table for 45 minutes, waiting breathlessly for Joel to make his entrance.

What keeps Silver working is his friendship with sometime coproducer Larry Gordon, who is widely liked, and his profitable relationship with Jake Bloom, the extremely powerful head of the show business law firm Bloom and Dekom. (*Die Hard* star Bruce Willis, *Commando* star Schwarzenegger and Carolco are Bloom and Dekom clients, as are the heads of many of the studios.) Apparently, Silver's involvement in the movies is justified on the dubious grounds that one needs a larger-than-life producer (read: manipulative despot) to deal with the industry's larger-than-life talents (read: manipulative despots). And although Silver is now trying to make more respectable movies (he's been holding on-again-off-again discussions with his on-again-off-again friend Richard Dreyfuss), given the kind of blood-and-gore plot embellishment that is Silver's hallmark, don't bet on it happening.

TRIMS AND ENDS: December's Bruce Willis Industrial Star Index (whereupon we report the most outrageous sum recently paid to a middling talent): \$3.5 million for Ralph Macchio in *Karate Kid III*. . . The Aljean Watch: *The New York Times's* show business correspondent Aljean Harmetz quoted *Variety's* Art Murphy as saying that any picture grossing \$30 million or more at the box office at the time of its video release would be a financial success. I guess it would have been too taxing for Harmetz to think through this assertion and consider, say, pictures that cost *more than \$30 million* to make. See you at Mortons Monday night. 3



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No, No, Nab NETS



BY JOE QUEENAN

LAST WINTER IT OCCURRED TO me that I had never seen the New Jersey Nets play a basketball game, not in person and not on television. Nor, as I discovered after inquiries, had anyone else I knew. I

SPORTS

began to wonder: *could hard evidence be found to prove that the New Jersey Nets exist?*

Certainly the team affects a low profile. It rarely wins and none of its players have shoes named after them. Undaunted, I wrote the Nets a letter, requesting "quick and irrefutable verification of your existence." I addressed the letter to the Brendan Byrne Arena in East Rutherford, New Jersey, the putative home of the putative National Basketball Association franchise, and I didn't get a response. I waited a month, then remailed the letter. *No answer.* I continued to send copies of the letter throughout the winter, with tiny addenda asking why I was getting no reply.

There was no response from East Rutherford.

This deepened my conviction that there was, in fact, no team called the New Jersey Nets and that the occasional press reports I saw were the fabrications of local sports-writers intent on convincing their wives (or husbands) that they had been working late in a forlorn New Jersey locker room.

I called the *New York Post's* Peter Vecsey, perhaps the nation's most respected basketball reporter. I told him of my grave doubts concerning the Nets.

"Why don't you call Sly Williams?" he suggested, referring to the ex-Providence star whose career with the New York Knicks was cut short by personal problems, such as not being very good.

"Why Sly?" I asked.

"Well, he used to disappear in the middle of basketball games," said Vecsey. "He used to get lost on the way to the game. So

maybe that's where he went—to the Nets."

Vecsey volunteered one other piece of information: last year the *Post* sent no one to cover Nets games on the road, meaning that for a full 41 games there was no member of the press who could provide independent corroboration of the team's exploits, whereabouts, existence.

Deeply concerned, I called the National Basketball Association's main offices in New York. I spoke with a man named Kevin from the public-relations department. I told him about my fears that the New Jersey Nets did not exist. "That's not true," he snapped. "There *is* a team."

But how could he prove it?

"There is a team," Kevin repeated tautologically. "Would you like their number?"

I called it, and got Brian Ricko, publicist for the supposed franchise. I came straight to the point. I told him I was checking out rumors that the team did not exist. He seemed to take my queries in stride. "The people that you spoke to—where were they from?" he asked.

"New York," I said.

"Well, we're in the papers two or three times a week," he claimed.

What about Vecsey's report that the *Post* had cut back its coverage?

"It's true the *Post* doesn't send anyone to our road games," Ricko conceded, "unless we're playing the Celtics or the 76ers. That's an editorial policy they made."

Ricko then tried a slightly different tack: "Maybe you've heard of our coach, Willis Reed. He has been making headlines, and with that in mind, I think we do exist."

A coach makes headlines and on the basis of that alone one can deduce the existence of an entire NBA franchise? How very fake-Cartesian.

I mean, *what did they take me for?*

I decided to make one last call—to the *New York Daily News*. With the largest circulation in town and, excluding Liz Smith, an enviable reputation for journalistic probity, the *News* simply had to have the lowdown on the Nets. I called and asked for the sports department. I said I wanted to talk to whoever covered the Nets. The operator put me through. The phone rang. And rang. I hung up. I called back. I repeated my request to be put through to whoever covered the Nets, *please*. She put me through. The phone rang. And rang. And rang.

I called back the next day. No one answered. **D**

Too Damn SMART



BY ELLIS WEINER

I HAD MY INTELLIGENCE INSULTED last September, and it was very interesting. Perhaps *interesting* is not the word. Perhaps *excruciating* is the word: having your intelligence insulted is like in-

HOW TO BE A GROWN- UP

curing a sudden itch in the back of the throat. It nags, but you can't really reach in and scratch it. So you make unpleasant little grinding

sounds back there, or give your tongue a charley horse trying to bend it back or curl it over until it kind of *rubs* against the irritated area. At least I do.

I had a lot of rubbing against the irri-



tated area to do, intelligence-wise, when the Jerry Lewis Pre-Sainthood Telethon, or whatever it's called, reached its triumphant conclusion last Labor Day. True, all I saw were the last 20 minutes—a strategy I recommend for anyone tempted to tune in next year and for generations to come. But it was enough.

I saw all the good parts: Ed talking to Jerry like a patient father humoring a hyperactive child. Jerry introducing Sammy. Sammy waxing humbly hip. Sammy doing his thing. Jerry overcome by love and affection for *this man*. Jerry solemnly asserting

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that anyone who dares sing after Sammy is "a fool." Then Jerry, both flaunting his fatigue and pretending to try not to ("I have never felt stronger in my life"), bullying the audience into applauding him. Jerry snapping at his lighting director for a spot ("Klages, if you'll just give me a *light*"), and—as the orchestra leader performed Hindu feats of body control keeping his guys in sync with the singer's rhythm—wobbling and wavering his pitch-poor, nasal way through "You'll Never Walk Alone," and, indeed, looking like a fool. Thank us, God bless us and goodnight.

In a word, business as usual for this annual 21 and a half hour operatic cycle of naked sentimentality, worthy charitable concern and shameless, *shameless* pseudo-modesty, pseudosincerity, pseudoselflessness. It's all those pseudos, all that rampant egotism pretending to be altruism, that so insult the intelligence. The 'thon decks us with a one-two punch: First, we writhe in delighted embarrassment. *Doesn't Jerry know how ludicrous he looks?* After a while, though, when it becomes clear that he surely must know and plainly doesn't care, we bang our heads on the floor in rage. *Never mind whether he knows how ludicrous he looks. Does he really think I don't know how ludicrous he looks?*

Ronald Reagan has gotten away with eight years of this . . . this . . . oh, I suppose *crap* will do. And since George Bush will have won the right to succeed him by the time this reaches print, we face the dismal, infuriating prospect of at least four more years. Of what? Of *implicit* lies. Of dishonesty, if not in word, then in attitude. Of what Sartre called bad faith and what Mel Brooks might call terrible, awful, horrible, lousy, stinking, *rotten* faith.

Reagan is good at this sort of thing because, as a fundamentally frivolous man, he has always been oblivious to anything but surfaces, and as an actor is able to communicate that inch-deep conviction. He is, we might say, deeply superficial and honestly dishonest. George Bush was (*is?* oh, God) different. More intelligent, more calculating, a creature entirely of bland ambition, he knowingly does what his master instinctively did, saying one thing while he, and we, know something else to be the case.

Or, we think, he should know. An insult to the intelligence occurs on the hidden level of assumptions; on the surface, nothing seems wrong. Which means that the



MID-SEASON CHECKPOINT It's been six months of superglamorous party-going since SPY's 1988 Ironman Nightlife Decathlon, and a peek at the three finalists indicates that they're hard at work racking up points for the 1989 competition. *Left (1) and right (2)* Maintaining his lead by a mile, hardworking journalist Anthony Haden-Guest shares

a glass of red and an intimate moment with two young beauties, one of whom seems to be interested in writing—or, at least, in being written on. (3) The odds look good for second-place finisher Carl Bernstein, who has made sure that he can glide from uptown to downtown and back again in his jaunty yet elegant black-undershirt-and-tuxedo-jacket combination. Downtown, this



time at former hot spot M.K., Beau Brummell Bernstein (4) in elegant linen jacket and jaunty white undershirt (*Stella! Stella!*) looks on with interest as Jay McInerney (an impressive 1989 Ironman hopeful) shows off a compact disc of the *Bright Lights, Big City* soundtrack, pointing out the tiny print, BASED ON THE NOVEL BY JAY MCINERNEY. McInerney goes on to gain points by discomfiting Bernstein in front of Bernstein's date, Kathleen Tynan (5), evidently by holding forth about the merits of digital audi-

otape, which Bernstein pretends to understand. (6) McInerney apparently tries the DAT gambit again (less successfully this time) with Bernstein's other date, Shirley MacLaine, who has a miniature solar system dangling from her ear. (7) Hardworking editor Morgan Entrekin, still sporting the Farrah Fawcett hairdo that impressed the competition judges last year, slips beneath the top three in this season's Ironman race as his attempt to intrigue MacLaine falls flat—perhaps when he tries his buddy Jay's usually foolproof line about digital audiotape. Eavesdropping behind Shirley, Entrekin colleague Gary Fisketjon engages in some tactical reconnaissance that could prove useful to his own 1989 Ironman performance.



POP

Some observers believe McInerney is taking pains to stack the deck early against other

1989 Iron-

man contend-

ers by being

sure he is photographed

making an

undignified

face next to as

many celebrities as he can:

top to bottom,

with Jimmy

Buffet, Rob-

ert Stone, Bianca Jagger,

Harold Brod-

key and Rob-

ert Wallace.

Beautiful people, ugly faces: walker-sneerer Boaz Mazur and designer-daughter-of-legitimately-famous-person Paloma Picasso pretend to enjoy each other's company, sort of, at the China Grill.



TEE MANY **MARTOONIS** Barbara Eden-impersonator and superbly embalmed gossip columnist Suzy, who once described her own tough style of journalism as "a kick in the butt with a diamond shoe," falls off her high heels at a dinner dance in honor of Bloomingdale's proprietor Robert Campeau.



At Mortimer's Fête de Famille III, very serious *New York Times* columnist Abe Rosenthal, his manliness newly unleashed, takes time out from chatting with socialite Mallory Harrington to raise a glass in his fingers of steel to nearby Brazilian dancing girls.



HAREM SCARE'EM SPY's two favorite ladies whose weight has been redistributed to make them look like inflatable swimming-pool toys: Casey Kasem's extremely natural, Meryl Streep-of-her-generation TV-actress wife, Jean (*left*), and former New York fatgirl Dianne Brill (*right*) at one of the rare awards ceremonies the show business community in Los Angeles throws for itself.



DEM BONES At the Saks designer dinner, very, very serious art historian John Richardson (*left*), lacking a dancing partner, performs what appears to be an impromptu bit of defensive witchcraft to protect himself from the raised, bony hand of Oscar de la Renta's friend Annette Reed. *Center*: caught unaware, too-rich-and-too-fleshy Bill Blass appeals to Reed to release his face from her bony grasp. *Right*: too-rich-and-too-thin Nancy Kissinger grimaces gamely at the camera, attempting to ignore the fact that tiny Mrs. Reed is hanging bonily from her arm.



FRIENDLY NATIVES For a brief moment, Mikhail Baryshnikov seems to question his decision to defect from the Soviet Union 14 years ago.

UN-BRITISH

CROSSWORD

ANSWERS

Does Person have a soul, then? (By that I mean everyone but Dan Quayle.) Marty Scorsese certainly seems to think so, after devoting several years to the life of Christ. And haven't I read, even in the shamelessly secular media, that even certain scientists, probing deeply into the nature of things, have been bordering on religious explanations? As for any disillusionment caused by the Bakker and Swaggart scandals, it just goes to show you that people today take televangelism more seriously than they do politics. If people can't see that Dan Quayle is possessed of demons, then it must be that politics have gone beyond disbelief.

Times change. In the sixties, when I was studying English in a fancy eastern graduate school, one of my fellow students loudly refused to answer an exam question because it was something like "Compare and contrast the concept of 'the soul' in Tennyson, Browning and Arnold," and this student was into Marxism and didn't believe in the soul. I think he got away with it. I would have liked to get out of answering that question, too, but not at the price of renouncing, in front of a large classroom of witnesses, my conceivably immortal soul. For an English class? Granted, if there is a God who is a decent guy, he is not going to reject an American from heaven because of something that person did to get out of an exam question when he was 22 years old—any more than Dan Quayle will burn in hell for dodging Vietnam (he will burn in hell for that look on his face). But still. Why paint yourself into a corner? You might want to run for president someday; and although it probably gives a candidate valuable flexibility not to have a soul (certainly lacking a mind has proved handy), can you imagine the flap if it comes out that he once admitted it? "I certainly have a soul, and have never had any qualms about saying so, nor has my running mate or anyone in my family," the Republican will be saying.

"There is one spectacle grander than the sea, that is the sky; there is one spectacle grander than the sky, that is the interior of the soul," wrote Victor

Hugo in *Les Misérables*. You don't read pronouncements like that anymore in serious circles. But maybe the soul as a rousing reference point is coming back. Lord knows we have heard enough about the body. Maybe a *Spiritual Health* or even *Your Soul* column will pop up in the Times. In fact, I'd like to write it. Well, not in the Times. But, say, in the new Post. "Hey, you're the guy writes about the soul in the Post, there. You raise a lot of good points there, in your articles," people would call out to me in the street. Because in a column like that you'd naturally be positive about the soul. You could really cut loose, writing (unbound by any particular creed) about the soul. Personal impressions of it. Interviews with well-known people who surely have one (Mabalia Jackson, the pope). Things to do that do the soul good, in no more than ten minutes a day.

Still, is there a soul? And how far can you go without losing it? What is the interior of George Bush's like? These are questions, I like to believe, that few crossword puzzles raise. Nor does any other crossword puzzle, to my knowledge, actually tell you who Zoroaster was. . . . (see below).—R.B.

ACROSS

1. Rearranging ("making free with") razors ain't so. There are fewer than 200,000 active Zoroastrians today, perhaps because they believe in a Good Angel by the name of Ormuzd, which doesn't exactly trip off the tongue. "Ormuzd be praised!" "As Ormuzd is my witness!" Zoroaster, Ormuzd's prophet, is the Persian version of Zarathustra—the same guy who, in Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, proclaimed that God was dead and the Superman was coming. I personally do not think that the Superman is. All I know, for sure, is the following:



When Friedrich Nietzsche met Lois Lane, He found there were notions she'd not entertain:

His. "I know Clark Kent and also Superman," she said. "Guess which one you Remind me of." He glared and then Went out and addressed a group of men.

10. Third figure in the Trinity. *Obb logy* "shaken," followed by *St*. I would interject here that thank God we live in a country where the Holy Ghost is big enough to take a little kidding, except then I would sound like Joe Piscopo on Frank Sinatra.

12. Middle (letter) of *bed* is *e*, kiss is *X*, *nun* is *noun* without *O* ("taking nothing away"). "Sister, perhaps married," is the straightforward clue.

13. *Lo, in, cloth*. Tarzan also tends to wear a necklace and hang around with a woman, but the same could be said of Cheetah. (As I write those words it strikes me for the first time, after all these years, that Cheetah is an odd name for a chimpanzee. In Edgar Rice Burroughs's books, Tarzan had a leopard friend named Sheeta, which makes more sense. But it's a hard part to cast on screen. Incidentally, do you know what Tarzan called letters on a page, when he came upon books for the first time after growing up in the jungle? He called them "little bugs." What do you think Tarzan would say if he turned on the television for the first time, and there were George Bush and Dan Quayle?)

16. Sounds like *cop'll*.

20. *Anal* and *city* backward ("receding").

25. *UN* and *lit* ("landed").

27. *Atom* and *so* rearranged ("weird") inside *psychic*.

DOWN

6. Sounds like *Art's cool*.

8. This is a new kind of clue. What can I tell you?

23. *St. led* backward.

24. Roman numerals *CI* over *RCA*.

Surely you don't need—you may not even desire—any more little bug-level explanations. If this puzzle accomplishes anything this month, I hope it will be to stimulate thoughtful discussion of issues that concern us all vitally (or will when we're dead). And if large, bristling religious bodies are moved to mount boycott campaigns against this puzzle and its author in the name of ultimate truth, all I can say is, that stuff didn't do Marty Scorsese any harm. D

grown-up is powerless to confront the insulter, or *insulteur*, or whatever he is. Witness all these jokers in public life who, with impunity, do to millions what no self-respecting grown-up would knowingly do to anyone. Not because the grown-up is a saint, but because he or she keeps his or her internal books balanced by eschewing Eddie Haskell-ian phoniness.

Which is not to say that being thus abused by a phony is without its perverse benefits. Even the excruciating has its titillating aspects. After all, an insulted intelligence is an indignant intelligence, and indignation is a sort of caffeine-high for the ego—you're jazzed up with an artificially inflated self-respect. Maybe, in fact, you sometimes find yourself discovering affronts where there aren't any. . . .

As, for example, in the Most Embarrassing Experience of My Life.

It happened in high school, which in Baltimore County in the 1960s began with tenth grade. On the first day of tenth-grade English class, in the midst of the usual welcoming remarks, an announcement came over the intercom. It was the school librarian, reminding us all to do some utterly trivial thing—return reference materials to the reference desk, I think. "Those who don't," she concluded, "will get an E in Library on their report cards."

I was aghast. A failing grade, *for returning an atlas to the wrong desk*? The hideous disproportion between crime and punishment was bad enough. Worse, though, was the fact that such a threat insulted my intelligence. Did she really imagine we would acknowledge such an outrage as being fair?

Raising my hand, and barely waiting to be called on, I declared to one and all, "That just proves how unfair grades can be." My heart hammered in my chest; my palms were damp. Thrilled by my own courage, impressed with my own keen sense of justice, buoyed by a rising flash flood of self-respect, I went on: "You shouldn't get an E just for taking a book back to the wrong place—"

As one, everyone in the room—in the world, really—stared at me. Then several people said, "She was *kidding*. There isn't any grade for Library. It was a *joke*."

Ah.

I don't remember what I said. But I can tell you this: if it happened today, I'd know exactly what to say. "Thank you, God bless you and . . . *goodnight!*" ☛



The Shape of Things to Come.

Things are changing. Fast. But we can think of three things that won't change. Not surprising, since good things come in threes.

First off, falling in love will look much the same in years to come. People seem to like it just fine the way it is. And, well, if it isn't broken, don't fix it.

Next is the Fontana di Trevi in Rome. Couples have been falling in love by its cascading waters for hundreds of years. Another good one. We'll keep it.

Third would have to be Sambuca di Trevi. Italians know a little something about design. And our bottle, we humbly submit, would do any of the great masters proud.

Share some Sambuca di Trevi with a special someone by the waters of the Fontana di Trevi.

Of course, there are more accessible romantic fountains. We know a great little spot in Central Park...



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JOINING

US LATE?

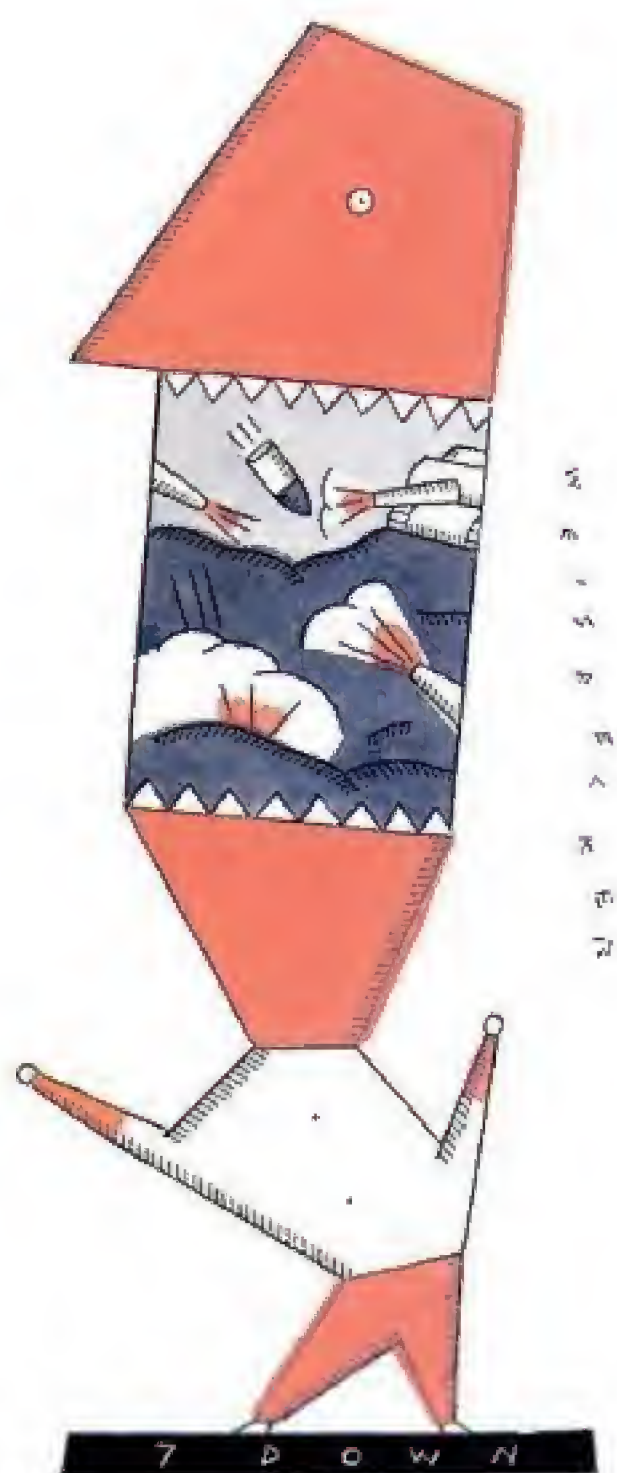
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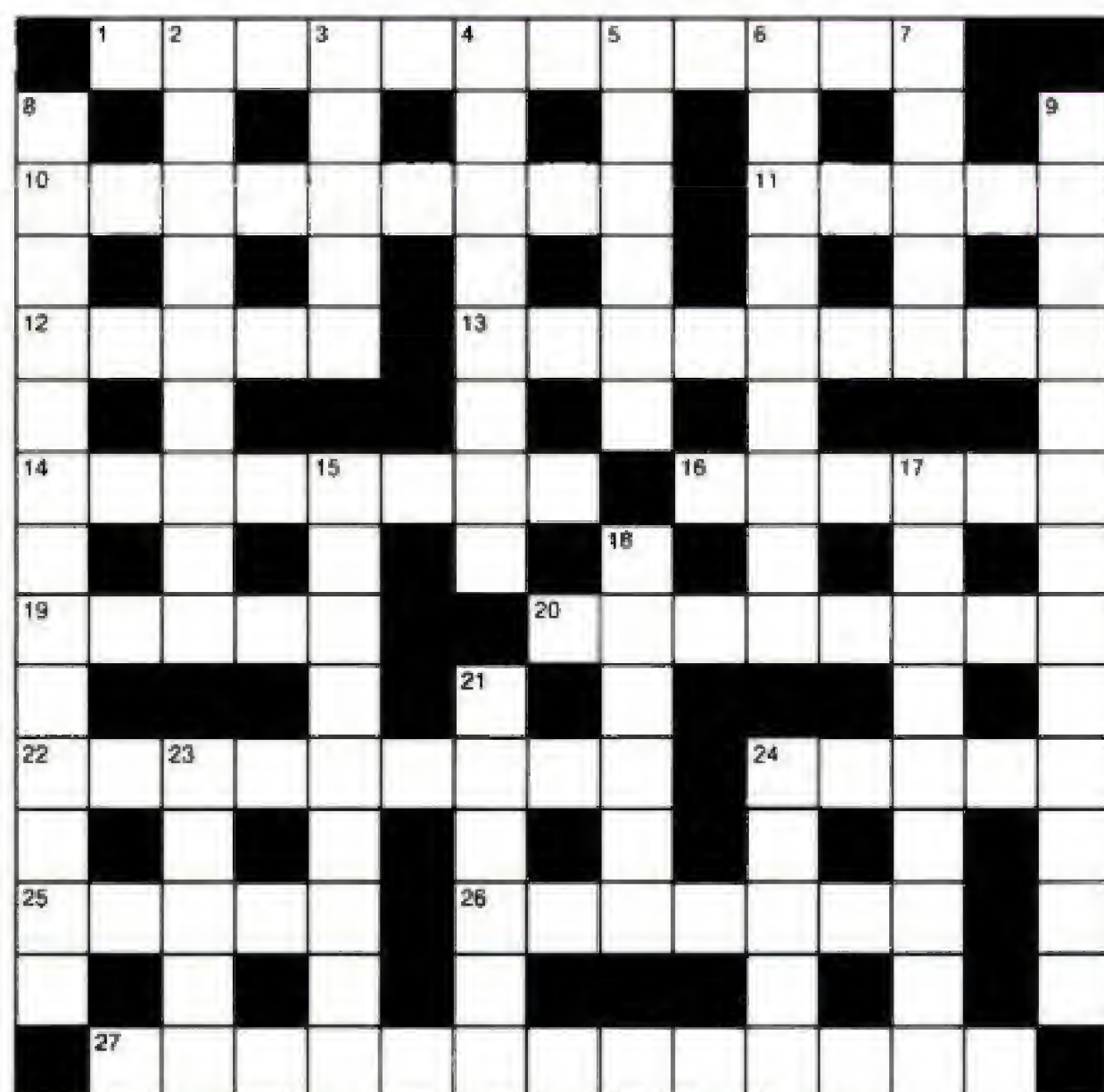
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Crossword Puzzle

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.



Body and Soul



ACROSS

1. These believers make free with razors? Ain't so. (12)
10. Third of three? Ohh, logy! Shake it saint! (4,5)
11. A loose woman turned right around in home of Oral Roberts. (5)
12. Sister, perhaps married, in middle of bed with kiss, taking nothing away from person, place or thing. (2-3)
13. Behold, in what a priest is a man of: that which distinguishes Tarzan from the apes. (9)
14. May just be a mud hole, but the first bit of energy would turn it into porker paradise. (3,5)
16. Sounds like policeman will host *Nightline*. (6)
19. 'Tis four — on the way back, stop by. (5)
20. Overly neat city recedes, breaking things down. (8)
22. Biblical buttinskies? (9)
24. The very stuff we eat on has now been converted to capitalism. (5)
25. Body of peace has landed in darkness. (5)
26. You ought to get these bodies of sand. (7)
27. Seer swallows weird atom. So? It's all in your mind (and body). (13)

DOWN

2. Unction and vapors warm and transport us. (3,3,3)
3. Body part with major role in *Messiah*. (5)
4. Take upon oneself a cut of pork. (8)
5. About what blind mouse lost in small amounts. (6)
6. Sounds like Garfunkel be chillin' where nudes are rendered hopefully. (3,6)
7. Body of gunfire in colossal voice. (5)
8. Reason we don't see him as a fat-face pig/Is his aureole./We don't mind it that his feet's too big./'Cause his _____
9. Singular eclecticism by which the cannibals remembered Father Murphy. (8,5)
15. Involuntary firearm. (9)
17. Intruder on the green skint it up terribly. (9)
18. Burdens on purposes. (6)
21. No bedroom, but plenty of casting couches. (6)
23. Saint led up to shoulder muscles. (5)
24. Around 101 over major label. (5)

The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 148

LOOK!

IT'S A BOOK!

THE
IDEAL
HOLIDAY
GIFT!


IT'S



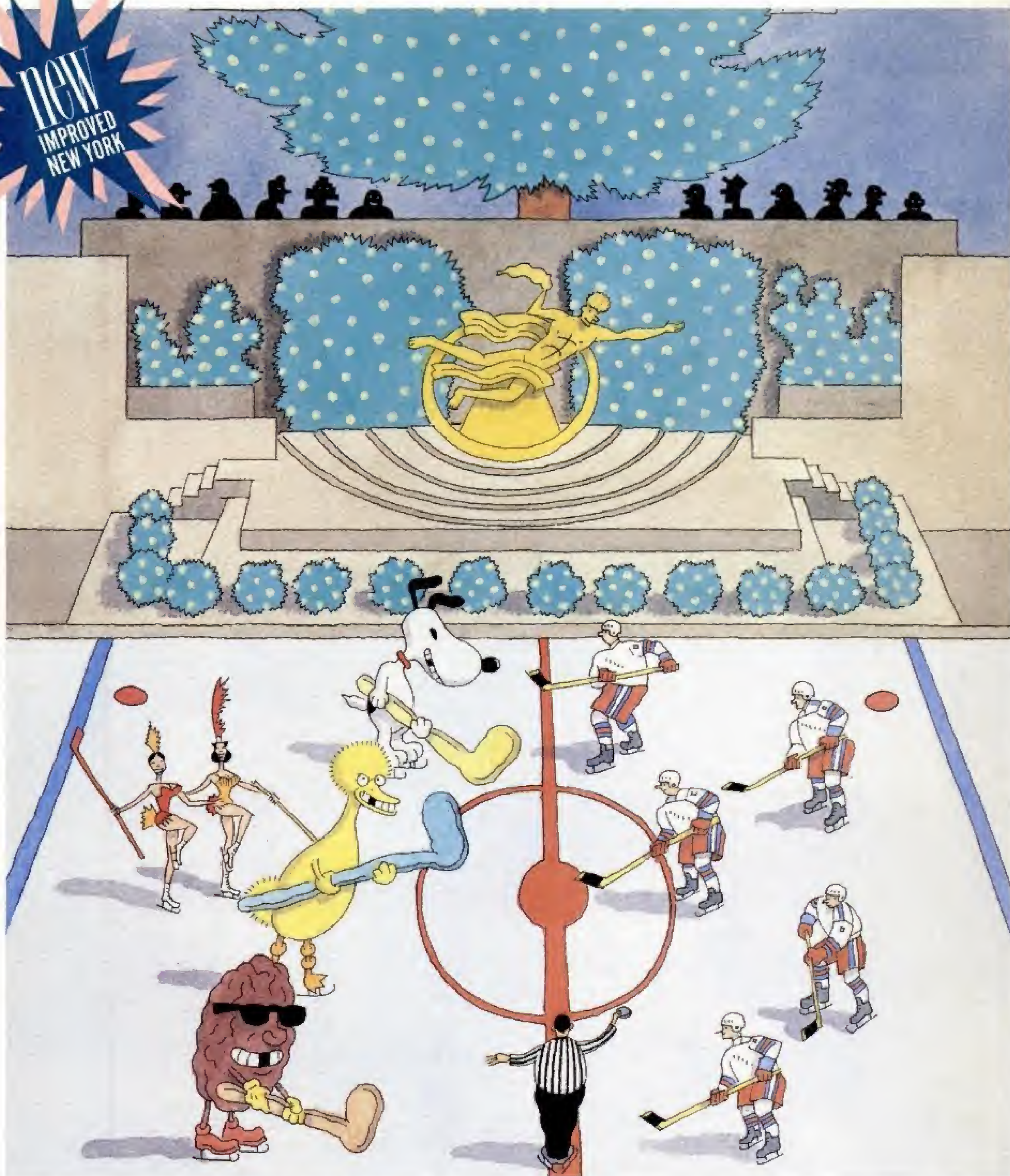
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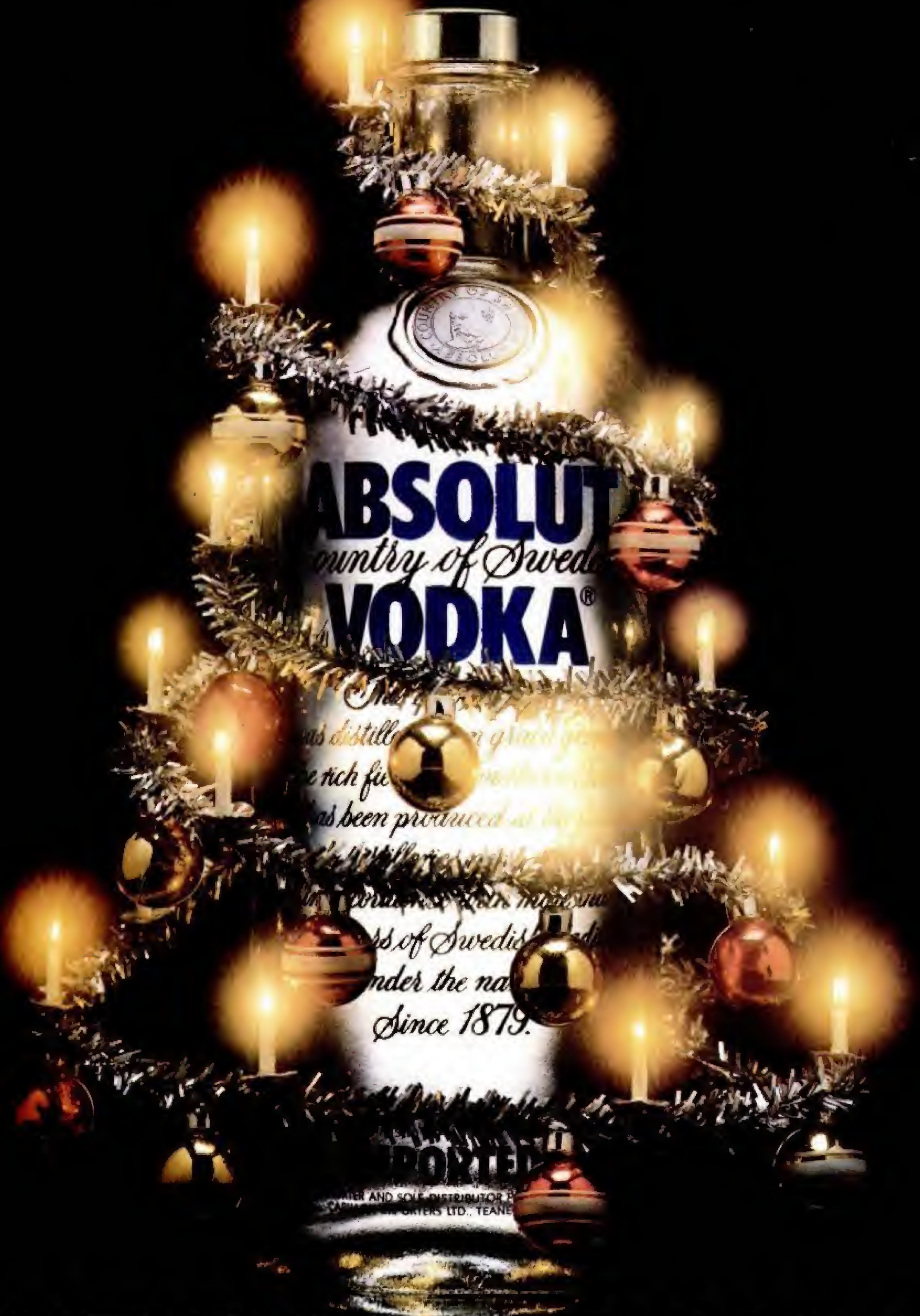


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Tonight at the Rockefeller Center skating rink in our New, Improved New York: for the first time on the same ice at the same time, the New York Rangers welcome a squad of ice capaders, a veritable skating menagerie of cute characters with gigantic papier-mâché heads, large-as-life puppets and former Olympic ice dancers. No, the fantasy-on-ice squad doesn't have much professional hockey experience, but in hockey it's not really who scores the most points, it's who draws the most blood and shatters the most teeth. Get your tickets now, because while you'll be able to catch the Rangers again in regular season play, for the cartoonish crew this may be a farewell show. D



WE
RELUCTANTLY ADMIT
THERE IS
SOMEONE WHO
FLIES TO MORE
PLACES THAN
BRITISH AIRWAYS.

A creative advertisement for Absolut Vodka. The central image is a bottle of Absolut Vodka, which is shaped like a Christmas tree. The bottle is wrapped in a silver tinsel garland and decorated with several lit candles and red and gold Christmas ornaments. The background is dark, making the glowing lights and the white label of the bottle stand out. The label on the bottle features the word 'ABSOLUT' in large blue letters, followed by 'country of Sweden' in a script font, and 'VODKA' in large blue letters. Below this, there is a paragraph of smaller text in a script font, and at the bottom of the label, it says 'IMPORTED BY CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, NJ'.

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